APRIL 1914

BOOKMAN

SPRING DOUBLE NUMBER

WITH PRESENTATION PLATE PORTRAIT OF

H. G. WELLS

Photo by E.O. HOPPE.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, WARWICK SQUARE

The New Novel by E. F. Benson

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The Bookman.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

A second Bookman Extra Number, devoted to the life and work of Charles Dickens, will be published early this month. Uniform with the Stevenson Extra Number that met with such immediate success last autumn, it will be even more copiously illustrated. The numerous illustrations include twelve beautiful colour-plate engravings by Frank Reynolds, Cecil Aldin, Raven Hill, Hugh Thomson, C. E. Brock, Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"), and Fred Barnard. There is a remarkable series of portraits of Dickens himself from his earliest years to his last; portraits of members of his family and of many of his friends; photographs and sketches of places associated with him, and with the originals of persons and places in his books; and black-and-white drawings, depicting scenes and characters from his stories, by almost every artist of note who has illustrated his work, including Cruikshank, Phiz, Leech, Maclise, Mahoney, Cattermole, Sir John Tenniel, H. French, Fred Walker, Marcus Stone, Pinwell, Sir Luke Fildes, Fred Barnard, Charles Green, Frank Reynolds, A. C. Michael, Harry Furniss, Charles Pears. The letterpress comprises biographical, critical and topographical articles, personal notes and recollections, and poems by G. K. Chesterton, William De Morgan, G. Bernard Shaw, F. G. Kitton, B. W. Matz, A. C. Swinburne, Alfred Noyes, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Bret Harte, Leigh Hunt, W. J. Locke, G. S. Street, Richard Whiteing, Percy Fitzgerald, J. Ashby Sterry, Sir Francis Burnand, Thomas Hardy, F. Anstey, William Watson, T. Watts-Dunton, etc. All the illustrations are printed on art paper separate from the text. The number is tastefully bound in canvas, and published at five shillings net. From the numerous applications already received, a very large demand for it is anticipated, and we would urge all our readers who require copies to place their orders at once.

"The Orley Tradition," by Mr. Ralph Straus, has just been published by Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Straus has for some time past been literary critic on *The Bystander*, and has lately become president of that delightful book-lover's club known as "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes," in succession to Sir W. Lawrence Young, Bart.

The interest in Ernest Dowson has been steadily growing, and the time has fully come for the book that Mr. Victor Plarr has written about him, and that Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish almost immediately. In "Ernest Dowson, 1887–1897: Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters and Marginalia," Mr. Plarr offers a frank sketch of a very lovable and unhappy personality, whose best verse will survive as representative of an epoch. Dowson has suffered some misrepresentation

by being confounded with the general mass of decadents who suffered various martyrdoms before the dawn of the present century, and to the surviving contemporaries who knew him, and the growing circle of his admirers in general, these recollections, written by an intimate friend, will be a welcome supplement to Mr. Symons's brilliant biography.

A new Free Library has been given to Lincoln, and it was opened recently by our esteemed contributor, Dr. T. E. Page, with a thoughtful, suggestive address on books and reading that was edged with the most delightfully whimsical humour. Dr. Page, who was born in Lincoln, made interesting reference to his schooldays in that town; he commented on the healthy boy's natural hatred of all books, and went on to remark that "the feeling which a lad naturally has to books is a feeling which is continually entertained by maturer, and even by thoughtful minds. "'To what end,' people continually ask, 'this multitude of books?' 'Is Mary,' says the angered mistress of the household, 'is Mary any the better in doing her work in the scullery, because she keeps a sixpenny "shocker" under her apron.' And is there not the indignant ratepayer—I expect you have some in Lincoln—who says, 'Why should somebody come and dump on us this sort of white elephant, which we are to maintain out of our penury, and provide it not only with a keeper but also with that vast amount of costly printed matter which its peculiar appetite demands?' Did not the Preacher in the Bible complain that 'of making many books there is no end.' And did not he observe 'That also is vanity.' . . . There is a feeling abroad that our forefathers knew very little of books, and they are supposed not to have read at all, though people who have occasionally looked into one of their old folios may form a somewhat different judgment. It is thought that they were bigger, stronger men, because they made it their business to deal with things, not with words; to do work, and not merely to make phrases. Nor am I altogether supposing, for I remember simple folk in this city, some of them kinsmen of my own, whose secular reading for the week was amply satisfied by a copy of *The Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*, and if any of you remember that old *Mercury* you know it was not very exciting reading. But otherwise they found, at any rate, sufficient to give them some lessons for life, and to do something for building a great character in the single volume which they did read, and they did note; and when I think of that flood of literature which now pours over us, what I do regret is that, to a certain extent, it is submerging and driving out the old intimate knowledge of the English Bible, which is at once the greatest monument of our literature, and the common inheritance, as it might be the common tie, of all the English races throughout the world. And though you may sneer at 'men of one book,' I do think they drew from its pages, perhaps, something that built up greater characters and nobler lives than we do from all the resources of railway bookstalls, from ephemeral novels and popular encyclopædias. To read rubbish, in fact, may not always be a good thing, and I can understand that loose and

Dr. T. E. Page.

Mr. G. L. Ashley Dodd
(standing on left).
whose clever little volume of "Fishing Rhymes" (Elkin Mathews) has met with a very favourable reception.

Photo by A. J. Campbell.

Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankau),
whose new novel, "Full Swing," Messrs Cassell will publish this month
From a miniature painted by S. Arthur Lindsey, R.M.S.

desultory reading, like indiscriminate tea-drinking, may be, in the guise of an amiable weakness, in reality a fatal vice." Nevertheless, Dr. Page proceeded to acknowledge that in our advanced stage of civilisation books had become a necessity—we could no longer get on without them, and in an eloquent and finely sympathetic passage he spoke of the great social revolution that was coming about through the spread of education and the opening of the doors of knowledge to all men. "You are aware, all of you, that there is everywhere in the world to-day a strange unrest, a great upheaval and unsettlement, not, I think, due so much to economic causes as due rather to that fermentation which is inevitable once you drop a new idea into a receptive mind. And that—though I may seem to be wandering—is just where I think this Library comes in. If half what I say is true, if reading is, as it is, a great power, then it must be of the closest concern what the nature of that reading is." The speech from which we make these scanty extracts was reported in full in *The Lincoln Leader*, and one would like to see it reprinted as a separate pamphlet.

Miss G. B. Stern,
whose brilliant novel, "Pantomime" (Hutchinson), was reviewed in last month's Bookman.

Photo by Beresford.

Rachel Hayward.

Dr. Page who, with Dr. Rouse, edits the "Loeb Classical Library," is one of the foremost living authorities on education. After an exceptionally brilliant career at Shrewsbury and Cambridge, he went to Charterhouse as Sixth Form master in 1873, and remained there till his retirement in 1910. His editions of Horace and Virgil are well known to generations of schoolboys who have profited by and even enjoyed them—a remark which can be applied only to the fewest of school text books! Last year the University of Manchester conferred on Mr. Page, the degree of Doctor of Letters, *honoris causa*. Our photograph of him was taken at Mr. Heinemann's office, the day before Dr. Page sailed

Mr. Humfrey Jordan,
whose new novel, "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust," has been published by Messrs. Putnam.

for America on business connected with the "Loeb Classical Library," that being his first visit to the U.S.A. The various volumes of "Loeb's Library" (which are published by Mr. Heinemann) have been reviewed from time to time in THE BOOKMAN. Over thirty have now been produced, and the series promises to become an immense and successful undertaking.

No recent poems are surer of an abiding place in our national literature than are the stirring sea-ballads of the author of "Admiral's All." Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this autumn, in "Drake's Drum and other Poems of the Sea," a collection of Mr. Henry Newbolt's finest ballads and lyrics. The book will be beautifully illustrated in colour by Mr. A. D. McCormick.

Rachel Hayward (Mrs. Jack Chambers), the author of "The Hippodrome," and "Letters from La-Bas," was born in London, and brought up in the Isle of Wight. She began writing at the age of sixteen, and her first short story, "An Unfinished Tragedy," was published in *The South Wales Echo*. For several years she went on writing short stories and publishing them in local papers and competitions; one "Madame La Russe" appeared in *The Red Magazine*. She had originally intended to become a singer, but was obliged to give it up on account of bad health. While living near Chichester, with an uncle, a clergyman, she fell in with the original of the heroine of "The Hippodrome," which was begun there. The remainder of it was written in a workman's cottage in a Roubaix slum, five miles from Lille in the North of France, in a district known as a "hotbed of Anarchism." "Here I got to know several Anarchists," says Mrs. Chambers, "studied their life and literature and did translation for some of their papers. Just as 'The Hippodrome' was finished I became acquainted with Arthur Applin, to whose help and encouragement I owe much of whatever success I have had." From Roubaix Mrs. Chambers went to Lyons, and continued to write short stories and give English lessons.

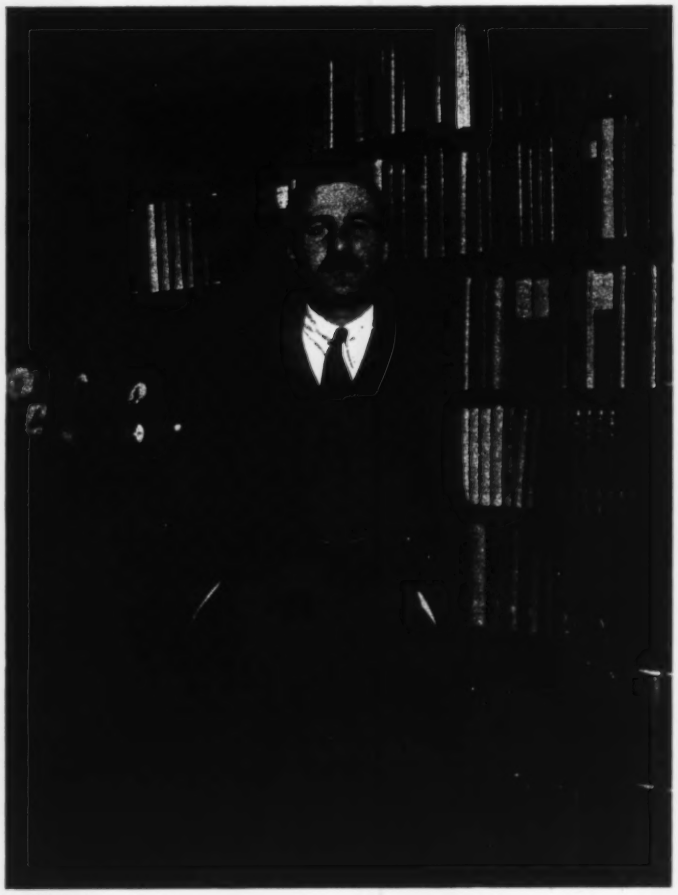


Photo by Valentine Farr.

Mr. Ralph Straus,
whose new novel, "The Orley Tradition," is published by Messrs. Methuen.

Miss Kate Horn,
whose new novel, "Frivole," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Henry Newbolt.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Then wishing to be in a better climate she went into a tea-shop at Nice and stayed there for a season. With the one idea of selling "The Hippodrome," she came, at length, to London with seven pounds; lived for a time on that in a room in Kensington, and then went into a city tea-shop.

Photo by Daily Mirror Studios. **Mr. Norman Angell,**
whose new book, "The Foundations of International Polity," is published by Mr. Heinemann.

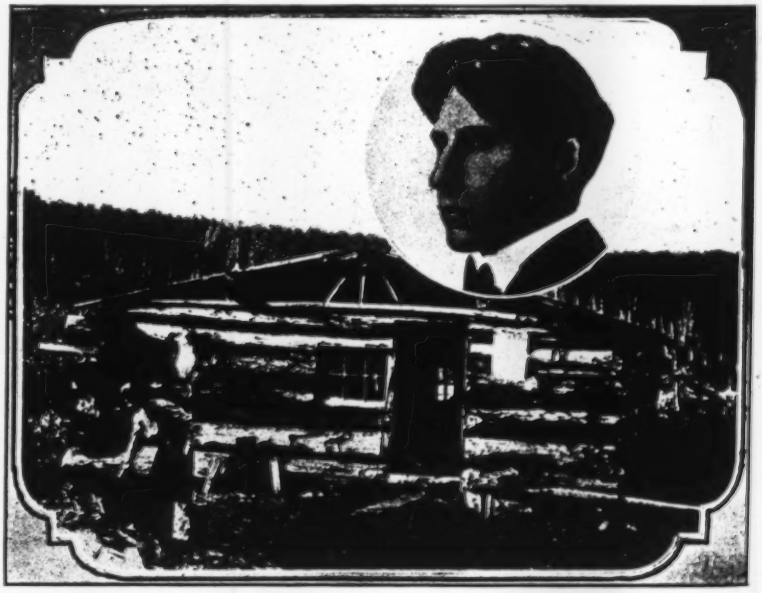
While there her ambition, the dream of five years, was satisfied, and "The Hippodrome" was accepted by Mr. Heinemann. Mrs. Chambers is of Jewish extraction on one side; she was married only a few weeks ago.

Early this month, Messrs. James Clarke & Co. will publish "Through Eyes of Youth," a second volume of verse from the pen of Mr. E. Cecil Roberts, who although he only recently attained his majority, has contributed verse and critical articles to *The British Review, Contemporary Review, Poetry Review*, etc. His first book "Phyllistrata, and Other Poems," published last autumn, had a favourable reception

Photo by Barlow Vines. **Mr. E. Cecil Roberts.**

both from the critics and the public. Mr. Roberts is well known in the Midlands as an eloquent speaker on social reform platforms, and one of the poems in his new book, on the Liverpool strike, is dedicated to his friend the poet, Mr. Patrick MacGill. Mr. Roberts is a contributor to Mr. Batsford's Fellowship Series, and is now engaged on a short biography and critical study of Wordsworth.

Not satisfied to rest on the laurels that the admirable and enormously successful Everyman's Library



Mr. James Oliver Curwood.
The log cabin in which Mr. and Mrs. Curwood lived whilst he was writing his story of the wild, "Kazan the Wolf Dog," which was published last month by Messrs. Cassell.

Miss Edith M. Keate,
author of "A Garden of the Gods," which Messrs. Alston Rivers are publishing this month.

has earned for him, Mr. Dent has set out to conquer other worlds, and with The Wayfarer's Library starts a new series as distinctive in its way as Everyman itself. It is on even more popular lines, and will comprise a large number of comparatively new and copyright works by living authors. The first twenty-four volumes include a liberal proportion of varied and excellent fiction—such as "The Wheels of Chance," one of the most charming of H. G. Wells's novels; "The Blue Lagoon," by De Vere Stacpoole; Arnold Bennett's whimsical sensational romance, "The Grand Babylon Hotel"; A. E. W. Mason's "Running Water"; Stanley Weyman's "Shrewsbury" and "The Abbess of Vlaye"; Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Troy Town"; Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree"; Joseph Conrad's "'Twixt Land and Sea"; "The Fool Errant," by Maurice Hewlett; and Perceval Gibbon's brilliant succession of tales, "The Adventures of Miss Gregory." Other of these first volumes are Lamb's "Essays"; "Letters from Dorothy Osborn to Sir William Temple"; A. G. Gardiner's, "Prophets, Priests, and Kings"; Hon. G. W. E. Russell's "Selected Essays"; and G. K. Chesterton's

Miss Maude Goldring,
whose new book, "The Wonder Year," has just been published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

Photo. by H. Walter Barnett. **Miss Isabel Clarke,**
author of "Fine Clay" (Hutchinson)

collection of essays, "The Defendant," with a special preface in defence of a new edition of them. The books are well printed and artistically bound; each has a frontispiece portrait or illustration in colour, several being also illustrated throughout with black and white drawings. They are all such as one reads for the delight of reading, and are just the right size for the pocket, as the books in a Wayfarer's Library should be.

It is some little time since Mr. Wilkinson Sherren published his last novel, "Windfrint Virgin," and we are pleased to hear that we are to have a new book from him this spring. It is a story that deals with a vital social problem, "The Marriage Tie," and will be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Mr. F. Dormer Jordan, the author of a new reincarnation story, "Heirs of the Ages," (Nisbet) has been by turns pianist, actor, telegraphist, sailor, journalist, secretary and clerk. He is only thirty-three, but has crammed a wealth of experience into his comparatively few years. He left England first at the age of fifteen and wandered over America, Africa and Europe and covered many thousands of miles in most of the Seven Seas. Some part of his life was spent in tramping from kraal to kraal in Africa collecting black labour for the mines and shepherding hundreds of "boys" at a time until they were delivered at their destinations. He has crossed the Atlantic in a cattle boat and suffered inexpressible hardships with Sailor Jack on a torpedo boat destroyer in a Bay of Biscay hurricane; he has been a "drummer" in New York and, to say nothing of divers other experiences, a miner in the Rockies. Incidentally he has never been known to wear an overcoat, a waistcoat, a hat, or a stitch of underclothing, and latterly can be seen in Fleet Street most days, even in the depth of winter, in garb which most men would consider only suitable for midsummer, yet he is never ailing and cannot remember when he last had a cold.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS VIOLA MEYNELL.

AMONGST the younger women novelists of the day, Miss Viola Meynell occupies a position which has now, with the publication of "Modern Lovers," become clearly defined. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the ideal to which Miss Meynell aspires has become apparent. When "Martha Vine," her first book, appeared anonymously, it was seen to be the work of a conscientious writer who had studied her (or his) characters carefully and precisely, and whose simplicity of style and of treatment conveyed an atmosphere congenial to "A Love Story of Simple Life." "Cross-in-Hand Farm" followed, and then "Lot Barrow," and in the latter novel the author, whilst almost attaining perfection in her technique, at the same time very fully developed her philosophy of life. In all these three books there is evident a striving to attain a balance between the psychology of the characters, on the one hand, and the circumstances in which the action takes place, on the other, which lifts the work out of the category of the purely psychological, and now, in "Modern Lovers," Miss Meynell convinces us that the effecting of such a balance is, in fact, her ideal in her art. For if the psychological analysis of the Rutherglen family—the dour father, the foolish, vulgar mother, and the two girls whose love affairs interest us literally up to the last page—is masterly, no less skilfully contrived are the circumstances in which they find themselves placed and the influences from the past which go to mould their fortunes. Running through all these novels, there is a distinct philosophy, which is most completely worked out in "Lot Barrow." In this story, we are introduced to Mr. Bravery, an essayist and man of letters who has emerged from a fiery ordeal to become a preacher of the gospel of indifference—something of a Schopenhauerean, with a motto: "Nothing Matters."

"I have been in trouble" (he says). "In many ways I have had what I suppose would be called a wretched life. But can I truly say I am unhappy? Things outside me have happened, but inside I maintain a level. I draw my peace—perhaps I should say my indifference—somehow, from somewhere. Doesn't it strike you to be a great thing to cease to care, and then an easy thing to cease to grieve?"

To this point of view he induces Lot, the farm servant-girl, and she finds temporary salvation—for she too has suffered to the point of mistrusting Man, but not yet up to the point of trusting God. But the pupil outruns the master, shaking his faith in his own system by her assumption of callousness when she speaks in cold hard terms of a villager thought to be dying:

"Yes, of course, they'll all think it so dreadful if she dies. Isn't it a pity they can't see things straighter?" She thought to ingratiate herself, as weak women do, by giving a man back his own views. . . .

"'*I* don't trouble about them,' she said in a wheedling voice. '*I* don't mind whether she lives or dies. . . . Of course you can't get everyone to see it like that.'"

But Marjorie, the frail and gentle girl who, by her sympathy with every living thing and her calm endurance of her own suffering, is to give Mr. Bravery another conception of life, has come upon the scene—a country-side scene of the South Downs where the author is so completely at home:

"The sky was grey and low, broken only in rare places. Those breaks made it possible to perceive that the heavens were travelling with extraordinary slowness from the north. The earth was very colourless; but just outside the window, a little apart from all the other tangled lanes of flowers, was a bank of tobacco plant—gleaming white stars, shining to the north and west and south and east; large, loose, unfixed stars, which a breeze could stir. When Mr. Bravery had read his best essay he looked up . . . Marjorie continued to gaze out of the window . . ."

Through her influence Mr. Bravery repudiates his philosophy, and Lot comes to see that the cynical pessimism with which she has endeavoured to steel her heart falls to pieces at the first touch of human nature. There is a moment of real drama when Lot a second time expresses her indifference as to the fate of the village woman. "I don't see that there's any such thing as unhappiness," she says:

"But gradually her look changed from being a confident appeal for approval to a look of wonder and dread, as she saw Mr. Bravery dissociate himself from her by an involuntary, cold, critical look, and then avert his eyes. She turned and went up to bed, her body trembling, and her eyes aching with tears. That detached, critical look affected her with a deadly emphasis. 'Oh my God,' she thought, as she suffered perpetually recurring pangs of fear, 'why did he look at me like that? I only said what he himself has told me; and then he goes and looks at me like that.'"

Photo by Beresford.

Miss Viola Meynell.

Miss Meynell is the daughter of Alice Meynell, the poet and essayist, and her brother, Mr. Everard Meynell, has made a valuable contribution to contemporary biography with his recent "Life of Francis Thompson." The connection of Francis Thompson with the Meynell family is well known, and among his poems dedicated to them, Miss Meynell has "a noble heritage" in "The Making of Viola," of which two stanzas may be quoted:

The Father of Heaven:

Weave, hands angelical,
Weave a woof of flesh to pall—
Weave, hands angelical—
Flesh to pall our Viola.

Angels:

Weave, singing brothers, a
Velvet flesh for Viola!

The Father of Heaven:

Scoop, young Jesus, for her eyes,
Wood-browned pools of Paradise—
Young Jesus, for the eyes,
For the eyes of Viola.

Angels:

Tint, Prince Jesus, a
Dusked eye for Viola!

Although Miss Meynell displays an intimate knowledge of life in the country, she is nevertheless a Londoner, and has written all her novels in London. The atmosphere which she so successfully conveys by the imaginative realism of her method she absorbs from comparatively brief visits to the country in the neighbourhood of the South Downs. A very diligent worker, she devotes so many hours a day to writing, returning, in the capacity of critic, to what she has written. In her work, the influence of Meredith, Hardy, George Eliot, and the Brontës is discernible. Amongst her contemporaries she is chiefly interested in Compton Mackenzie, Joseph Conrad, and D. H. Lawrence.

An extract from what was probably her very first attempt in literature is extant in a volume of essays called "The Children," published many years ago by Mrs. Meynell, who, as editor, preserves the (appropriately) bald style of very early authorship:

"Poor Mrs. Bald (that was her name) thought she would never get to the wood where her aunt lived, she got down and pulled the donky on by the bridal. . . . Alas! her troubles were not over yet, the donky would not go where she wanted it, instead of turning down Rose Lane it went down another, which although Mrs. Bald did not know it led to a very deep and dangerous pond. The donky ran into the pond and Mrs. Bald was dround!"

In a little volume called "Eyes of Youth," Miss Meynell has published some poems from which we quote the following sonnet, "The Unheeded":

"Upon one hand your kisses chanced to rest:
I smiled upon the other hand and said
'Poor thing,' when you had gone: and then in quest
Of pity rose a clamour from the dead—
Some way of mine, some word, some look, some jest
Complained they too had gone uncoveted . . .
That night I took these troubles to my breast,
And played that you and I, my own, were wed;
Those troubles were our child, with eyes of fear—
A wailing babe, whom I, his mother dear,
Must soothe to quiet rest and calm relief,
And urge his eyes to sleeping by and by.
'Oh hush,' I said, and wept to see such grief;
'Hush, hush, your father must not hear you cry.'"

Some words, used by Miss Meynell in an introduction which she has written to "Romola" in "the World's Classics," might very aptly be applied to herself. "George Eliot," she says, "always gave to her vocation of novelist a great dignity and a great responsibility. She wrote: 'I will never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience doesn't consent, so that I may feel that it was something—however small—which wanted to be done in this world, and that I am just the organ for that bit of work.'" That this sentiment is shared by Miss Meynell is obvious to all her readers. No one can take up one of her books without being grateful for the scrupulous care for detail with which the author sets her scene, introduces her characters, and develops her story, whilst her workmanship conveys the impression of a facility born of the capacity for taking pains which is of the quality of genius. When time has added experience to her sincerity, power of observation, and purity of style, Miss Meynell will take her destined place amongst the foremost of contemporary novelists.

Edgar Frere.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1st to May 1st, 1914.

Messrs. George Allen & Co.

DICKENSON, EVELYN.—One Man's Way. 6s.
KERNAHAN, MARY (Mrs. CHARLES HARRIS).—Dr. Ivor's Wife. 6s.
STEVENS, L. J. C.—Leentas. 6s.
ST. MICHAEL, Mrs.—Burnt Offerings. 6s.
TOMKINS, HERBERT W.—Autolycus in Arcady. 5s. net.
VARISCO, PROF. BERNARDINO.—The Great Problems. Translated by Prof. R. C. Lodge. 15s. net.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith & Sons.

JEROME, J. K.—Three Men on the Bummel. With Illustrations and Picture Wrapper by L. Raven-Hill. 1s. net.
MUSGROVE, Dr. C. D.—Holidays and How to Use Them. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

GODFREY, WALTER H.—Gardens in the Making: A Simple Guide to the Planning of a Garden. With numerous Illustrations by the Author and Edmund Wratten, of Plans, Views, and various Garden Accessories. 5s. net.
RICHARDSON, A. E.—Monumental Classic Architecture in Great Britain and Ireland during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. Profusely Illustrated. £4 4s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

COMRIE, JOHN D., M.A., B.Sc., M.D., F.R.C.P.—Black's Medical Dictionary. Fifth Edition. 7s. 6d. net.
HOLLAND, A. W.—Germany. 7s. 6d. net.
MORRIS, J. E.—Westminster Abbey. 1s. 6d. net.
STEWART, REV. G. WAUCHOPE, B.D.—Sacred Music, Past and Present. 1s. 6d. net.
WIGRAM, REV. W. A., D.D., and WIGRAM, EDGAR T. A.—The Cradle of Mankind. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

BUSHNELL, A. J. DE HAVILLAND.—Storied Windows: A Traveller's Introduction to the Study of Old Church Glass. 15s. net.
DEANS, F. HARRIS.—Looking for Trouble. 6s. net.
FRASER, MAJOR-GENERAL Sir THOMAS, K.C.B.—Recollections with Reflections. 15s. net.
HENDERSON, T. F.—The Royal Stewarts. With Portraits. 16s. net.
MUNRO, NEIL.—The New Road. 6s.
PATRICK, JOHN, D.D.—Clement of Alexandria. (Croall Lecture.) 7s. 6d. net.
ROLAND, JOHN.—The Good Shepherd. 6s.
WEIGALL, ARTHUR E. P. B. (Inspector-General of Antiquities, Government of Egypt).—The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. With Maps and Illustrations. 16s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

EAST, SIR ALFRED, R.A.—Brush and Pencil Notes in Landscape. 30 Coloured Plates, 24 Half-Tone Illustrations, and Portrait Frontispiece. 10s.6d. net.
FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—The Amazing Argentine. 6s.
Guide to London. 6d. net and 1s.
HANSHEW, T. W.—Cleek of Scotland Yard. 6s.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Fatal Fingers. 1s. net.
MARSH, RICHARD.—Twin Sisters. 6d.
McGEOCH, DAISY.—Two Eyes of Grey. 6s.
NUTTALL, G. CLARKE, B.Sc., and CORKE, H. ESSENHIGH, F.R.P.S., F.R.H.S.—Wild Flowers as They Grow. Vol. VII. 5s. net.
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THE READER.

H. G. WELLS.

By Thomas Seccombe.

I.

IT must have been twenty years ago—I will not answer for the day or month—that I first heard the name of H. G. Wells. I remember the circumstance well. After a hard day at the "D.N.B." I was returning in the dusk between six and seven to the alluvial acclivities of Hampstead. It was on the top of a horse bus that the new gospel was announced to me, expounded, I remember, in kindling language and with an impressive ardour by my colleague of those days, Mr. E. I. Carlyle, now Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford. We curled round the top of New Bond Street and debouched into the great western tide-way of Oxford Street, and still I was seriously inclined to hear more about the potency of the time machine, the mastery of the scientific handling, the daring of a forecast of a future the reverse of flattering for the human race. It was the daring, the *aliquid novi* of the literary adventure, the new note of self-confidence and precision in the English style, which fired the imagination of the missionary. Every new writer who is to cut a real dash must fire the ability of select disciples to make converts. I, at any rate, was successfully converted that evening between Marshall & Snelgrove's and the Marble Arch. I could not rest until I had got the book, devoured it, and talked it over again, no doubt enthusiastically, to my first initiator in the ways of "H. G." We were still young and self-conscious enough to recognise new writers without any sort of misgiving. (How extraordinary it is, by the way, that there should be no such writers now among the generation under thirty!) This new-truth-emanating Wells was a writer to idealise, a thinker to watch, a stylist whose progress must be noted with the reverential care the observer bestows upon a rising barometer. We had a vague knowledge and respect of him then as a very young man who had climbed the ladder very swiftly from the confines of the lower middle class; his emergence seemed to shed a bright ray upon the examination system (which then, as now, badly needed it). South Kensington might be a Jebus of Science, but it had been a Galilee of the Arts, so far at any rate as Polite Letters were concerned. Could a real genius emerge from Tutoria? The truth about the origin of Genius, difficult as it is to come by in anything more than homœopathic doses, is more of a miracle, perhaps, than the most amazing of Mr. Wells's hypothetical Romances.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **H. G. Wells.**

His grandfather was head-gardener at Penshurst. His father, Joseph Wells, a man of an ingenious and passionate turn, partly revealed, one suspects, in the "New Machiavelli," took up cricket as a profession, was widely known as a very swift round-arm bowler, and played for the county of Kent, then, in the sixties and seventies of the last century, at the meridian of its splendour. But at the time of the novelist's birth (September 21st, 1866) the ex-cricketer was keeping a small mixed shop at Bromley, in Kent. His mother, he tells us, was the daughter of an innkeeper at a place named Midhurst (scene of the climax of Mr. Hoopdriver's fortunes in "The Wheels of Chance"), where post-horses were supplied to the flying coaches before the railways came. The climate of his very early days is revealed not only in the "New Machiavelli," but also, I think, in "The War in the Air," and in one or two pregnant passages in "New Worlds for Old." The exciding of the small tradesman by the Company shop, as classically depicted by Zola in his "Au Bonheur des Dames," was already becoming a familiar feature in the England of the 'seventies, when the middle class of this country first united to raise a mighty pæan in honour of the Co-operative Stores. To a small boy in Bromley, in a small glass and china and miscellaneous shop, it was already a matter of painful and absorbing interest. "My father was one of that multitude of small shopkeepers which had been caught between the 'Stores' above and the rising rates below; and from the knickerbocker stage onward I was acutely aware of the question hanging over us." The darkness of this cloud that threatened enabled him to write these vivid pages in "New Worlds for Old": *

"In the little High Street of Sandgate over which my house looks, I should say between a quarter and a third of the shops are just downward channels from decency to despair; they are sanctioned, inevitable citizen-breakers. Now it is a couple of old servants opening a 'fancy' shop or a tobacco shop, now it is a young couple plunging into the haberdashery, now it is a new butcher or a new fishmonger or a grocer. This perpetual procession of

* *cf.* "The Shop at Fishbourne," and "The Confessions of a Shopkeeper," by F. T. Bullen.

bankruptcies has made me lately shun that pleasant-looking street, that in my unthinking days I walked through cheerfully enough. The doomed victims have a way of coming to the doors at first and looking out politely and hopefully. There is a rich and lucrative business done by certain wholesale firms in starting the small dealer in almost every branch of retail trade; they fit up his shop, stock him, take his one or two hundred pounds and give him credit for forty or fifty. The rest of his story is an impossible struggle to pay rent and get that debt down. Things go on for a time quite bravely. I go furtively and examine the goods in the window, with a dim hope that this time something really will come off; I learn reluctantly from my wife that they are no better than anyone else's, and rather dearer than those of one or two solid and persistent shops that do the steady business of the place. Perhaps I see the new people going to church once or twice very respectably, as I set out for a Sunday walk, and if they are a young couple the husband usually wears a silk hat. Presently the stock in the window begins to deteriorate in quantity and quality, and then I know that credit is tightening. The proprietor no longer comes to the door, and his first bright confidence is gone. He regards one now through the darkling panes with a gloomy animosity. He suspects one all too truly of dealing with the 'Stores.' . . . Then suddenly he has gone; the savings have gone, and the shop—like a hungry maw—waits for a new victim. There is the simple, common tragedy of the little shop; the landlord of the house has *his* money all right, the ground landlord has, of course, every penny of his money, the kindly wholesalers are well out of it, and the young couple or the old people, as the case may be, are looking for work or the nearest casual ward—just as though there was no such virtue as thrift in the world."

H. G. Wells (1910).

The capacity to see like this is ingrained in a writer by suffering. The nature of things in England looks on and smiles while thrift is being butchered thus, or cocks its eye knowingly and says, "Why, of course he ought to have taken a dram shop." The small retail business and the lodging-house are the two prime social *destructors* of the age. The small capital of the Wells family was lost in the first. The father had to seek new employment in a depreciated market. But the novelist's mother, who had once been a lady's maid, was more fortunate; she sought and found in 1878 a relatively-well-paid employment as housekeeper to her former mistress Miss Fetherstonhaugh, at Up Park, near Petersfield—the Bladesover of "Tono-Bungay," with something, perhaps, of the Burnmore Park of "The Passionate Friends."* For a time the future Utopist was with his mother at Petersfield—imbibing the strict rules of the British Hierarchy from Peers of England, and Peers of the United Kingdom down to Vicar, Doctor, and Vet.—the chain that linked the upper with the lower world, the precedence in which was even more rigidly enforced by means of the barriers which separated pantry and housekeeper's room from still-room and kitchen. The mother, however, who figures in "Tono-Bungay" has little in common with the minute and gentle little old lady who died only a few years ago, and whom some of us have been privileged to meet at Mr. Wells's house.

Little Easton Rectory.
Mr. H. G. Wells's home at Dunmow, Essex.

"Dominating all these memories is the figure of my mother—my mother who did not love me because I grew more like my father every day—and who knew with inflexible decision her place and the place of every one in the world—except the place that concealed my father—and in some details mine. Subtle points were put to her. I can see and hear her saying now, 'No, Miss Fison, peers of England go in before peers of the United Kingdom, and he is merely a peer of the United Kingdom.' She had much exercise in placing people's servants about her tea-table, where the etiquette was very strict. I wonder sometimes if the

* Knowledge derived from the same source is manifest in the inimitable Parker of "The Sea Lady."

Mrs. H. G. Wells
in the garden at Dunmow.

etiquette of housekeepers' rooms is as strict to-day, and what my mother would have made of a *chauffeur*."

The real Mrs. Joseph Wells was of a very different quality from that stern lady. Perhaps one has just a gleam of her in the mother's diary in "The New Machiavelli."

"H. G." had made unauthorised piratical raids upon the Library at Up Park, and he carried with him into the drapery ("the best organised trade in England," as he has since described it) to which he went as a learner in a shop at Windsor in 1879, an uncovenanted hunger for reading. Indulgence in this appetite led to his early transference to a chemist's shop in Midhurst, kept by spiritual ancestors of Mr. and Mrs. Ponderevo, the inimitable lady who "wanted a stopper," and called her husband "a silly old sardine." He may have left Windsor in some disgrace, as George left Bladesover, but it was all to the good that he was to go to Wimblehurst and *learn Latin*!

"For me the years at Wimblehurst were years of pretty active growth. Most of my leisure and much of my time in the shop I spent in study. I speedily mastered the modicum of Latin necessary for my qualifiying examinations, and—a little assisted by the Government Science and Art Department classes that were held in the Grammar School—went on with my mathematics. There were classes in physics, in chemistry, in mathematics and machine drawing, and I took up all these subjects with considerable avidity. Exercise I got chiefly in the form of walks. There was some cricket in the summer and football in the winter, sustained by young men's clubs that levied a parasitic blackmail on the big people and the sitting Member, but I was never very keen at these games."

The uncle in reality was not the chemist at Midhurst, but the primary schoolmaster at Wookey Hole, Somerset, where the young "Latin" scholar went as "improver" or pupil teacher at the age of fifteen. The period is obscure so far as subsequent autobiographical clues are concerned; but for some reason the experiment failed. Wells was then apprenticed to a draper on a larger scale than heretofore—this time at Southsea. The two years spent there, the constant friction between haberdashery and the folding of gingham, and the claims of literature, supply some of the liveliest episodes in "Kipps," "The Wheels of Chance," and "Mr. Polly." Perhaps the shopman, taking notes, may have witnessed a replica of the great scene in which the heroic Parsons, original genius at window-dressing, interrupted in one of his great conceptions, hurled a roll of huckaback, and "'it the Guvnor on the 'ed—'ard." Eventually, H. G. Wells broke his indentures deliberately. He realised that the facilities for higher education that were then opening out offered him a better chance in life than a shop and comparative illiteracy could possibly do. "Mr. Polly" represents what he might well have become had he not embraced this opportunity. By the aid of some "greenish certificates," obtained at Midhurst, he secured a post as a sixteen-year-old assistant at Midhurst Grammar School, where no doubt he drew up a "Schema" and anticipated the experiences of Mr. Lewisham. Thence, in strict agreement with the revealing early chapters in that book, he obtained a scholarship at the Normal School of Science at South Kensington, became, under the personal inspiration of the first Dean of the School, Professor Huxley, a biologist, and passed his B.Sc. with honours, in the first class. His "Science" obtained him an assistant-mastership at the Henley House School, St. John's Wood, where he taught not only science, but also English, and edited the *Henley House Magazine*, which had been started some years previously by a boy named Alfred Harmsworth. One of his pupils at this school was the "A. A. M." of *Punch*. From this school appointment he was attracted in due course by the elasticity of income derivable from

Little Easton Rectory.

the combined activities of tutor, lecturer, and crammer, at the old University Correspondence Classes, held in Red Lion Square, and directed mainly to the herculean task of assisting medical students through their "Inter." Among other things, "H. G." was a born *demonstrator*. A manual of biology, continuous lecturing, and occasional excursions into journalism helped him to compile a respectable income, though not one that admitted of much saving. The labour was heavy, the classes were exigent, and the class-rooms were overwhelmingly hot. A break-down from overwork was almost inevitable in one form or another, and, in this particular case, it took the form of a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel at Charing Cross Station. Complete rest was essential, and Mr. Wells found it necessary to take lodgings in Eastbourne, in possession of forty pounds or so and no prospects. I suppose that this was the crisis of a career. The young lecturer, who had quickly obtained a rare hold upon his pupils, male and female, felt that his career had collapsed, that he was utterly "bowled out." But recovery was rapid. The convalescent at Eastbourne was essentially a member of what Mr. Polly called the "shoveacious cult." Money being essential, Mr. Wells found an ingenious expedient for coining it by means of humorous articles, contributed with complete success, though coming from an unknown outsider, to the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then conducted by Harry Cust. The elation of these articles, such as "On Staying at the Sea-Side," "For Freedom of Spelling," "Chess Games," "Cheapness and my Aunt Charlotte" (which appeared later in "Certain Personal Matters"), is worthy of remark, when we reflect for a moment that the author had just had his career fractured, that he was so weak that he could hardly get down from his lodging to the beach, and that he had not got fifty pounds to his name in the world. A literary genealogist might have detected in the articles a slight infusion of Dr. Holmes or Frank Stockton, those facete American essayists, with suggestions perhaps of Jerome K., sufficient to incur the imputation, so dangerous in 1893, of infection by the "new humour." But, as a matter of cold, unimaginative fact, the genesis of these genial essays came directly from the perusal of a book borrowed for twopence from a library in Eastbourne, and the name of this book was "When a Man's Single," and its author is J. M. Barrie. The circulation of his work in a paper so well known as the *P. M. G.* gave the precise stimulus that "H. G.'s" blood required, and led in turn to an enhanced circulation. From being entirely unknown among quill-drivers, he began to be recognised as a recruit of almost inconceivable promise. He was hailed by Henley and George Steevens; among his earlier acquaintances in the craft were Marriott Watson, and R. A. M. Stevenson. A little later on he was on friendly terms with Grant Allen, Edward Clodd, George Gissing, and Le Gallienne. To these must be added Frank Harris, who recognised his ability by opening to him both the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Saturday*. Hitherto, he had seen himself in print mainly in educational papers and in the proofs of biological primers and manuals. Now he became a recognised writer in the Press, in the stalls of the theatres, reviewing books both scientific and literary. This journalistic year was 1894-5. Then came another shattering breakdown, which necessitated his turning from journalism to authorship proper; and he was very soon established at Woking, building up for the third time, and permanently, as it proved, a new source of regular and abundant income. Henceforth his life is submerged in his authorship. But, in the meantime, something very important had happened.

II.

In the Royal College of Science Journal, *The Phœnix*, which Wells started, and which still lives, he had outlined a sketch of the romantic possibilities of a fourth dimension. During a slack time in the summer of 1894, when editors were not printing his work very freely and the outlook was doubtful, he took this sketch and in a fortnight of hard work he reshaped it into a serial; fragments appeared in the *National Observer*, the whole, or nearly the whole, appeared as "The Time Traveller's Story" in Henley's *New Review*. He obtained £100 for the serial rights, and Heinemann published the little volume as "The Time Machine: An Invention," with a dedication to W. E. Henley, in 1895. The fame of this wonderful little book spread by oral transmission, for very little was done for it by the papers, always on the alert against unauthorised talent.

Wells first read his own name as an author in the chaste pages of the dominant literary journal of that day, called *The Athenæum*, in July, 1895. In June he had reprinted a series of *Pall Mall* papers, and they were published in the Mayfair Set by John Lane under the title (not many of my readers have seen the elaborately-drawn page) "Select Conversations with an Uncle now Extinct, with two other Reminiscences," dedicated to R. A. C. *The Athenæum* found the thing "portentously foolish," and dismissed it with the Parthian shaft, "The book has a very nice cover." In this same year, the author published his first series of scientific Arabian Nights called "The Stolen Bacillus" (containing, "The Purple Pileus," "Æpyornis Island," and other stories that will live as models of their period), and also "The Wonderful Visit" which obtained the dignified commendation of the leading literary journal referred to as a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*. I have come across people who regard this as the happiest of all its author's creations; many regard the next imaginary romance, which was written "in and out" or simultaneously with it, as absolutely the reverse.* That literary journal discoursed learnedly on horrors that are legitimate, and horrors that are illegitimate in literature. Philoctetes! Well, yes, Philoctetes might pass with some little demur (how about Gloucester's eyes, the torturing scene in *La Tosca*, and Edward II.'s end in Marlowe?), but Dr. Moreau's Island, no, no, really Mr. Wells, this will never do! (May, 1896). The book is certainly powerful, and I find it hauntingly horrible; *membra disjecta* from "Gulliver's Fourth Voyage," "Jekyll and Hyde," and "Frankenstein," could, perhaps, be detected in it by one of that new species, the

* The germ of this demonstration of advanced Vivisection appeared first in the *Saturday* of January, 1895, as "Doctor Moreau Explains." "The Wonderful Visit" may have owed something to "Peter Wilkins" and something to "Galatea."

thesis-fiend. In scientific hypothesis Wells had shown himself the equal of Verne, in rigorous deduction from data, of Edgar Allan Poe. "The Island of Dr. Moreau" shows that, even thus early, his disposition to satire was irresistible. Swift influenced him far more than Verne, but there was, perhaps, more of the unconscious Lucian about him than either. "The Invisible Man" extended the growing reputation a good deal, for it was a *tour-de-force* plain for all to see; in rigorous deduction and stark presentation clearly the work of a master of our vernacular. The author's alternate resources at this time were daring speculation in the field of invention and the reaction of startling novelty upon the conventional, conservative English type. The second resource is the staple of "The Wonderful Visit" and "The Sea Lady." Both are used with signal effect in "The Invisible Man." An author's power of realisation is seldom seen to better advantage than in this scarifying story. How could an uneducated man do such work? The point is, of course, that Wells was not an uneducated man in the least. He was a peculiarly educated man. He left his small commercial academy at thirteen, with little Latin, no Greek, and the French of Bromley-in-Kent; but his mathematics were above those of a public school boy of his age. While expensively educated boys were spending their hours on words and games, he was intent, reading; and the examination results which took him to the Normal School of Science, after no more than a year as assistant at the Midhurst Grammar School, show a sound scientific education. The biology he got at the Normal School under Huxley was well beyond the contemporary

"He came into Midhurst by the bridge at the watermill."

From "The Wheels of Chance," by H. G. Wells
(Dent, *The Wayfarer's Library*).

"Guildford is an altogether charming old town."

From "The Wheels of Chance," by H. G. Wells
(Dent, *The Wayfarer's Library*)

University standard, and the diplomas he obtained for teaching from the College of Preceptors involved a considerable amount of reading in psychology and philosophy. The malignity that loves to turn upon the pedagogue and call him uneducated is thus hopelessly misdirected here. The actuality that Wells manages to generate in his writing from this date is well shown in a passage from his next book:

"Now if you had noticed anything about him, it would have been chiefly to notice how little he was noticeable. He wore the black morning coat, the black tie, and the speckled grey nether parts (descending into shadow and mystery below the counter) of his craft. He was of a pallid complexion, hair of a kind of dirty fairness, greyish eyes, and a skimpy, immature moustache under his peaked indeterminate nose. His features were all small, but none ill-shaped. A rosette of pins decorated the lapel of his coat. His remarks, you would observe, were entirely what people used to call *cliché*, formulæ not organic to the occasion, but stereotyped ages ago, and learnt years since by heart. 'This, madam,' he would say, 'is selling very well.' 'We are doing a very good article at four-three a yard.' 'We could show you something better, of course.' 'No trouble, madam, I assure you.' Such were the simple counters of his intercourse. So, I say, he would have presented himself to your superficial observation. He would have danced about behind the counter, have neatly refolded the goods he had shown you, have put on one side those you selected, extracted a little book with a carbon leaf, and a tinfoil sheet from a fixture, made you out a little bill in that weak flourishing hand peculiar to drapers, and have bawled 'Sayn!' Then a puffy little shopwalker would-have come into view, looked at the bill for a second very hard (showing you a parting down the middle of his head

meanwhile), have scribbled a still more flourishing J.M. all over the document, have asked you if there was nothing more, have stood by you—supposing that you were paying cash—until the central figure of this story reappeared with the change. One glance more at him—and the puffy little shop-walker would have been bowing you out, with fountains of civilities at work all about you. And so the interview would have terminated."

There is, perhaps, mordant reminiscence here of the days when he was a shopman, when "Forward, Wells" was the cry, and Wells was discovered in the basement reading Herbert Spencer. When a man can write so forcibly as this his work affects one almost like a physical sensation; the shop-walker with the parting is by my side, I can feel his presence, I can hear the little draper crying: "Sayn. . . ." Such work postulates a good deal of muscular force and a kind of imaginative glow which ejects every foreign and irrelevant particle of speech, as it were, automatically. The higher concentration is thus effected. It needs first a certain massive force, then intense and potent vision, and, thirdly, an incisive and remorseless logic. Of practical wordmanship, of kinetic vocabulary, Mr. Wells has always been a master. He had, from an early date, a natural curiosity about such things as words and their order, together with the resolute will of a Franklin or a Cobbett, to manipulate such matters to his private and particular advantage. From an early date he began to distinguish things seen from things half-seen or merely glanced at, and to direct his course as a novelist accordingly. Note how cleverly he uses his first impressions of childhood in "First and Last Things" and "The New Machiavelli," and how he uses his brief sojourn in a chemist's shop, among the sale of quack patent medicines and little pills, in "Tono-Bungay." From an early date he began to study the physical conditions of good writing and the need of evading the sensation of drudgery (hence his elaborate nocturnal kit and tea-kettle for turning out when the thought besets him—not at the expense of one of his host's servants like the remorseless Pope). Already he was deliberately holding himself in reserve as a novelist until he should have acquired more experience of life, and keeping the pot-boiling—in the face of reiterated demands for "more sustained work"—by means of his scientific fantasies and problematic romances. "The Wheels of Chance," from which the foregoing passage was quoted, shows that the subject matter of the novelist was already fermenting within him. How tight a hold he kept upon himself is shown by the fact that while he was engaged upon "The Wheels of Chance," the human complication of Mr. Hoopdriver and a young lady in bloomers, Mr. Wells was writing "The War of the Worlds." The book began well, said the literary organ already referred to, but fell off sadly, missed grand opportunities and supplied lamentable evidence that its inventive author was tired or worked out—an opinion in which that critic is probably in a minority of one. Of all the romances that adorn the Wellsian panel, this and the "Invisible Man" will stand rereading the most often. Far from showing exhaustion it shows new power blossoming in every direction. The topography which is used so cleverly in "The Invisible Man" is extended here from the West Central district of London to the South-Western suburbs. In the whole printed surface of the story there is hardly an inch of dead matter. The delineation of a type in the curate, the dialectic skill shown in the tirade of the artilleryman upon the new conditions under which humanity will have to live, show advance in flexibility. The racial sentiment of humanity is most artfully aroused against the Martians, and their extinction is brought about by a most ingenious and happily-contrived device which no one had been clever enough to foresee.

Photo by Reginald Haines.

Mr. H. G. Wells in his Study.

In the meantime Wells had incurred fresh denunciation as a new humorist by re-issuing "Certain Personal Matters," the *Pall Mall* Essays of the Eastbourne period for the most part (and remarkably characteristic they are), and had published in continuation of the Bacillus volume "The Plattner Story and Others" (1897). He was already becoming well known in France (through the translations of Henri Davray), and in America. In 1899 he published "When the Sleeper Wakes" and "Tales of Space and Time." The Utopist was already peeping out from behind the robes of the *Voyageur Imaginaire*, and in England, as a whole, Wells was becoming quite an institution in association with a particular brand of fantastic romance. When he began to write I was just ready for him, I and my

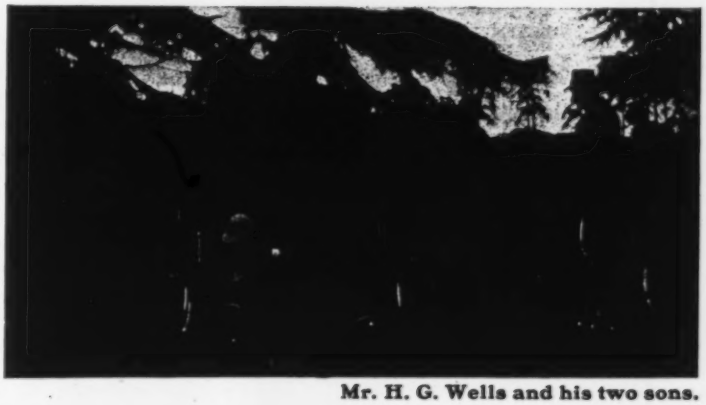
generation. We shall appreciate him best; but he will like better to hear the silken flatteries of the new age. I therefore shall not flatter him.

Wells frequently massacres mankind at a great rate. The prospect in "When the Sleeper Wakes" is gloomier than we are accustomed to in his books. The race of 2200 is bisected into a small number of Roman equites of the time of Sulla and the slaves in the ergastulum. Plutocracy and capitalism, untempered by other tendencies, are envisaged from the point of a Socialist of the Lassalle type. There is much criticism of tendencies and methods. It was not until 1900 (putting "The Wheels of Chance" aside) that we really got our first sensation of Wells as a novelist proper—in "Love and Mr. Lewisham"—an autobiographical and satirical novel of the Midhurst and South Kensington period. It was written in 1898 and had appeared serially before it came out between covers. Some high-browed critics received it with withering scorn, and would have patted the author back to more *Veræ Historiæ*. Most of us were enamoured with it, as we were afterwards with its true dream-children, "Kipps" and "Mr. Polly." We discerned in Mr. Lewisham a quivering, emotional quality, rare enough in the writing of that day, and of this.

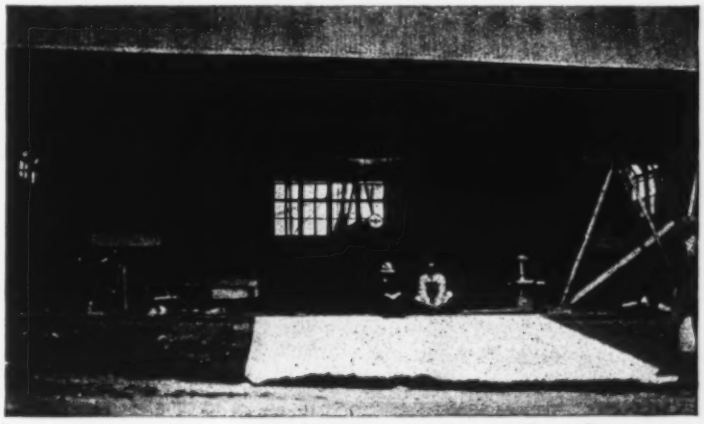
But before going on to the Utopias and the Novels, I had better finish saying what remains to be said about the later inventions or imaginative romances, such as "The First Men in the Moon," "The Sea Lady," "In the Days of the Comet," "The Food of the Gods," and "The War in the Air." The first of these is the one that interests me least of all, and it is the most like Jules Verne. "The Sea Lady," on the other hand, is very distinctive. It was written upon Wells's arrival at Sandgate, his building of Spade House, and the first delight in the snugness of the situation, the privacy of the beach, the charm of the evergreen oaks. It has more levity, more persiflage, light comedy and perhaps subtlety, than any other of his books. It was the outcome of a happy moment. The dialogue is sparkling, and many of the verbal hits palpable. Here is the password of journalism. "Stuff that the public won't believe aren't facts. Being true only makes them worse. They buy our paper to swallow it, and it's got to go down easy." "Imagine a great fat creature whacking a little white ball for miles and miles with a perfect surgery of instruments, whacking it either with a babyish solemnity, or a childish rage, as luck may have decided, whacking away while his country goes to the devil, and, incidentally, training

Mr. H. G. Wells and his son on the pond at Little Easton.

Mr. H. G. Wells playing his War Game.



Mr. H. G. Wells and his two sons.



Mr. H. G. Wells and Capt. Dunne, the well-known aeronautical inventor.

The biplane shown in this photograph (taken at Eastchurch) is the machine of Captain Dunne's invention which made such a sensational flight to France last autumn.

"It seems to be deserted," said Cavor, "absolutely desolate."

From "The First Men in the Moon," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).

"It was one of those evenings, serenely luminous."

From "The History of Mr. Polly," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).

an innocent-eyed little boy to swear and be a tip-hunting loafer. That's golf!" Miss Waters is great in herself, a great advance upon the Wonderful Visitant of 1896, and, in fact, is a suggestively elusive and semi-symbolical creation — unique, perhaps, in this author's repertory. One is quite angry with Parker for that "superior" uncommunicativeness which disabled the author from telling us more about the Sea Lady, whose stocking she so scrupulously marked.

"In the Days of the Comet" was moulded in the pacifist interest to show how danger from the Comet and danger from Germany coinciding neutralised each other in some mysterious way, and engendered the "great change" to ways of harmony, œcumenical peace and concord. The interested activity of a War Paper,

The Battle in the Clouds.

From "The War in the Air," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).

satirised as *The Yell*, furnishes an opening for a wonderful sardonic picture of the modern Press There seems to me no falling off in interest, vigour or instructiveness in these later romances. In the natural course of their evolution they become more and more reflective. The author expands by an easy transition into a utopist. Then, throwing aside his cosmoramas, his visions and his anticipations, he contracts, and we get the satirical novel of to-day. "The Food of the Gods" supplies material for a fine satire on the Lilliputian race of men, and ends with a fine tirade against their limitations. G. K. C. calls it a tale of Jack the Giant-Killer from the point of view of the Giant. "The War in the Air" is a striking *reductio ad absurdum* of the Cyclopean armament mania of the twentieth century. Wells's satire on the inveterate complacency of man standing on the knife-edge of credit and capital, in a planless world,

teeming with quarter-educated populations, bristling with inherited spites and interlocked gun-barrels, is specially directed against the colossal optimism of the Inter-Jubilee era (1887–1897) and the Imperial self-satisfaction of which Kipling was regarded as the Major Prophet.*

"The accidental balance on the side of Progress was far slighter and infinitely more complex and delicate in its adjustments than the people of that time suspected. . . . They did not realize that this age of relative good fortune was an age of immense but temporary opportunity for their kind. They complacently assumed a necessary progress towards which they had no moral responsibility. They did not realize that this security of progress was a thing still to be won or lost, and that the time to win it was a time that passed. They went about their affairs energetically enough, and yet with a curious idleness towards those threatening things. No one troubled over the real dangers of mankind. They saw their armies and navies grow larger and more pretentious; some of their ironclads at the last cost as much as their whole annual expenditure upon advanced education; they accumulated explosives and the machinery of destruction; they allowed their national traditions and jealousies to accumulate; they contemplated a steady enhancement of race hostility as the races drew closer without concern or understanding, and they permitted the growth in their midst of an evil-spirited Press, mercenary and unscrupulous, incapable of good and powerful for evil. Their State had practically no control over the Press at all. Quite heedlessly they allowed this touch-paper to lie at the door of their war magazine for any spark to fire. The precedents of history were all one tale of the collapse of civilizations—the dangers of the time were manifest. One is incredulous now to believe they could not see."

H. G. Wells and his Patent Mechanical New Republic, and the Spirit of Pure Reason crowning him President (view of Presidential Palace in background).

From a drawing by Max Beerbohm. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

We have to remember that "The War in the Air" was written before anyone had flown a yard.

After considering all these reactions of Society against one disturbing force or another, Wells goes on, in a series of imaginary created worlds of his own, to anticipate the future and to correct the present. He was always a social critic and reformer, but in "Anticipations," "The Discovery of the Future," "A Modern Utopia," "New Worlds for Old," and "The Future in America," he would proceed by direct inculcation in lieu of innuendo. He finds a world strangely incoherent, deficient in intellectual energy, believing vaguely in a superior providence, impeded in every direction by every kind of old traditional lumber, debris and broken-down cogwork, which threatens to throw the whole machine out of gear. He says, "let's plan our future, and at all costs get our best men on the upper deck. We must get rid of the dead weight and the muddle." There is a kind of demi-god imprisoned in man. By earnest thought of the future alone shall we ever manage to release him. The world is heavy with the promise of greater and, let us hope, better things. The past is but the beginning of a beginning; we are watching the twilight of the dawn. In "First and Last Things" he reveals to us his Agnosticism tempered by Pragmatism, which had already begun to take shape in 1901–2. He has a notion of creating a caste of Samurai or voluntary nobles, submitting to a peculiar discipline, wearing a distinctive dress, having a bible of their own, selected from the inspiring literature of all ages, spending at least a week of every year in absolute solitude in the wilderness, as a sort of spiritual retreat and restorative of self-reliance.

Of the four main classes of human beings, the original or *creative*, the *kinetic* or active business class, the *dull*, or people who never seem to learn thoroughly, see or hear distinctly or think clearly, the base, or those deficient in moral sense, the Samurai are selected from the first two only, and almost exclusively from the first.

* For estimate of Kipling by "H. G." see "New Machiavelli." Wells realises to-day for us by the vivid picturing of yesterday, in which he is unexcelled.

Our talk must have been serious.

From "Tono-Bungay," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan).

The Martians.

From "The War of the Worlds," by H. G. Wells (Heinemann).

The conception is a far-reaching combination of Puritanism and Bushido, Cromwell and Hideyoshi, Fourier and St. Francis, Plato's philosophers ruling the republic, Cecil Rhodes' secret order of millionaires ruling the world, of More's "Utopia" and Bacon's "New Atlantis." The Utopias proper, which extend to almost every phase and form of human activity, are confined mainly to the middle period of Wells's intellectual growth. The prophetic habit, however, had grown upon him, and when he visited the United States in the Spring of 1906 he cast his observations into the form of a Forecast. This was generous, statesmanlike, and fairly sanguine as a whole. Two things chiefly alarmed him. One was the extension of race-prejudice, the tragedy of colour, the repression of the negroid. The second was the indifference of the authorities to child-labour.

"One little thing set me questioning. I had been one Sunday night down town, supping and talking with Mr. Abraham Cahan about 'East Side,' that strange city within a city, which has a drama of its own and a literature and a Press, and about Russia and her problem, and I was returning on the subway about two o'clock in the morning. I became aware of a little lad sitting opposite me, a childish faced, delicate little creature of eleven years old or thereabouts, wearing the uniform of a boy messenger. He drooped with fatigue, roused himself with a start, edged from his seat with a sigh, stepped off the car and was vanishing upstairs into the electric glare of Astor Place as the train ran out of the station.

"'What on earth,' said I, 'is that baby doing abroad at this time of night?' For me this weary little wretch became the irritant centre of a painful region of enquiry. 'How many hours a day may a child work in New York?' I began to ask people, 'and when may a boy leave school?' I had blundered, I found, upon the weakest spot in America's fine front of national well-being. My eyes were opened to the childish newsboys who sold me papers, and the little bootblacks at the street corners. Nocturnal child employment is a social abomination. I gathered stories of juvenile vice, of lads of nine and ten suffering from terrible diseases, of the contingent sent out of the ranks of these messengers to the hospitals and jails. I began to realize another aspect of that great theory of the liberty of property and the subordination of the State to business, upon which American institutions are based. That theory has no regard for children. Indeed, it is a theory that disregards women and children, the cardinal facts of life, altogether. They are in America *private things*." . . .

When he came back from America, he gave up Spade House and settled at Church Row, Hampstead—so far as he can ever be said to settle anywhere. There, and at the Rectory, Little Easton, Essex, he has written three of his later and bigger novels—"The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," and "The Passionate Friends"; "Tono-Bungay," and "Ann Veronica," having been written at Sandgate. These novels are of the old English, heterogeneous type, and combine with the old elements of satire, criticism, and Utopian looking forward, a new sense of the futility and meaningless effort of the individual who plans, thinks and wills in contravention of the vast inertia of popular convention and social prejudice, but, above all, against the interior impulsion of blind impulses, the inevitable overthrow of the individual ideal when pitted against the unreasonable but omnipotent appetites of sex. In "Love and Mr. Lewisham" we have the complete defeat of the Will, in "Ann" the difficulty is circumvented a little. In "The New Machiavelli" the career of a forceful political leader is wrecked on this Parnellite and Dilkeite reef.

In the earlier "Tono" the "fleshly" motif is combined with a satirical romance of commerce, with a sort of camera obscura presentation of late Victorian England—the England consecrated by the plaudits of the whole world a quarter of a century back. The best critics of England have examined these books too recently for us to dilate upon them here, also the best critics of France, including Firmin Roz and Chevrillon (Taine's nephew), who says, à propos of "Tono," "Let us come back to Wells—Wells, who is almost as famous in England as he is in France."

III.

As an artist, and more particularly as a writer, Wells has an almost unequalled power of vivid reproduction of those things which he has seen and experienced. His vision is remorseless—his descriptive power unfailing. He has invention in the highest measure, and unlimited ingenuity. As a recorder of his own impressions he is vivid to an extraordinary degree. He catches and renders the superficial aspects of things with amazing, illusive positiveness. At his best he gives an illusion of concrete reality to all readers not more imaginative than himself. And these are very few. One result of this power is that his foregrounds are frequently almost ridiculously clear. He has a rich vein of humour which, in some of his books, pervades the whole of the canvas. There is a playful humour in "The Wonderful Visit," and "The Wheels of Chance." The tramp annexed by the "Invisible Man" is a humorous creation of signal originality. The sophistical medium, Chaffery, in "Mr. Lewisham" is another delightful, humorous conception. A lambent humour plays all over the "Sea Lady." In some of his novels, however, especially "Ann Veronica," "Marriage," and "The Passionate Friends," and even in "Kipps," the prophetic element in the author takes its revenge upon the artist by pumping all the humour out of the story a good while before the descent of the curtain. There is subtle humour in the contrast of character and pretension between the clear-minded abstract thinker, Cavor, and the pseudo-practical blunderer, Bedford, in "The First Men in the Moon." The drollery of "Mr. Polly" is delightful, especially to newcomers; those who know their "H. G." really well recognise some elements in it which have done duty before. The delights of his sympathetic humour are seen at their best in the first three quarters of "Kipps."

Wells also has considerable dramatic force and the endowments enumerated, added to his very considerable powers of characterisation (above all humorous characterisation such as that of Mrs. Ponderevo, or the Grand Dudgeon, i.e. Mr. Pope in "Marriage"), ought manifestly to constitute Mr. Wells one of the novelists of all time. Unfortunately, his pre-occupation with social philosophy inevitably forces most of his best fiction into the same category with that of George Eliot, and Henry Bordeaux—that of the problem novel, or the novel with a purpose. Peacockian eccentricities are just permissible in novels, in strict moderation; but philosophies in petticoats and trousers are impossible. Many of Mr. Wells's characters tend to become talking machines with taps labelled "H.G. January 1914," "H.G. February 1914," and so on illimitably. Talk about the confessional! There never was such a deponent as Mr. Wells.

"He flung up his arms and came down upon the couch."

From "The Stolen Bacillus and other Incidents," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan).

Panic-stricken.

From "The Island of Dr. Moreau," by H. G. Wells (Heinemann).

He feels it incumbent upon him to put on permanent record every successive change, phase, and nuance of his ever shifting conscience. In most of his later novels Mr. Wells is reacting against his earlier Utopianism. At one moment he is occupied with a vision of the world under the heel of capitalism ("Sleeper Wakes"), at another he is bent on showing that a logical ordering of human affairs is really a simple undertaking, a matter of logic and will ("New Worlds" and "A Modern Utopia"); and yet, observe that in both these last books he suggests that it is not a matter of logic and will either; but that what is wanted is nothing less than a change of heart. Again, he explores the limits of independence in woman in "Ann Veronica," or finds the crux of the whole difficulty in the relations of the sexes ("New Machiavelli," "Passionate Friends") or in the ultra-rigidity of the conjugal tie (*passim*). In the last-named novel he seems impaled on the horns of Daudet's dilemma in "Sapho." Man cannot rise without woman, yet she must ever be pulling him down. Hard to decide what he wants in this matter; he seems implacable; yet surely he would not be futurist enough to vote for the sexless Martian fashion of budding out. Labrador can hardly be accepted as a serious solution of the problem. But the more we read of Wells, the more we are confronted (as in "Tono-Bungay") with the enormous confusion and logical incoherency of the ordering of society. The questions are the old ones, the immemorial ones; it is the solutions that vary from hour to hour. Why does this author persist in throwing his philosophical disquisitions into the form of romance? Partly because of his natural tendency towards artistic creation. No doubt; but that is not all. It is also because he wants to present things, at the same moment, from different points of view—he wants to present views that are inconsistent—to give the other side a show, whether he believes in it or not. If a man writes a philosophical treatise, he must conclude something in some way or another; in a novel he is not bound to conclude anything—save the novel he is writing. Wells is an exponent of the (characteristic and significant) radically undogmatic thought of the later nineteenth century. What can this in any logical or definite sense lead to? G. K. Chesterton, who invariably cheers and applauds Wells, imagines (I believe) that it will end in the October Club, "H. G." a True Blue, a High Flyer and a devout Catholic! A precedent condition of this is often atheism. Now, one finds in Wells a continuous slight shifting of the point of view—a continuous change of outlook—a series of progressive views and suggestions rather than a view; and the movement of his mind, so difficult to define, is accompanied by a constant undercurrent of scepticism, pure and simple.

This negative result is accompanied by a method extraordinarily stimulating to many minds of our generation. And Wells has not released himself yet. It may be questioned whether he has risen to the full height of his power. He has an untameable force which should be a great asset to a country such as ours. The writing here never eclipses and effaces the writer (like "John Inglesant"). He is not dominated by a book or books. His character is one of concentrated power and force of will. His eyes glow at times with something of the black wickedness of Burns; but they are surmounted by brows like walls of granite. Massive and granitic indeed is the upper part of the head, the lower part mobile, mischievous, beguiling. And the brain and will are encased in a splendid physique, enduring, flexible, active to a marvellous degree—as I found to my cost at Pont de l'Arche once when playing in the games that he invents and organises for his children and guests.* Inventor, Demonstrator, Author and Fictionist of the first water, as Wells has shown himself, he has in excess of these qualities an unsuspected fund of sheer executive power. My proximate destination for him is that of Purveyor of Ideas, Inspirer and *Animatore* to the Conservative Forces of to-day, or rather, I would say, to the Tory Sociocrats of the Future. At present, the architects of this stripe not merely lack ideas, but are impervious to them to such an extent that some intermediary would be necessary, unless indeed by some happy stroke Mr. Balfour could be restored to the Suprema of the party. Directly or indirectly, party or non-party, Mr. Wells has ideas that the country wants. His utterance stimulates and brings before the many ideas which are pertinent and new to them. And he has certainly grown quite enough of an opportunist to have become a practical politician. I do not think I can have flattered (and trust sincerely I have not offended) "H. G." unduly. The one thing I have *not* done and can never do is to express the gratitude that I and my generation feel we owe him.

Photo by Reginald Haines.

Mr. H. G. Wells.

* And for the foreign professors and professoresses who haunt his schoolroom.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four-line epigram supposed to be written by any famous character in fiction on the author who created him, or her.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is awarded to Miss V. D. Goodwin, of Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent, for the following:

A SONG FOR EASTER.

FLOWER-SACRIFICE.

I bring you a gift of stars and moon-lighted dreams
Hidden away in flowers pale as the sea:
The dim waves beat on the shore and the white gull screams;
The white gull screams, and the waves are still:
"What is your will? What is your will?"
"Give me the secret flowers; pull them and give them to me."

I bring you a gift of sun and all thoughts of truth
Hidden away in flowers wan as the dawn:
The Dawn leaps up through the skies in a splendid youth;
The Dawn leaps up and the hills are stirred:
"What have you heard? What have you heard?"
"I heard Day trampling flowers; Day with the foot of a fawn."

I bring you a gift of Night and the lonely trees
Hidden away in flowers white as the wind;
Earth has drawn their branches about her knees;
Earth draws the trees and the moors stretch wide:
"What do you hide? What do you hide?"
"I hide the secret flowers; Thorns that blossomed for mankind."

I bring you a gift of Love that is more than death
Hidden away in flowers pale as the sea:
The waves flow in to the trees like a low-drawn breath;
The moors stretch wide and the dawn-skies sing:
"What do you bring? What do you bring?"
"I bring the secret flowers; Roses wreathed on Calvary."

We also select for printing:

BEETHAM.

Over the hill lives Stephanie Platt,
Over the hill in Beetham.
Ask me where, and I'll show you the house,
(Little thatched house of Stephanie Platt),
Four stone walls as grey as a mouse,
And a garden patch where the bees carouse!
Naught I know if I know not that,
Beetham dust on my Sabbath hat,
And a rose that nodded the window at
Of Stephanie Platt in Beetham!
Coy but kind is Stephanie Platt:
Sabbaths are sweet in Beetham!
What were the thoughts would visit a lad
Going to church with Stephanie Platt?
Sitting in church with his heart so glad
At the lovesome blush that her two cheeks had?
Naught I know if I know not that,
For though Parson pattered his prayers, I gat
No nigher Heaven than where I sat,
By Stephanie Platt in Beetham!

(Judith Beamsley, 169, Bradford Road, Bradford.)

IN APRIL.

Earth's young laugh when the sun has caught her;
Grief that gladdens and joy that grieves;
Light, and a dimple of woodland water;
Wind, and a whisper of leaves;
Dip and dart of the first-seen swallow,
Joy of the first-found cuckoo's cry;
Larks, loud larks over hill and hollow,
Praising the earth to the sky.
Croon and coo where the wood-dove settles,
Trees that laugh into life again;
Breeze and bees in the pouting petals;
Sun, with a rumour of rain.
Great tides flinging their salt and savour
Over the land with a cleansing breath;
Land that laughs as the bright seas lave her;
Life, from the dust that was death.
Shade and sheen, and a rainbow splendour
Born between them; a hope, a fear—
Yellow bills, callow bills, throats how tender,
Sing! 'Tis the sweet o' the year.

(Diana Royds, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton, Bournemouth.)

Lord Lansdowne and Mr. H. G. Wells.

The former trying with all the amenity of his kind to understand just what Mr. Wells means by the barrenness of official politics.
By Max Beerbohm. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

"Why don't you finish and go?" said the rigid figure.

From "The Invisible Man," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).

The number of lyrics (including three sonnets, in spite of our warnings) sent in for this Competition was larger than ever this month; several others were good enough to print, had space permitted, and we specially commend those by Vera Larminie (Kensington), Margaret E. Gibbs (Thornton Heath), Helen Hoyt (Chicago), John F. X. Cannon (Philadelphia), Anne Macdonald (Bridge-of-Allan), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (Birmingham), K. Royds (West Hampstead), E. R. L. (Durham), C. B. Lancaster (London, E.C.), A. J. Thompson (Worthing), Maud Going (Montreal), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Sheffield), A. M. Reid (Motherwell), A. Y. Waller (Sunderland), E. Johnson (Polmont), Lydia Mary Foster (Belfast), H. M. Crimp (Penge), A. D. H. Allan (Wimborne), F. Roy Price (Wellington), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), B. J. Saunders (Pontypridd), Eveline Swanson (S. Finchley), Constance Cochrane (Solihull), Rev. J. W. Houchin (Shenfield), Mary M. Wilshire (Victoria Park), Douglas A. Worgan (Cardiff), W. G. Greig (Hendon), Lucy Buckley Loveday (Banbury), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), H. Campbell (Hoylake), Carr Gill (Newlyn), Adelaide Addenbrooke (Gravesend), M. R. Gardiner (Kilburn), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Grace E. Armstrong (Muswell Hill), Fernanda Fairley (Stroud), L. C. Robbins; Claire Kennedy (Bavaria), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), Eva M. Martin (London, N.W.), M. H. Potter (Taunton), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead), T. E. Sabine-Pasley (Tiverton), R. W. Fenton (Birstall), V. A. Sullivan (Woodbridge), A. E. Coppard (Oxford), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), M. E. A. Phipps (Cambridge), Dione (Liverpool), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), Sec. (Glasgow), Pygmalion (Sedbergh), V. W. Ware (Gloster), I. S. A. (Kensington), A. Burfield (Parson's Green), E. R. (Hull), Walter C. Wilson (Luton), Norman Birkett (Birmingham), H. Gregory (Streatham), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), A. A. Methley (Clifton), Ronald C. Ross (Nottingham), E. T. (Edinburgh), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), John Heys (South Shields), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), Oliver Gossman (S. Kensington), E. Margaret Lane (Kettering), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), M. A. N. Marshall (Oxford), Mabel Sennett (Bedford Park), Nora Bowman (Middleton St. George). Voilet D. Chapman (Bromham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. E. F. Thomas, of 3, Rangemore, Prestwich, Manchester, for the following:

THE VOICE OF AFRICA. BY LEO. FROBENIUS. (Hutchinson.)

"Descend, ye Nine!"

POPE, *Ode to St. Cecilia.*

We also select for printing:

THE IRRESISTIBLE INTRUDER. BY W. CAINE. (John Lane.)

"Hard times pring in de landlord
Und de landlord pring de pill."

The Breitmann Ballads.

(Elizabeth Todd, 29, Steep Hill, Lincoln.)

THE PRICE PAID. BY EFFIE A. ROWLANDS. (Chatto and Windus.)

"Oh yes! she lost her parasol,
And the feather out of her hat,
And a yard of frilling from her dress,
But dear me! what of that?
For the belt she got for one-and-four
Was one-and-six the day before."

The Bargain Sale.

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

A CROOKED MILE. BY OLIVER ONIONS. (Methuen)

"Meanwhile, my friend, 'twould be no sin
To put more water with your gin."

MASEFIELD, *Everlasting Mercy.*

(Winifred N. Rich, 55, Worfield Street, Battersea Park, S.W.)

LOVE IN A THIRSTY LAND. BY MRS. A. L. INCHBOLD. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

BEN JONSON.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Parsonage, Sundridge, Ontario, Canada.)

He stopped, and then made a dash to escape from their closing ranks.

From "The Country of the Blind," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).

An impression.
By J. W. Ginsbury.

H. G. Wells.

Specially drawn for THE BOOKMAN.

The Awakening.

From "When the Sleeper Wakes," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan).

THE FLYING INN. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen.)

"This style of business seems to me
Extremely inconvenient!"

LEWIS CARROLL, *Sylvie and Bruno* (*Peter and Paul*).

(R. H. Case, 44, Kidderminster Road, Croydon.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best letter of condolence from one friend to another when both have secured an honourable mention in Competition No. 1 is divided, and we award TWO NEW BOOKS to Mr. G. Duncan Grey, of 67, High Street, Weston-super-Mare, and TWO NEW BOOKS to Mr. N. B. Laughton, of University Union, Edinburgh, for the following:

UNKNOWN FELLOW-VENTURER,—

We share, it seems, a partial failure and are comrades in a qualified success. We aimed at the stars and barely cleared Warwick Square. Wounded vanity seeks many a hospital to which truth and common sense deny an entrance. Sour grapes are the coward's consolation: conceit is the deadliest drug. Humility is the surest salve and faith the finest tonic. Probably each unsuccessful competitor imagines that an almost imperceptible margin divided his defeat from triumph. It is William Watson who says—"Momentous to himself as I to me is every man that ever woman bore." Originality is the true mother of hope in literary endeavour. The real treasure, if we only possess it, will find itself a suitable casket. Courage, my friend! We are fighters, you and I, as well as singers, and our last ditch, like our last distich, is a long way off yet. Fair fortune to us both and laurel leaves in plenty.

Yours,
G. DUNCAN GREY.

DEAR ——,

I see by THE BOOKMAN that you, too, have come so far upon the lyric road. True, a small way, and yet one sees cause for little disappointment, and much hope. For is there not, in the "honourable mention," a healthy clap on the shoulder from a leading literary journal (not the exasperating "simply sweet" gushings of some fair critic), and who knows what yet unblossomed poetic genius may not share it?

Should this induce a trifle of conceit, check it by glancing back at the list—that long list—for here we see so many who have striven to the same little height as we. But is it not good to be of such a company, stirred by the same deep music within, able to give some expression to it? We have received a little honour—more is possible.

Yours sincerely,
N. B. LAUGHTON.

Many of the letters received are uncommonly good—some delightfully humorous. We have prepared a long list of "honourable mentions," but pressure on our space compels us to omit it.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Katharine Abraham, of 17, Southbroom, Devizes, for the following:

SONGS IN SAIL AND OTHER CHANTYS. By C. FOX SMITH. (Elkin Mathews.)

This little book is a fine addition to our sea literature; it makes us feel afresh the magic and wonder and call of the sea—like no other lure in the world—and the delight of wind and waves. Though of the Kipling genre, "Songs in Sail" are no mere echo; Miss Fox-Smith has something to say that is all her own and says it with freshness and directness. No one has better expressed the wander spirit, the desire for strange cities and other lands and seas, than she, nor are her songs surpassed for ease and lilt of rhythm.

We also select for printing:

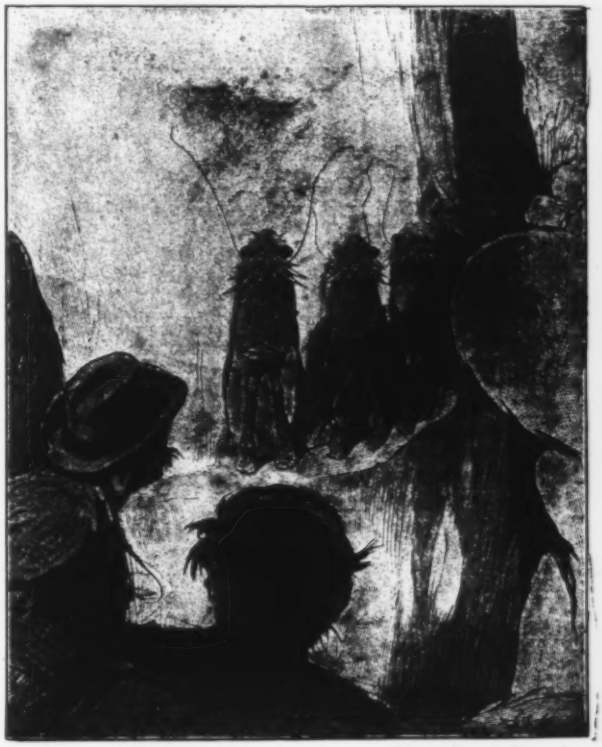
MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER. By ALEXANDER IRVINE. (Nash.)

The desire to perpetuate a treasured memory is evidenced from time to time by the issue of little volumes of tender filial appreciation of lives whose daily doings were of no general importance, yet whose characters shone above the commonplace. Such is the volume in question. An educated country girl—a Catholic—marries for love an illiterate Protestant cobbler in an Antrim village, and their subsequent life, through the famine years and after, is one long story of grinding poverty, redeemed by the supreme love of the man and woman. A beautiful, pathetic tribute; a moving story of abiding happiness.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

ESSAYS AND STUDIES. By MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION. Volume IV. (Clarendon Press.)

Four of these seven essays are of purely academic interest. Of the rest, the paper on "The Technique of Marlowe" is a judicious estimate of Marlowe's contribution to English Blank Verse. In "A Note on Dramatic Criticism," Professor Spingarm, blowing vigorously upon the same horn as Lamb in his "Tragedies of Shakspere," pertinently censures the confusion prevalent in critical minds between the drama and the theatre.



The Moon People.

From "The First Men in the Moon," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan).

Professor Elton's "English Prose Numbers" is something more than a suggestive summary of the various views held in recent years on the fascinating subject of English Prose Rhythm.

(N. Raghunathan, 30, Dabir Middle Street, Kumbakonam, S. India.)

MARTHE. By REGINALD NYE. (Sampson Low.)

Si jeunesse savait! Despite many humorous pages, this vigorous and unconventional narrative is haunted by the old, pathetic cry. It is a tale of youth—that headstrong, headlong season which, in Compton Mackenzie's phrase, "tunes the strings" of life. The plot revolves about an incident of doubtful plausibility. Its splendid heroine—not from love, but that the world shall not lose a great genius, saves his life at the cost of her honour. And thus the fatal web is woven which a lifetime cannot unravel. Laughter and tears and a wise philosophy are in the book.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Cyril W. Rodmell (Sutton-on-Hull), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead), Miss V. Huish (Derby), Carlyle Cooper (Thornton Heath), Hilda Ridley (Buffalo, N.Y.), Dorothy Ensor (Cardiff), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), John Moore (Southport), Ernest C. Tanton (Leeds), Philip A. Hall (Beaconsfield), A. B. Longbottom (Derby), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), James A. Richards (Tenby), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Adolphus Racer (London, S.E.), J. A. Rae (Elderslie, N.B.), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Harrietsham, Kent), S. Ireland (Belfast), Agnes M. Macaulay (Malvern), Miss V. A. Sulivan (Woodbridge), Eileen L. Rawson-Ackroyd (Kimbolton), Rose Jessop (Nottingham), Annie E. Littlejohn (Ravenscourt Park, W.), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), D. Taylor (Moseley), Bertram James Saunders (Pontypridd), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Miss C. M. Ritchie (Blackheath, S.E.), Anon. (Sunderland), Leo Delicati (Bristol), C. Roy Price (Wellington, Somerset), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Edith Dolton (Newbury), H. B. E. Hake (London, W.), Olive Macrory (Chiddingfold), Olive Gillespie (Canterbury), Beryl May (Farnham), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), Ernest W. L. Fowler (Notting Hill, W.), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead, N.W.), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Thomas Moore (Southport), M. F. Lee (Westcliff-on-Sea), H. Pelham Pestle (Wylam-on-Tyne), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Muriel Barnard (Walsall), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Walsall), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Handsworth), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Hugh M. M'Crossan (Newton Abbot), I. Swinscon (Wadhurst), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley), Laura M. Haines (Kimbolton), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), L. H. Cooke (Stockport).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss Kate E. Samuels, of Cliftonville, Margate.

BITTER SERENADE.

By HERBERT TRENCH.

FATE damned you young. Death young would now
frustrate you.
I have but lived—as alchemists for gold—
In my mad pity's flame to re-create you,
Heavenly one, waning, cold!

Dark planet, to your sleepless desolations,
Whereto no ray serene hath ever gone,
Life might have come with my poor invocations;
You might have loved, and shone!

The lanterns and the gondolas have vanished,
Gone the uproar and merry masquerade,
From the lagoons the burning loves are banished,
All your canal is shade.

Magnolia-bloom is here my only candle,
White petals wash and break along the wall
While this poor lute, the lute with the scorched handle,
Is here to tell you all. . . .

Do you remember—but what soul remembers?—
I carved it from a log of quaintest tone,
Snatched half-consumed out of a great hearth's embers;
The great hearth was your own.

By God! to the chords wherewith you then endowed us—
Something in you gave frame and strings a voice—
Now you must listen in the hours allowed us;
Listen, you have no choice! . . .

The very stars grow dread with tense fore-feeling
Of dawn; the bell-towers darken in the sky
As they would groan before they strike, revealing
New day to such as I!

There comes a day too merciless in clearness,
Worn to the bone the stubborn must give o'er,
There comes a day when to endure in nearness
Can be endured no more!

A man can take the buffets of the journey,
But there's a hurt, lady, beyond belief:
A grief the sun finds not upon his journey
Marked on the map of grief. . . .

Was I not bred of the same clay and vapour
And lightning of the universe as you?
Had I the self-same God to be my shaper
Or cracks the world in two?

It cannot be, though I have nought of merit,
That man may hold so dear, and with such pain
Enfold with all the tendrils of the spirit,
Yet not be loved again.

If cannot be that such intensest yearning,
Such fierce and incommensurable care
Starred on your face, as though a crystal burning,
Is wasted on the air.

It cannot be I gave my soul, unfolding
To you its very inmost, like a child
Utterly giving faith (no jot withholding),
By you to be beguiled.

No. In rich Venice riotous and human,
That shrinks for me to sandbanks and a sky,
Love such as that I bear you must be common.
Enough; you let it die.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

By Edward Wright.

THE suddenness with which the author of "The Blazed Trail" won a position of power over the American mind is something more than a testimony to his qualities as a writer. His popularity among his fellow countrymen is more significant than the success of a British novelist of the same open-air school would be among us. It is indicative of a change in the outlook on life of a large body of the American people. Wiser than the singed moth, they are beginning to feel that the candle is not worth the game. During the last thirty-five years the great cities of the States have been urbanising the national character by every available means, and owing to the exodus of the younger people the population of many villages and small country towns has decreased or remained stationary. As in our own over-civilised little island, there has been developed a general inclination to the sheltered, facile, glittering life of the great towns, which is weakening the fibre of the race, and lowering the birth rate. The triumphant American cockney has had to extend his slang vocabulary to express his contempt for the backward countryman who works amid the woods and fields in a healthy way, and a string of new cant phrases has come into common use for stigmatising the only class of men who hold to the virile modes of life of their fathers.

Mr. Stewart Edward White,
whose new novel of Californian life, "Gold," has just been published.

Mr. Stewart Edward White is helping to alter this condition of things. A belated representative of the old pioneers, he was born in a lumber town in Michigan in 1873 and, like the noble savage, he ran wild in the woods until the age of sixteen. Instead of being tamed within the walls of a schoolroom, he lived among lumberjacks in their camps by forest and river, following his father who was cutting down the ancient forest and clearing the way for the farm settlers. His early life in the lumber camps has given Mr. White all that is fundamental in his make-up—the feeling for the beauty of natural objects, the imagination that looks on the green wilderness as a home, and a kind of spiritual delight in vigorous labour in the open air. He has never lost his boyish admiration for that kinsman of the English navvy—the American lumberjack. The riverman, especially, who could ride a narrow log through a swirl of white, broken water, looking gaily on death as he did so, still remains the darling hero of the novelist. Except that he does not wish for an orgy in the nearest town after he has done a long spell of hard work, Mr. White keeps to the rule of life of the "white-water birlers" of his boyhood—lives in the open air most of the year, guards an athletic habit of body, and eagerly proves himself in an adventure where finely-controlled strength is required.

When he was about twelve years old, he went with his father to California, which was then a still wilder region than the Michigan forest lands. For four years he was mostly in the saddle, and in many long rides through the back country he became familiar with the rough, picturesque life on the big, old cattle farms. He learnt to handle a rifle at the age of seven: it was a little point twenty-two, and he was soon given a real gun, with which he was able to bring down game on the Pacific coast from a good distance. Amid all this happy, open-air, holiday sort of existence, the cultivation of his intelligence was not neglected. His father was one of those rare, wise parents, who give their children the full benefit of their knowledge and experience, instead of carelessly handing over their young minds to some stranger, who usually moulds them, along with hundreds of others, into a common pattern. Busy though the lumber captain was, he made time to give his son the very best kind of education, and the result was that when the boy at last went to school at sixteen, he won ahead of all lads of his age in learning, and gained the five-mile running record of his school as well.

Besides studying in the high school at Michigan, the boy tramped the forest in search after some knowledge of a special kind—ornithology. Every moment he could spare was spent in the study of bird life. Between the age of fifteen and eighteen, he collected about seven hundred skins, now preserved in the museum at his native town, Grand Rapids, and he published over thirty articles in scientific periodicals. One of these papers, "The Birds of Mackinac Island" was brought out by the Ornithologist's Union, in pamphlet form, and Mr. White smilingly refers to it as his first book.

Perhaps he might have ended as a Michigan lawyer with a hobby for camping out in the woods and writing learnedly about birds, if Brander Matthews had not been teaching literature in a live way at Columbia when the young man came there to study law. White had passed through Michigan University, and had

spent six months in a packing-house, and come to the decision that he did not like that sort of business. So, breaking away for the Black Hills of Dakota in an exciting gold rush, he had tried his 'prentice hand in mining operations, returning, like the usual inexperienced fortune-seeker, in a condition of poverty. Then the law courses at Columbia had attracted him, but Professor Matthews turned his mind in another direction. As part of his class work, he wrote a short story called "A Man and His Dog," which so struck the professor that he advised it should be sent to a good magazine. It was bought by *Short Stories* for £3, and was followed by other tales which were accepted by *Lippincott's* and the *Argonaut*.

The young man's literary ambitions were aroused by these little university successes, but he did not rush into writing as he had into mining. With a view to prospecting the mother lodes in the literary field, he entered a book-selling firm at Chicago at nine dollars a week, and did a little reviewing and short story writing. He seems to have found out what it was that the public wanted, and in 1901 his first novel, "The Claim Jumpers" found a ready market. Designed for the American city girl, it is composed of the old, old ingredients of a mining romance, loosely shaken together and flavoured with some of the richest and most exclusive blood of Boston and New York. A good deal of rose water is mixed with the ink that Mr. White found in Bret Harte's inkpot. It looks as though he had only discovered in his own rough experiences among the Black Hills of South Dakota a pale sentimental reflection of the books he sold for his employers at Chicago.

Happily, he was discontented with this outcome of his studies as a prospector of the literary market. By way of doing penance for his lapse into popular romance, he went out into the white wilderness around Hudson Bay, and there came once more into close grips with the great forces of nature that call out all the real strength of a man's character. Stewart Edward White was a different man from the author of the "Claim Jumpers" when he returned from Hudson Bay. He had recovered his taste for the realities of open air life: there was, he had found, a tonic quality in the everyday doings of men, which was destroyed if any rose water was added to it. And as the American girl insisted on rose water, he resolved to write only for men, and show them the exhilarating picturesqueness of the real life of their countryside. Furthermore, in order to escape from the romantic atmosphere of his boyish memories and to get a vivid, first-hand knowledge of the matter he intended to write about, he went as a lumberman into a camp in the depth of a Northern winter. Here he got a full taste of the kind of existence he had once admired from a distance, and such was his vigour of body and spring of mind, that he stayed on through the trying period when his muscles were being painfully fitted for long and heavy toil, and began at last to find a high pleasure in lumbering. It was then that he started to write that first real Stewart Edward White book, "The Blazed Trail." The only time he had for himself were the early hours in the morning. So he arose before his fellows at four o'clock, and got a light, and wrote on till eight o'clock. Then came the cook's call to breakfast, and the young author put on his snowshoes and went forth to do another day's work in the woods.

His foreman, Jack Boyd, was amazed that a man should be so mad about writing. He had known a lumberjack or two with a mania for sending frequent letters to a girl, but this young man, who wasted four good sleeping hours every morning in spoiling clean paper, was a staggering wonder. Jack himself was averse both to writing and reading. He never troubled to look through a newspaper. Finding he was strangely interested in his morning's work, White gave him the completed manuscript one evening after supper. Boyd began to read it out of curiosity: when the author awoke at four the next morning, the foreman was still reading. The fine, fresh, living novel about his own trade of lumbering had so taken his imagination that he could not sleep for it. Many a man has since been robbed of some of his rest by this tale of the Michigan forests. Packed with technical information about the felling of trees and the cartage and driving of logs, "The Blazed Trail," with its glorification of hard, perilous manual labour, opened a new avenue in the American imagination. The subject was a large one—the destruction of the last big corner of the immense primeval forest that had stretched down to the Atlantic when the Pilgrim Fathers built their settlement—but even more important was the spirit in which it was handled. The work shook some of the self-complacency out of the cockneys of New York and Chicago, and made them think a little about the condition of their bodies. There

Mr. Stewart Edward White's Home at Santa Barbara, California.

some advantages in a laborious country life.

In "The Riverman," Mr. White continued the story of the old lumbering trade, placing the scene in his native town on the Grand River. The romantic element of love is so reduced that it has no bearing on the main course of action. The hero wins his wife before he enters on his long, fierce struggle against untoward weather conditions and intriguing rivals in the logging business on the river. His fight against the man who wishes to bankrupt him is the main point of the story, and with characteristic daring the author makes his hero's wife an uninterested spectator of this commercial battle. "The Rules of the Game," which is a sort of sequel to the "Riverman," is the tale of a young man's attempts to adjust himself to his circumstances, and allow scope for the play of the finer forces of his nature. It has the added interest of being somewhat autobiographical. Except that Stewart Edward White went from the forest of Michigan to the Sierras of California, there seems no reason why Bobby Orde should at first linger in the woods round the Great Lakes instead of starting straight off in California on his exciting war against the powerful despoilers of the property of the nation. I suspect it was only by conducting his hero over the same long roundabout road he had travelled, that the writer was able to get a vivid emotion of reality into what is after all a very striking study of the revolution of feeling in the younger generation of Americans, in regard to the conservation of the remaining forest lands.

Mr. White himself has settled on the Pacific coast in the old mission town of Santa Barbara; but in the warm weather he goes with his wife to a little cabin on the Sierras, amid the green solitudes and rocks he has lovingly described. When he feels that the wheels of life are growing rusty, he wanders away in the outlands of civilisation and explores Equatorial Africa, or some other wild region over which the winds of adventure still blow.

Stewart Edward White in the Rocky Mountains.

It is no part of my purpose to catalogue the long and brilliant series of books he has written. "The Forest," "The Pass," "The Silent Places," "The Westerners," "The Land of Footprints,"—these have now their place among the best and most popular modern romances of the life adventurous. He is at present engaged on a trilogy of Californian life. The first story, "Gold," which has just made its appearance, is a picture of the frenzied rush of the fortune-seekers in 1849, when Panama was thronged with adventurers, and San Francisco was a mushroom town roaring with a gold-mad multitude drawn from the ends of the earth. The second tale will cover the period of settlement by the farmers, and the concluding novel will be a picture of modern California, when, with the foundations of material prosperity laid, the people are turning their energies to the task of making a clean, efficient system of government. To those who remember some recent events in the municipal affairs of San Francisco, the matter for the last part of the trilogy will appear as promising as that which has been used in "Gold." So violent are some of the contrasts of American life that a student of human nature can discern in them something more vital than even the problem of the relation of the sexes. For self-preservation is more important than the propagation of the race. And when it is a nation that is fighting for its life, the struggle is naturally more exciting than a love story of either the sentimental or cynical sort. So Mr. White has some large issues of a highly dramatic character to deal with.

YONE NOGUCHI.

By Alvin Langdon Coburn.

IT was owing to my interest in the Japanese essays of Lafcadio Hearn that I first became acquainted with the writings of Yone Noguchi—Hearn who, it seems to me, has, more than any other Occidental, given us the subtle perfume of the East. I was in the book shop of Mr. C. C. Parker in Los Angeles, California, that storehouse of literary treasures, and the presiding spirit, I remember, drew my attention to a small exquisite volume in a sage green case which I thought at the time, and still think, one of the most attractive books I ever beheld. Of course I carried it away with me in triumph, and having read it I eagerly returned to Mr. Parker for more of Noguchi's books. I got that charming volume, "The Summer Cloud," the beautiful two volume edition of "The Pilgrimage," and the book of essays called "Kamakura."

It impresses me as strange but fitting that I should first have met Noguchi's work in California, the State

in which he first became acquainted with a land other than his own, for it was to San Francisco that he came from Japan, and it was while wandering in the beautiful heights near Oakland that he met Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, who afterwards became so important a factor in his development.

The story is told that one day Miller working in his garden perceived a Japanese lad looking over the fence at him, and the following conversation took place:

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you staying?"

"Nowhere."

"What is your name?"

"Yone Noguchi."

"Why don't you come and stay with me?"

"Very well."

And it impresses one with the unconventional kindliness of American hospitality that Noguchi stayed with Miller for six years, years which must have been of the greatest possible service to him in his subsequent career, for Miller I have heard was the centre of a group of interesting people who would be just the ideal associates for a young poet. I do not mean to suggest, however, that even at this early age, Noguchi, who was under twenty when he first went to America, was definitely influenced in his work by anyone. His poetry from the very beginning was strikingly original, and essentially Oriental.

The first work of Noguchi's to be printed appeared in that fantastic little magazine *The Lark*, edited by Gelett Burgess, and published by William Doxey in San Francisco. In number fifteen, dated July 1896, are five poems with an introduction entitled "The Night Reveries of an Exile," signed G. B. One line of the last of the three poems gives us in a single crystal the philosophy of Noguchi: "Ah, where is the man who lives out of himself?" The answer is obvious: he is himself such a one. In all his poems you feel this detachment. "Oh I am alone! Who knows my to-night's feelings?" he questions in almost a tear-stained voice. *The Lark* was printed on Chinese paper of a rough texture with a very irregular deckel edge, a paper known and beloved by all frequenters of the Chinese quarters of American cities. It came out each month for two years, included some Stevenson fragments in its pages, and the two delightful bound volumes are now much sought after by collectors.

Noguchi's first book of verse "Seen and Unseen, or Monologues of a Homeless Snail" was published in the year 1897. It is very attractive with the wave pattern in gold on its red cloth cover. The frontispiece is a drawing made from a photograph of the Japanese poet just turned twenty, and looking very much younger, and each copy has a signature under the portrait, written in pencil in a round boyish hand. About this photograph, Noguchi once told me an amusing anecdote. It seems that he had at that time no collars, and, the idea of being photographed collarless being inconceivable, he hastily borrowed one from a friend for the occasion. The friend, unfortunately, was a large friend, with an amusing result in the photograph, which was copied with unnecessary accuracy, it seems to me, by the draughtsman in making his frontispiece, but perhaps not, for were it otherwise I would have had no excuse to tell you of this. We then come to the dedication: "Ah, who will care for my poetry? I do not know yet but I dare to hope that there may be some unknown friends and to them I lovingly dedicate these my songs." In the introduction, Gelett Burgess confesses: "If our hints and explanations of idiom and diction have aided him and if our hands, laid reverently upon his writings, have in some places cleared a few ambiguous constructions, how generously he has repaid the debt!" We feel in this book the soul of the Orient in the body of the Occident, the ideas of Noguchi, clothed in the language of Gelett Burgess, and although the result is charming beyond measure, there is not the refreshing unexpectedness of the unadulterated Noguchi of the later poetry.

Then Noguchi went to that wonder place, the Yosemite Valley, and his second book, a slender little volume, "The Voice of the Valley," was the result. What a fitting experience for a poet! and in such lines as: "Alone I stray by mountain walls that support the enamelled mirror-sky," he shows us that the majesty of the place sank deep into his consciousness.

After his six years in California, Noguchi went east. During a fortnight's visit to Chicago, he wrote a caustic criticism of that city which caused a considerable sensation, and then he went on to New York where, in 1902, his "American Diary of a Japanese Girl" was published by Stokes. It was written anonymously, that is, it purported to have been written by a Miss Morning Glory and contained the highly amusing adventures of a young Japanese maiden on a visit to America with her uncle. Every page contains a sentence worth quoting. She goes to visit the wife of an ex-consul to Japan, whose house is filled with Oriental curios like a Chinese bazaar, and Miss Morning Glory wonders how this lady could have lived in Japan without learning the message of simplicity. "Every inch of the Schuyler's parlour means a heap of money," is the quaint and pertinent comment. Then there is the bit about the poet whom her uncle is taking her to visit:

"Great Uncle, it's romantic! Is he married?"

"Why?"

"Because a poet is not one woman's property, but universal. My ideal poet is melancholy. Fat poet is ridiculous. Happy poet isn't of highest order. Tennyson? I wish his life had been more hard up. I suppose your friend poet won't mind if I sleep all day. Is he so particular about dinner time? Does he look up at the stars every night? Does he wash his shirt once in a while?"

These two extracts are taken quite at random, but there are plenty more, for instance: "American women can't keep away from Omar and chicken salad." The book has gone through several editions in Japan, and may now be procured in England from Elkin Mathews, produced in the Oriental manner. In this last edition of the book, Noguchi has acknowledged his authorship.

* * *

About this time, Noguchi came to England, and from his lodgings in Brixton Road he published, on January 15th, 1903, a sixteen page brown paper pamphlet entitled "From the Eastern Sea, Yone Noguchi (Japanese)." This he sent to poets and authors of eminence, and its reception was extraordinary when

Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

Yone Noguchi.

one considers that he was, at that time, practically unknown in England. George Meredith wrote: "Your poems are another instance of the energy, mysteriousness and poetical feeling of the Japanese, from whom we are receiving much instruction." Thomas Hardy wrote: "I am much attracted by the novel metaphor and qualifying words, which often are full of beauty, the luxuriance of phrase suggesting beds of Eastern flowers under the moonlight," and there are words of praise from Mrs. Meynell, "Fiona Macleod," Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Professor Giles and many others. The sixth page of this brown paper pamphlet contains one of the most exquisite thoughts in Noguchi's poetry:

> "When I am lost in the deep body of the mist on a hill
> The universe seems built with me as its pillar."

Later in the year, an enlarged edition of this book containing over three times the number of poems, was published by the Unicorn Press of London, in 1904 it was reprinted in Tokyo with still further additions, and in 1910 it was published by Elkin Mathews in its final and most beautiful form with its Fuji-mountain end papers.

Noguchi now returned home, and his next book, "Kicho No Ki," was printed in 1904 and only published in Japan. It is interesting because it is partly in English and partly in Japanese. It has a Japanese cover on what we consider the back of the book, and an English cover on what they consider the back of the book, and the text begins at both ends and works towards the middle! To the best of my knowledge and belief, it is quite unique in this respect. The Japanese part of the book is a description of Noguchi's travels abroad, and it is interspersed with quotations from English poets.

At home in his native land, Noguchi published "The Summer Cloud," a charming little volume of prose-poems (The Shunyodo, Tokyo, 1906); edited *The Iris*, a quarterly magazine of poetry which only ran to two numbers (June and September, 1906), but which contains besides poems by the editor and other interesting things, a facsimile poem by Arthur Symons: "Japan," which he dedicated to Noguchi; and he also brought out in 1909 the two-volume edition of "The Pilgrimage," which contains much of his best verse.

In 1910 came the first book of essays, "Kamakura," embellished with half tones of indifferent quality which look all the cruder by their contact with the beautiful Japanese paper on which the body of the book is printed. The essays themselves are, however, needless to remark, delightful. In the "Temple of Silence" there is a passage which we of the modern city with its din of motor omnibuses, would do well to read and take to heart: "I had journeyed from Tokyo, the hive of noise, here to read a page or two from the whole language of silence which, far from mocking you with all sorts of crazy-shaped interrogation marks, soothes you with the song of prayer."

In 1910 also, Noguchi published "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan," which is an enthusiastic appreciation of one of my favourite writers. If it had only been for this book I should have felt in Noguchi a kindred spirit before I met him. It gives first an essay on Hearn, then a defence after reading Dr. Gould's unpleasant "Biography"; and Mrs. Hearn's reminiscences and the translations of the letters to "Little Sweet Mamma" are written in such a delightful way that they give an intimate personal picture which throws all sorts of charming sidelights on favourite stories by Koizumi. This was the first book of Noguchi's, I believe, to be published simultaneously in Japan, England and America: by Kelly and Walsh, Yokohama; Elkin Mathews, London; and Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

We now come to Noguchi's last book "Through the Torii," but as it was reviewed in the February number of The Bookman, it will be unnecessary for me to say anything further about it here.

Early in 1912 I wrote to Noguchi. I was in California at the time and he was in Japan. I told him in my letter that I admired his poetry, that I had his book "The Summer Cloud," and that I was sending him a photograph of my own of the same subject. I received in reply a tapering green envelope which contained a charming letter written in that fine delicate handwriting which it has been my good fortune to see many times since. In it he told me the list of his books that I had sent him was quite complete, and then having said some kind things about my photography, he ended by hoping that I would come to Japan "before she will lose her own original Japanese appearance."

Upon my return to London our correspondence continued, and it was with great pleasure I learned that Noguchi was coming here also, for a second visit, and I eagerly awaited his arrival, and an opportunity to make a photograph of so rare a poet.

One day early in December, 1913, my morning post contained a mysterious little package of unmistakable Japanese origin, but postmarked Marseilles. It was an advance copy of "Through the Torii" and a letter saying that on the 14th, if I would be at home, he would come and see me. And so on a bright December morning he came, looking more like a poet in his Japanese garments than I believed it possible for any human being to look in these modern times. We talked of books and art through the morning and afternoon, and I made the much desired and long anticipated photographs.

And now that I have known Noguchi, I go back to his books with a renewed interest. His is the quiet calm of the contemplative East. That he is not given to idle talk for its own sake it is easy to see, for in contrasting the Japan of to-day with that of a hundred years ago, in his book about Hearn, he says that "the interruptions which pass nowadays under the hypocritical name of sociableness did not flap in the air so wantonly"; but that he can lecture with sincerity and purpose many have been privileged to discover during his present visit to England.

New Books.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S NEW POEMS.*

If it were useful to distinguish between the singer and the poet, I should be tempted to place Richard Le Gallienne with the singer. Not that his songs are other than poems—for he has written and is writing poetry which is authentic in form and inspiration—but because his songs, even lacking poetry, which they do not, would remain songs. The differentiation is not to be pressed, although it is worth remembering as a help towards a proper understanding of a poet who, in spite of amplitudes of appreciation, from golden to tin-pot, has not yet received understanding appraisal in his own country. My meaning will, however, be clearer, if I say that, had Mr. Le Gallienne written in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, some of his work might have found its way into the "Songsters"; and, if he had lived a hundred and fifty years earlier, Mr. A. H. Bullen would certainly have included him in his admirable Elizabethan anthologies. Proof of this contention is to be found on almost every page of his new volume of poems, "The Lonely Dancer." Past attempts at non-song poetry are not repeated in this riot of singing, and even when he disguises song-like conventions of indented lines, the truth will out. Here, for example:

"Who was it swept against my
door just now,
With rustling robes like
Autumn's—was it thou?
Ah! would it were thy gown
against my door—
Only thy gown once more."

But more recognisable in form and spirit, and also more characteristic of the quaint fancy and errant spirit of this modern Troubadour, is the delightful little song without a name, which can only be described by quoting:

"I meant to do my work to-day—
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?"

These will serve to back a thesis, but they give but a small idea of the extraordinary poetic qualities of the volume. Here is the old Le Gallienne, with a difference. We associate him in our minds with a certain youthful, almost boyish, abandon; luxury-loving and glorying only in simple things, by an Epicurean process of selection, which is finally as luxurious in its simplicity as a Persian cat's enjoyment of a leopard rug on a blazing hearth. His imagination loved to dance among young ideas and images, things blythe and fair, such as Pater prescribed in the New Cyrenaicism, and, after the manner of youth that is Epicurean (which is another name for self-conscious), it toyed with regret and luxuriated in the thought of time and the evanescence of joy and beauty. And in and out of this praise of fair things and anxiety over the twilight of idols, shone a very genuine love of the things which are eternal, the things which have defeats, but no twilights. With it all went flippancy, but flippancy always dogged by reverence, which saved Richard Le Gallienne's verse at its most irresponsible from cynicism.

And when, as now, the years have had their say, and the evanescence of things has been exemplified, we turn with curiosity to the poems of a poet of youth—twenty years after. How has he fared? What illusions has he shed? Whither away has fancy led him? We are curious, and more than curious—we are doubtful. And there is some venom in our doubt; we would like to say, "I told you so!" and shed crocodile tears over a bundle of crippled songs. Happy the poet who defeats such venomous hopes! Happy Richard Le Gallienne, for he has sprung into new life by the eternal poetic process of clinging to the old. He has defeated time by having the courage to remain changeless. True poets never change; they are always true to their first love of life, and they are always singing over to themselves the same songs. A poet, more particularly a singing poet, does little more than improvise upon a single theme, like a thrush who tries over and over again its song of love, varying a note here and the tempo there, to see how well it can be done. In course of time the method of expression improves; the theme never, for it was perfect at its inception. And as the latest thrush in an English lane out-sings his earliest progenitor, so the later poet, singing the same song, outsings his youth. Thus has the spell of experience, experience of life rather than song, strengthened and deepened Richard Le Gallienne's woodnote wild.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne.

From a medallion portrait by Irma Le Gallienne.
Frontispiece to "The Lonely Dancer" (John Lane).

Doubtless he could sing new songs if he were weak enough to fall back on his own undoubted cleverness. But I hope he will remain poet enough to withstand such temptation, for fatal cleverness has stabbed to the heart more than one of his earlier poems. Yet past conceit and literary frivolity are not absent even from the present volume; Richard Le Gallienne is himself again in naughtiness also. But who will complain? Surely those only who would have grumbled at like faults in Herrick and who would have ordered Keats back to his pills and potions. I am not in that galley. The intimate songs of a man record the man and not a part of him—and songs that are not intimate are no songs. Richard Le Gallienne has the songsmith's rare art of enlisting confidence. He loves to tell you about himself, and the way he tells it is a further confession. Here the telling on the whole is graver; but, in spite of occasional plaint, the arrow of his song glances upwards hopefully like the regret in some romance of Chopin. The intimacies of several song-books have acquainted us with the adventures of his soul and the sorrows that befell, and in the present volume old intimacies are resumed with new improvisations, and new intimacies hint new joy:

* "The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems." By Richard Le Gallienne. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

"Thus hath some woman blossom of the divine
Flowered in my path, and made a frail delay
In my true journey—to my home in thee."

Less deeply intimate are his adventures among birds and leaves in woodland places or amid moonbeams and starlight and rainbows. It was not on his death-bed alone that Keats heard the daisies grow; every poet during all his days hears the daisies grow, and Le Gallienne not least among them. No other poet of to-day has his delight in simple country happenings. He is the apotheosis of spring poets, the enthusiast, the lyrist of growing things. If his song had no other excellence one might welcome it for that happy quality alone. But it has more, and, above all, a joyousness born of tumbling among the stars.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

EVERYMAN'S CITY.

To describe a novel as a story of London life is to give no real description of it at all. Nearly all the cities of the earth are epitomised in London, and there is scarcely any kind of life that somebody is not living in it. Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole, in her "London, 1913," [1] takes you into very modern financial circles, into smart society and the bizarre haunts of Bohemian journalists. Her style is picturesque and incisive; the dialogue sparkles with humour and epigram, and with the easiest, lightest touches she unfolds a very strong, dramatic story. Mr. Essex Smith finds his characters among the motley crowd that listens to the mob orators in Hyde Park of a Sunday; the "Shepherdless Sheep" [2] of his tale are the poor, the lonely and the unfortunate, who are always being led and misled by cranks, faddists and sharpers in the disguise of philanthropists, and he depicts certain shabby phases of London life with considerable skill. Through the first hundred pages of "The Sheep Track" [3] you are with Marcia Fayne and her absent-minded, studious father in Italy; then you cross to England, and Miss Nesta H. Webster offers you a vivid and interesting study of "an aspect of London Society" of the higher kind. The author is very much at sea when she meddles with the ideals of the lower orders.

"When Socialism shall have had its way," she says, "and the agricultural labourer has been convinced of the indignity of toil, a different England—desolate and uncared for—may meet the traveller's eye."

The aim of Socialism is to convince the agricultural labourer that his employment is an ancient and a dignified one, and that therefore he is not a person to be looked down upon by those who put their hands to no work at all. That idea of the indignity of toil exists already, but it is not a Socialistic idea.

One may rightly speak of all these novels as clever; Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole's is indeed one of the most brilliant and attractive that the year has given us so far. But when you come to "When Ghost Meets Ghost" [4] you are put to it to think of a different adjective; neither clever nor brilliant will do. Nor is Mr. De Morgan incisive. His novel is longer than the other three combined. His style is the most careless, colloquial, gossiping style imaginable; he wanders leisurely from point to point; he never condenses a description nor curtails a conversation—everything is given at fullest length; yet if you start skipping the spell of his narrative is broken and your interest in it goes. There is nothing for it but you must surrender yourself wholly to the author's mood; accept his method and allow him to have his own way with you. If you do that, you are by degrees drawn within the circle of his magic and take such delight in his vagaries, his quiet, quaint humour, his whimsical, shrewd philosophy, that you have no desire to get out of it again until the last of his nine hundred pages has been turned. To sketch even the baldest outline of his plot in less than a column or two were impossible; it is a large, ravelled plot that winds about and wanders like his own style, taking you to Tasmania in the days when it was a convict settlement, to various parts of London and from time to time away into rural England. It is a strange story, but a perfectly probable one; it does not shrink from coincidences, but then neither does life itself; it is touched with beauty, with pathos, with tragedy, but its prevailing note is a wise and genial humour. And always Mr. De Morgan is at his best when he is picturing the scenes and characters of mid-Victorian London. I will own that I was rather disappointed with his two preceding books, "An Affair of Dishonour," and "A Likely Story," but in "When Ghost Meets Ghost" he is back again among such people and such surroundings as delighted us in "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short," and I place the new story unhesitatingly with those as the best and most strongly individual of his works. Everyone who enjoyed the earlier stories will enjoy this. In its mingling of romance and realism, its abounding humour and the variety and minute truthfulness of its characterisation it equals the others, and in the freshness and ingenuity of its plot it goes beyond them. Moreover, in Dave and Dolly Wardle, it presents two children that are the most exactly and amusingly natural children to be found not only in Mr. De Morgan's books but in anybody else's.

C. W.

[1] "London, 1913." By Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

[2] "Shepherdless Sheep." By Essex Smith. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

[3] "The Sheep Track." By Nesta H. Webster. 6s. (John Murray.)

[4] "When Ghost Meets Ghost." By William De Morgan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

NATIONAL NERVES.*

It is to be feared that the research and knowledge which have gone to the making of this book will not win due reward. The volume has, especially in its earlier half, an apparent scrappiness which must tend against its readableness and popularity. A great deal of information is gathered and rammed together within its compass; but only enthusiastic votaries of the Napoleonic legend are likely to read it all. In the case of "Jonathan Wild the Great," as Wellington, who had few if any illusions, nicknamed his defeated rival, it is the personality which particularly interests and fascinates. This reflex study—it is very like looking at facts reflected, as in a glass darkly—is little helpful to the general reader, or very attractive, until we come to the pages which deal more directly with the character and capacities of the Emperor. The chapter which treats of the views of English contemporaries on Napoleon's military powers and reputation is the most interesting in the book.

The purpose of the author is commendable; but we cannot regard as justified Mr. MacCann's deliberate ignoring of the evidence of contemporary caricatures. That they were brutal, coarse, unjust, has nothing to do with it. They reflected public opinion—the vulgar judgment of the maficking man-in-the-street—and as such should not have been disregarded by the student recording the passing impressions of the time. There is, moreover, a good deal to be said in justification of the beastly, brutal frankness of the common people. Mr. MacCann complains that there is "hardly a single generous or reasonably impartial remark about Napoleon" noted in the two or three years before Waterloo. It would, indeed, have been surprising if there were. Nations, as well as individuals, have nerves; and it would be rather too much to expect any people, especially the temperamental English, to sit down and contemplate, admiringly and with judgment, the qualities of the enemy, whose existence was to them a constant menace of invasion and humiliation. It is difficult, in these days of ordered strength, to realise the nervous excitement of our fathers just a century ago. Evidence of it is given in Scott's "Antiquary," where the accidental firing of a beacon sent the manhood of England to arms.

* "The Contemporary English View of Napoleon." By F. J. MacCann. 5s. net. (Bell.)

and is shown in that series of Martello towers which punctuate the south-eastern coast. "Boney" was the bogey of the time. He had proved his powers in Europe and given examples of his boundless ambition. To bring this nation down was an essential part of his dreams. Did not he cause a medal of conquest to be designed, to be "Frappé à Londres"? Not much encouragement for "generous or reasonably impartial" judgment there!

What a man he was: genius allied to moral shabbiness; vaunting ambition linked with the peevishness of a parochial huckster; the founder of lasting systems, capable of petty revenges! There is absolutely no getting at the ultimate truth of this superman and little corporal. "He was not a personality, but a principle," said Wellington. He was personality, principle, and paradox combined; another instance of the baffling character of genius. The change of public opinion, as reflected in the French press during his hurried flight from Elba to Paris, is significant of his personal force and glamour. Within those few days he was at the opposite poles of appreciation. He landed in France a tiger and a monster; when he reached Paris he was a hero and the deliverer of the people. Mr. MacCann, having gathered this sheaf of English contemporary opinions of the meteoric man, might now make a similar collection from the French. This book is one more example of the infinite interest of the subject; the well of Napoleonic interest is as bottomless as the final pit.

C. E. Lawrence.

A NAVVY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

The public has had a surfeit of works purporting to be autobiographical, but rarely, if ever, has it been called upon to read such a work as Mr. MacGill now puts before it. Adventures of tramps on land and sea, of workers and shirkers of many kinds, are plentiful, but the "Children of the Dead End" is something unique. "No doubt I shall have some readers weak enough to be shocked by my disclosures," says the author, but the justification for such a book is that it does shock its readers. Anyone who can go through this narrative unshocked is singularly heartless. It is Mr. MacGill's just claim to our admiration that he has dared to produce and publish a work so strangely different from the flabby conventionalities of the age; one that ventures to expose to the light of day the dark deeds of smug saints and the hypocrisies of their pseudo civilisation.

The opening chapters of the book scarcely prepare the reader for the scenes to follow. The charming pictures of rural life in the pleasant Irish glen are over only too quickly, and many a reader will regret that more cannot be learnt of its inhabitants. Dermod Flynn, whose aphorisms and repartees, if not as pungent as Mrs. Poyser's, are replete with shrewd wisdom, hits off very happily the characteristics of the folks he lived amongst. The schoolmaster, who, it was thought, "could talk a lot of wisdom if he was not so short of breath"; Old Nan, who collected rags and bottles, "which she paid for in blessings and sold for pence"; Farley McKeown, the rich usurer, and others, are real portraits. Children are shown to have been the chief asset of the poor in the glen, and are brought into the world to earn money for their parents, a matter Dermod, as one of the sufferers, has some very bitter words to say about. When only twelve years old, his mother tells him: "Dermod, darling! Come next May, ye must go beyont the mountains to push yer fortune, pay the priest, and make up the rent for the Hallow E'en next coming." So the poor child is sent away into the world to work, to slave, to sin, without a helping hand, or a warning word from anywhere. He can find no solution for the mysterious problems of life, and has to bid farewell to all he believed in. His innocence was ignorance, and knowledge only shows how deceived he had been. By the light of experience he sees that his belief in the goodness of things is a mistake, and that what he deemed fair is foul. His ideals are destroyed, his feelings disgusted, and he becomes sick of life. "That night," he says, "I turned into bed without saying my prayers, and I determined to pray no more. I had been brought up a Catholic, and to believe in a just God. . . . God behind His million worlds had no time to pay any particular attention to me. This thought I tried to drive away . . . for anything out of keeping with my childish creed entered my mind like a nail driven into the flesh." Gradually, however, as he gives up all the hopes of his boyhood, his body and mind become inured to the new life, and he drinks, and gambles, and robs, and fights, with the most brutalized of his comrades, and, what was more, does not dislike it.

The main portion of this "autobiography," however, refers to tramping in search of work, in all kinds of weather, and frequently in the direst penury. Such things have, of course, been told before, but in his scenes of navvy life Mr. MacGill has found untilled soil. The reckless way in

Mr. Patrick MacGill.

which beautiful Kinlochleven was transformed into a British Gehenna is appalling, and some of the story rivals Dante's imagination of the "Inferno." The workers were almost entirely cut off from the outer world, and for amusements were compelled to resort to drinking, gambling, and fighting. Of this last diversion there is a great deal in Mr. MacGill's work, and he dilates upon the subject with evident zest and admiration. His description of one of these pugilistic encounters may be regarded as typical of the rest, and should be quoted in part. It is between two navvies, Hell-fire Gahey, and Moleskin Joe, Dermod's pal:

"Joe was a fine figure when stripped. His flesh was pure white below the brown of his neck, and the long muscles of his arms stood out in clearly defined ridges. When he stretched his arms his well developed biceps rose and fell in graceful unison with every movement of his perfectly shaped chest. . . . Gahey was of different build altogether. The profusion of hair that covered his body resolved itself into a mane almost in the hollow of the breast bone. His flesh was shrivelled and dried; his limbs looked like raw pig-iron, which had in some strange manner been transformed into the semblance of a human bein .

* "Children of the Dead End." By Patrick MacGill. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"Joe stepped into the ring, hitched up his trousers and waited. Gahey followed, stood for a moment, then swung out for his enemy's head, only to find his blow intercepted by an upward sweep of the arm of Moleskin, who followed up his movement of defence by a right feint for the body of Gahey, and a straight left that went home from the shoulder. Gahey replied with a heavy smash to the ribs, and Joe looked at him with a smile. . . . Both men smiled, but the smile was a mask, behind which, clear-headed and cool-eyed, each of them looked for an opening and an opportunity to drive home a blow. . . . Gahey was by far the quicker man; his long brown arms shot out like whiplashes, and his footwork was very clever. . . . Joe was slower but by far the stronger man. He never lost his head, and his blows had the impact of a knotted club. When he landed on the flesh of the body, every knuckle left its own particular mark; when he landed on the face, there was a general disfigurement.

"Gahey struck out with his right. In his eyes the purpose betrayed itself, and his opponent, forewarned, caught the blow on his arm. Hell-fire darted in with the left and took Joe on the stomach. The impact was sharp and sudden; my mate winced a trifle. . . . Gahey retorted, and came in with a resounding smack to Moleskin's jaw. Joe received the blow stolidly, and swung a right for Gahey, but, missing his man, he fell to the ground . . . rising to his feet . . . my mate made for Gahey. . . . Joe followed Gahey up, coming nearer every moment and eager to get into grips. When that would happen, Gahey was lost; but being wary, he avoided Moleskin's clutches, and kept hopping around, aiming in at intervals one of his lightning blows, and raising a red mark on Moleskin's white body whenever he struck. Joe kept walking after his man. . . . The other man's hope lay in knocking Moleskin unconscious . . . the smile had long gone from the face of Gahey, who was still angry . . . he inflicted punishment, but it seemed to have no effect. . . . Joe took it all without wincing. . . . Joe was implacable, resistless . . . his pace was merciless, and it was slow, but in the end it would tell . . . he was streaming with blood, one eyebrow was hanging, and the flesh of the breast was red and raw. Gahey was almost without a scratch; if he finished the fight at that moment, he would leave the ring nearly as fresh as when he came into it. Joe still smiled, but the smile looked ghastly when seen through the blood. . . . Gahey . . . realised that he would be beaten if he did not knock Joe out very soon . . . once or twice he blundered and almost fell into Joe's arms. . . . Joe took my advice and rushed. Gahey struck out, but Joe imprisoned the striking arm, and drawing it towards him, he gripped hold of Gahey's body. Then, without any perceptible effort, he lifted Gahey over his head, and held him there at arm's length for a few minutes. Afterwards he took him down as far as his chest. . . . Joe threw him on the ground, went on top of him, and began knuckling his knees along Gahey's ribs. . . . Joe smiled and rose to his feet. 'That's a wee job finished,' he said to me."

There is a pathetic love-story running through the work, giving a humanising aspect to what is otherwise almost too depressing, and, with the descriptions of natural scenery, reminding readers that the "Children of the Dead End" is the production of a poet.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

THE MAN WITH THE BIG STICK*

The appearance of this volume is a temptation to the adventurous reviewer to embark upon a general consideration of Mr. Roosevelt's clamant career. That temptation shall be resisted as far as these columns are concerned, and the ex-President's autobiography shall be judged on its merely bookish merits and not on its factitious interest as a manifesto. One thing the volume clearly shows, namely, that Mr. Roosevelt is, after all (like that character in Shakespeare to which he is not, without likeness), a man as other men are. He may be infallible with the big stick, but he is only human with the little quill. In plain terms, his book is faulty. It is twice as long as it need have been, and its best pages suffer from the companionship of others that are dull and not discernibly important. We long, as we read, to follow the prescription of the immortal Ducrow—to cut the cackle and come (literally) to the 'osses. Mr. Roosevelt should turn his volume over to some ruthless literary friend armed with a Big Stick (of blue pencil) and full authority to use it. Or he might himself undertake the simpler task of bisecting it into a volume on his political career and a volume on his adventures. We make the latter suggestion (and especially the latter part thereof) quite seriously. Mr. Roosevelt could write a capital healthy book for boys, a thing always worth doing. His adventures as rancher, hunter, and volunteer cavalryman in time of war, are excellent reading of their kind. They are like Mayne Reid come true.

The quality of the book can be best illustrated by the safe old way of quotation. Mr. Roosevelt, always an apostle of the vigorous life, was shocked at the condition of physical inefficiency into which the older officers of both services had allowed themselves to fall. A certain cavalry colonel proved unable to keep his horse at a trot for even half-a-mile; a major-general was afraid to let his horse as much as canter; and others had apparently forgotten the natural use of legs. Accordingly, he issued instructions that each officer should prove his ability to walk fifty miles or ride a hundred miles in three days—a test which the average middle-aged woman would find pretty easy. The bureau chiefs were staggered by the order—but there it was, and they proceeded to enforce it:

"In the Marine Corps Captain Leonard, who had lost an arm at Tientsin, with two of his lieutenants, did the fifty miles in one day; for they were vigorous young men, who laughed at the idea of treating a fifty-mile walk as over-fatiguing. Well, the Navy Department officials rebuked them, and made them take the walk over again in three days, on the ground that taking it in one day did not comply with the regulations! This seems unbelievable; but Leonard assures me it is true."

Another beautiful example of the official mind at work is given later. When Mr. Roosevelt raised his regiment of Rough Riders for service in Cuba, he was hard put to get equipment. It was nearly July before stores were issued. Now the army practice was to begin the issue of winter clothes in the summer, so that the distribution might be complete by the beginning of winter. In the present instance clothes were to be issued, and the time was summer; so the wise officials proceeded (by precedent) to equip the regiment with northern winter garments to wear on a summer campaign in tropical Cuba.

This regiment of cow-punchers and broncho-busters naturally had an eye for horse-flesh:

"All our men were good at accumulating horses, but within our own ranks I think we were inclined to award the palm to the chaplain. . . . He had a natural aptitude for acquiring mules, which made some admirer, when the regiment disbanded, propose that we should have a special medal struck for him bearing a Mule passant and a Chaplain regardant. A certain Philadelphia clergyman proposed to visit the regiment, and received due warning from an aide-de-camp. 'Do you know Colonel Roosevelt's regiment?' 'No,' said the clergyman. 'Very well, then, let me give you a piece of advice. When you get down to see the Colonel, don't let your horse out of your sight; and if the Chaplain is there, don't get off the horse.'"

The political chapters are less interesting—at least to an Englishman. In these parts of his book Mr. Roosevelt is inclined to be rather smug and self-satisfied. "I never hesitated to do battle against the bosses when they were wrong." "My duty was to stand with every one while he was right, and to stand against him when he went wrong." All very pretty and simple, Mr. Roosevelt; the only trifling difficulty is, what is right and what is wrong? Every fool (who is not a rogue as well) can say just as much as the ex-President of the United States. Such a statement is merely a modest paraphrase of, "I, Theodore Roosevelt, know in morals and in politics what is right and what is wrong." Well, an anxious world is waiting to be let into the secret.

Mr. Roosevelt, too, wields not only the Big Stick, but the Big Word; and the Big Word is usually a long way round to nowhere. Any talk about Individualism or Socialism or any other 'ism is merely talk about words, unless all concerned have clear and accurate recognition of what actual facts they relegate to these abstract categories. The world does not prosper on perorations. This comfortable vagueness affects much of Mr. Roosevelt's political thought. Thus, he is very clear about one aspect of the White Slave traffic. He is on the side of the floggers. Of the procurers he says, "There are brutes so low, so infamous, so degraded and bestial in their cruelty and brutality, that the only way to get at them is through

* "Theodore Roosevelt": An Autobiography. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

their skins." We cheerfully admit that there is much to be said for this point of view. Here, however, Mr. Roosevelt ceases to be definite. He goes on to say:

"When girls are paid wages inadequate to keep them from starvation, or to permit them to live decently, a certain proportion are forced by their economic misery into lives of vice. The employers and all others responsible for these conditions stand on a moral level not far above the white slavers themselves."

Excellent! but when is the flogging going to begin? What is right for the white slaver is emphatically right for the sweating employer, who is the white slaver's working partner, who provides the white slaver's material, and stands, as Mr. Roosevelt admits, on the same level of iniquity. But all Mr. Roosevelt has to say about him is "economic pressure" and other comfortable words.

It can be imagined what views Mr. Roosevelt holds about decrease of armaments. Our very careful study of his doctrine enables us to compress it thus: "It is most desirable that there should be a decrease of armaments, but every one who favours such a decrease is a criminal or a maniac, probably both. Every good man should seek for peace, but let me catch any of you trying to find it!" Mr. Roosevelt naturally says this at much greater length and with much more eloquence than we have at our command. He tells us, of course, that the cost of armaments is really economical, because it is an insurance against war—as if that settled anything! Heaven forbid that we should be so cruel as to judge a man by his metaphors; we merely suggest to Mr. Roosevelt that a man is not really economical if he insures himself so elaborately against death that he hasn't enough left to go on living with. The whole difference between the armament and disarmament people lies in the very question of insurance that Mr. Roosevelt believes to be decisive—the disarmament people maintaining that there is a point (now at hand or reached) when the yearly cash cost of insurance against a hypothetical war is so heavy that the probable cost of an actual war would be cheaper in the end.

We should like to dwell upon other aspects of the volume—for instance, the lesson the terrible picture of American politics, whether municipal, provincial, or federal, should give to those apaches of the Press and platform who are importing into our political life the malignant mendacity of the other side; but our space fails. The volume is one of really great interest to a wide range of readers. It is breezy and healthy; it tells many a good yarn, and its political pronouncements are always stimulating. We wish that, in the physical sense, it were less heavy. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt intends to use it as a weapon. A copy that fell upon a trust or a bronco would inevitably bust it.

George Sampson.

A GENTLE "MILITANT."*

Lady Constance Lytton has four times suffered imprisonment; twice at Holloway, once at Newcastle, and once—as "Jane Warton"—at Walton Gaol, Liverpool. On each occasion it was very clearly a case of going to prison for conscience' sake; and the "crimes" of the prisoner are easily enumerated. To begin with, Lady Constance, having failed in an attempt to interview Mr. Herbert Gladstone, took part in a procession of Suffragettes to the House of Commons. She experienced some rather rough handling (the police are much more friendly and polite to-day, it seems), and was glad enough, being worn out by fatigue, to be arrested. The sentence was one month, with the alternative of being bound over to keep the peace. "It seemed hardly believable that what I had done was really considered worthy of four weeks in prison."

The second adventure was at Newcastle, where Mr. Lloyd George was to speak. Lady Constance slung a pebble at a motor containing some of his supporters. The dose, as before—one month in the Second Division. Long before it was up Lady Constance, comparing her fortunes at Newcastle with those that had befallen her at Holloway, realised that she was being treated as an exceptional and favoured prisoner. Other Suffragettes, for instance (some even less "guilty" than herself), were despatched to the Third Division, which is not an agreeable department of prison. In the Third Division you might, in circumstances, be ironed, placed in a punishment cell, fed by force.

Jane Warton

From "Prisons and Prisoners," by{Lady Constance Lytton (Heinemann)

Lady Constance Lytton's mind was made up: no more pampering! Released from Newcastle she presently found herself, on another errand of suffragism, at Liverpool. Here the governor of Walton Gaol was to be called upon to set free his suffragist prisoners.

"As for once it was my object above all else to get arrested and imprisoned, I began discharging my stones, not throwing them, but limply dropping them over the hedge into the Governor's garden."

This time, however, the police were not to have the honour of arresting Lady Constance Lytton. At the station, when the haul had been made, and the prisoners' roll was being called, it was by and by

"the turn of Jane Warton. She walked across to the policeman, one shoulder hitched slightly above the other, her hair sticking out straight behind or worn in slick bandeaus on either side of her face, her hat trailing in a melancholy way on her head. The large, grey woollen gloves were drawn up over the too-short-sleeves of her coat; on the collar of it were worn portraits of Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Lawrence and Christabel, in small china brooches; her hat had a bit of tape with 'Votes for Women' written on it, interlaced with the cloth plait that went round it, and eye-glasses were fixed on her nose."

It was the *Punch* Suffragette from top to toe, and prisoners not in the secret began to titter. "As I got back to my companions they too were laughing." The disguise, in fact, was just a trifle too good.

But the authorities of Walton Gaol did not penetrate it; and poor "Jane Warton" underwent a far worse penance than Lady Constance Lytton had ever done. She went on hunger-strike, as her sisters in durance were now doing, and dreamed "of melons, peaches, and nectarines." For a breach of the rules she was confined in a cell "that looked as if it were underground," in which

* "Prisons and Prisoners: Some Personal Experiences by Lady Constance Lytton and Jane Warton, Spinster." With Portraits. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

" the jug, basin, etc., were all made of black guttapercha," and where it was so difficult to breathe that in the corridor outside " the air seemed fresh as mountain air by comparison." Also, that nothing might be wanting to the absolute difference in treatment of " Jane Warton " and Lady Constance Lytton, Jane was forcibly fed. " The horror of it was more than I can describe." Both at Holloway and at Newcastle, Lady Constance Lytton's heart had been pronounced a weak one. At Walton, " Jane Warton's " was " Oh, ripping, splendid heart ! "

To Holloway, on the occasion of her second visit there and fourth term of imprisonment, Lady Constance (who, in the north country had made a jaunt or two in Black Maria, with " drunks " of both sexes) was driven in a taxi, with her luggage in a portmanteau beside her. " At Holloway all was civility ; it was unrecognisable from the first time I had been there." This much at any rate, had the campaign effected.

In the long run, I think, it will result in modifying wisely and in many ways the administration of our prisons for women. This in the main is the object of Lady Constance Lytton's book, which deserves from end to end the attention it will probably receive. There is nothing bitter or morbid in it, scarcely anything of personal complaint. It is (with flashes of delightful humour to irradiate its inevitable pathos) a fair and—so far as is at present possible—a dispassionate statement of the facts concerning three prisons which have come under her notice. " In my ignorance and impudence," says Lady Constance in her " Dedication to Prisoners," " I went into prison hoping to help prisoners. So far as I know, I was unable to do anything for them. But the prisoners helped me."

Yes ; it is a fine, delicate, and moving book.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

NICE PEOPLE AND OTHERS.*

For the library subscriber, who is, after all, the most important person to be considered by the present-day novelist—because those kind and genial folk the newspaper critics cannot prevent the circulation of inferior novels—there are books about only two classes of people. There are, that is to say, books about nice people and books about people who emphatically are not nice. There are nice books, and there are horrid books. There are books about people whom one would like to meet, and books about people at whom in real life one would look askance, or to whom one would not know what to say. For each library subscriber knows instinctively that she (or he) is a mixture of strangely assorted ingredients, with the desire to think herself (and to be thought) " nice " as the strongest of all the multifarious desires which compose the soul of the library subscriber. Just as Mr. Pecksniff said " Let us be moral ! " so the library subscriber, in absolute sincerity, says " Let us be nice," for she desires above all things to be reassured about human nature. She prefers to all others those novels in which the characters may indeed err, but in which they must in the conclusion, by some recognition of the power of love, or of unselfishness, or of good conduct, redeem themselves for a life of happy virtue somewhere beyond the last page of the book. The preference is natural and charming, and I am the last person to despise it. The good English novelist who is also popular is one who recognises the truth of the library subscriber's aspiration, and, perhaps himself feeling the same impulse, aspires in turn to satisfy it. Only one of the novelists now under notice obeys, in fact, a still higher law—that of dire veracity.

* " Small Souls." By Louis Couperus. Translated by A. T. de Mattos. (Heinemann.)—" The Making of a Bigot." By Rose Macaulay. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—" Once Upon a Time." By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Dent.)—" The Custody of the Child." By Philip Gibbs. (Hutchinson.)—" The King Behind the King." By Warwick Deeping. (Cassell.)—" The Strong Heart." By A. R. Goring-Thomas. (Lane.)—" The Bridge." By Mark Somers. (Unwin.)—" Max Logan." By Paul Trent. (Ward, Lock.). 6s. each.

Thus we find Mr. Paul Trent, in " Max Logan," busy with the affairs of two thoroughly nice young persons who deceive each other in the most strangely simplified financial world ever viewed by the curious reader. Stocks and shares run up and down miraculously ; a villainous father (not a real father) and a vengeful dying man vie with each other for the creation of obstacles to the true love of the hero and heroine. That Mr. Paul Trent should finally bring the lovers penitently to each other's arms in a far land is a happy deliverance for them from difficulties which at one time threatened to spoil their lives. I must not forget to commend the way in which this author makes his characters fall in and out of love : it is worthy of Shakespeare himself.

Mark Somers has chosen, in " The Bridge " to show two nice people in distress over their own marriage. The heroine, having proceeded to India to marry her lover, finds him a stranger, and is shocked at the intimacies of married life. It is not until another man has been still more beastly, and her husband has been nearly killed in fighting the mysteriously blood-thirsty tribes which infest India, that the heroine sees the difference between chaste and unchaste love ; and the comedy ends happily, as it should do, so that we can be reassured of the eventual " right-ness " of those intemperate marriages upon which modern novels are so often built and through which perhaps so many lives have in reality come sadly to disaster.

Such an intemperate marriage was made between the father and mother in Mr. Philip Gibbs' novel " The Custody of the Child." The mother was an actress, and not, I am afraid, a very nice woman. Her husband was compelled, in fact, to divorce her ; and Nick, the too-loving son, had many troublesome situations to encounter before he and his father, reconciled, began life anew together. Mr. Philip Gibbs, by concentrating upon Nick, who remains forlornly youthful throughout, gives his thesis novel a coherence which it would otherwise lack ; and while the book is sentimental to an extreme degree, it is a thoroughly effective piece of work, and quite the best novel Mr. Gibbs has written. And as to the niceness of Nick and his unfortunate father, the dreariest cynic could feel no doubt.

Less effective is Mr. Goring-Thomas' " The Strong Heart," which is hampered by poverty of central idea and by an old-fashioned heaviness of manner. Barbara Murray, the heroine, forced by circumstances to take a situation as a barmaid, meets and marries a young man of blood and potential means who is going to be a diplomat. He does not tell his parents of his marriage, and when Barbara's mother, a vulgar woman, forces the news upon the young man's mother, there is an estrangement. Later, the young man becomes disaffected, and nearly breaks Barbara's strong heart ; and it takes me all my time to be persuaded in the end that he was really a nice young man at all. His aunt, though rather caricatured, is much nicer ; and it would have been interesting to know her better. I did not much take to Barbara, and the story is inclined to be both heavy and jerky in manner. It is also overweighted in some way by the vulgarity of the characters—a vulgarity of which Mr. Goring-Thomas is aware, and which, indeed, he is out to satirise. Perhaps my objection to the book is due only to the fact that in spite of Barbara, her father, Miss Belough, and Mrs. Jerric, there are too few nice people in it ; for I certainly found it unpleasing and a little dull.

Mr. Warwick Deeping's romance of the Peasant's Revolt, " The King behind the King " is, above everything, " nice." It should be very popular, as the hero is the strongest man who ever lived, and the heroine hath a devil which only adds to her charm. There is a great deal of fighting, and heavy slaughter of villains. When Fulk and Iseult, living virtuously in a small house, are besieged by a score of men, the mortality among the beseigers is scarcely credible, but it is delightful to have so effectively illustrated the proverb that " right is might," and there is a sort of readiness and breezy eloquence about the characters that is reminiscent of Charles Reade.

"Once Upon a Time" is a collection of six stories, two of which are by way of being little novels. They are about some of the pleasantest and most amusing people in the world; and if the first tale, of a singularly rapid courtship, is Stevensonian, and the second one, of a singularly protracted courtship, is—as it were—a sort of Shakespearean farce, those facts are all to the good, and the stories make delightful and amusing reading. Mr. Marriott Watson, at this time of day, does not need commendations; but assuredly they are his due.

But if we want nice people in excelsis we shall find them always in the work of Miss Rose Macaulay, whose new novel, "The Making of a Bigot" is crowded with them. It has not much of a story, but it is full of happy descriptions, and friendly, amusing people, and sayings wise, witty, and tender. Possibly Miss Macaulay is in danger of writing well too easily, and as a personal opinion I wish that she would essay a bigger theme, and work right through it; but, meanwhile, we may be thankful for the pleasure her work gives.

We come now to a book which has vital coherence and a strict veracity, a book of an entirely different order from the others in this batch—"Small Souls," by Louis Couperus, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. "Small Souls" is the first of four celebrated novels about a Dutch family of quality. Its chief character is a woman who, marrying a diplomat many years older than herself, fell in love with a young man attached to the Dutch embassy in Rome, and, fourteen years before the opening of the story, was divorced by her husband. Constance van Lowe has married her lover, and after fourteen years of absence from Holland, she, her husband, and their boy return. Their one desire is to live quietly in their own country and among the members of their own families. But the "small souls" of the title cannot bear that: they have been outraged, and a thousand mean and wicked thoughts are harboured against the returned husband and wife. They are slandered and criticised—"small people criticise a dress, or an evening-party, but they never criticise life. To begin with, they're afraid to: small people are interested only in what is not serious, in what is really not worth while";—and when Constance, uninvited, calls upon a sister (wife of a politician) on that sister's at-home day, meeting relatives and friends of her first husband, the storm breaks. With bitter recriminations her relatives rend the ties of family which Constance has believed as sound as her own love. She might have been warned by her brother Paul, a philosopher who has pointed out to her the rottenness of the family tie; when he said that she was both "pastoral and atavistic" in her belief in the strength of family love she might have learned the truth. Instead, she falls fainting under the blow, and it is her son, a boy of fourteen, with his scornful cry, "It's all about nothing . . ." who points the moral of the tale. "Small Souls" is a very fine book indeed, extraordinarily moving. It is packed with knowledge and understanding. And, above all, it is an international book, for its essential truth to English life is as great as its precise truth to its own *milieu*. "We have," says Constance's philosophical brother, "we have a great crack running through us, slanting, like that! But we are nice people, and we don't let the world know."

FRANK SWINNERTON.

THE NEW GREECE.*

Mr. Cassavetti is above all things a good patriot. It is clear from his preface, in which he claims the right, on the score of his origin, to set down his views on the Greek character with absolute frankness, that he intended to be quite impartial, but his nature has been too strong for him. The eighty years during which his family has been established in England have in no way dimmed his love for his Mother Country, and Mr. Cassavetti's book, which is so excellent in many respects, is marred by the bias which stands out so markedly from many of its pages. This, perhaps, is not altogether his fault. As both he and Mr. Pember Reeves (who contributes a sympathetic little introduction) complain, Greece has not been kindly treated in the English Press and has been subjected to some unmerited attacks, and it is quite possible that if such attacks had not been made Mr. Cassavetti's spirited defence would have been more temperate and judicious.

But with all its short-comings this is a thoroughly interesting and in some respects a valuable book. Mr. Cassavetti had some personal experience of the Greek advance into Macedonia, and his account of the three campaigns of the Greek army and of the naval operations off the Dardanelles is clearly and soundly written. His narrative of these events is, in fact, much superior to that of the second Balkan War, in which his prejudice against the Bulgarians frequently overpowers his judgment. He pays a justly high tribute to the work of the Greek artillery, which on many occasions completely outclassed that of the Turks—who are not, however, and never have been, good artillerymen—and he cites the opinion of competent judges that for speed in coming into action and taking up the target, as well as for accuracy of aim, the practice of the Greek gunners could scarcely have been improved.

One of the most interesting chapters is the concluding one on "Græcia Irredenta," in which Mr. Cassavetti discusses the future of the new Greece, the population of which has been nearly doubled by the conquests of the wars. The more material aspects of the new situation he has already set out in a chapter in which he looks forward to the Piræus being linked up with the great European railway system and becoming the port for the Indian mail, and in which he points to the success of Switzerland in attracting tourist traffic as showing what Greece could do with much smaller difficulties to overcome. He obviously holds the view that a country such as this, energetically developed, should by no means rest content with what she has already won, and he quotes with approval the letter of a lady urging that, if the Turk be ejected, Constantinople must of right pass into Greek hands. Mr. Cassavetti has, too, somewhat significant references to the numbers of Greeks living in various parts of the Turkish Empire, and his statement, "The Turkish Empire is doomed, and when it collapses Greece will come into her own again," is a plain enough indication that the appetite of Greece, so far from having been satisfied by what it has already eaten, has only been rendered the more keen.

M. H. H. M.

* "Hellas and the Balkan Wars." By D. J. Cassavetti. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

HODDEN GREY.*

Charles Lamb was not alone, even among his contemporaries, in praising the American Quaker, Woolman. Coleridge, who recommended his friends to so many of his discoveries, "glorified" him, and the verdict has been endorsed by many great ones since. Besides, Woolman has his interest for the present day. At a time when mysticism and its teachings are so much upon our lips, it must look to stand the usual tests of life and practice. The world will listen, in spite of itself, if it can be convinced that a mystical line of thought leads men to a higher perfection of life; and if this new form of transcendentalism is to last longer than the wave of half a century ago it must influence "works" as well as faith. Woolman combined both.

It was inevitable, in any case, that a revival of spiritual literature would bring back to light those minor books in English whose chief claim is that they are products of Christian teaching. Among them none stands higher than Woolman's Journal. It is the index of a mind for ever bent upon the eternal verities, yet content to trace the humble paths of poverty and duty. Duty led this Quaker while still a lad to chide his master for slave-dealing, and this was forty years before a decision of the Court of

* "John Woolman: His Life and Own Times." By W. Teignmouth Shore. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

King's Bench declared slavery illegal in England, and led the way to practical results. In the interval Woolman pursued the good cause as diligently as he pursued salvation and the contempt of the thoughtless. His eccentricities (what saint has ever been without them?) kept shallow folk amused, especially his objection to travel behind a horse and a whip, and his preference for undyed cloth. Short of the life of an Indian fakir or a Trappist monk, he came to realise his ideal of parting with all he had for the good of his soul and the purging of his mind. But he did a practical man's work in the world, and left his mark on it in many ways—chiefly in the emancipation movement, the example of his life, and that purity of style in writing which sets him alongside that other unlettered genius and stylist, Bunyan. Thus much Mr. Shore brings out in a most discerning and persuasive book. He supplements Woolman's account of himself by filling the gaps where the Quaker has suppressed his hardships, and he makes an admirable chapter of the voyage which brought Woolman to England, to die in out midst. The Quakers of York testified after his burial that he had been "truly serviceable" in "the Lord's work," and this testimony was after his own heart, alike in its simplicity and its restraint. It makes this book all the more appropriate and welcome that both these virtues pervade it to the full.

PASSIONS: PRIMARY AND OTHERWISE.

One day there will arise a psychologist whose business it will be to classify the phenomena of the emotions as exhibited in Drama. When that happens, I conjecture they will be graded as primary, secondary and tertiary. In the primary class will be found the elementary emotions of love and hate, with their various manifestations: the secondary class will be that which devotes itself to the exposition of mental and spiritual conflicts; while the tertiary passions will be found to include the actions of the sophisticated in their desire for self-manifestation. Roughly, we may classify these three as drama, comedy, and higher comedy. The difference between the two last named may thus be stated: Comedy concerns itself with the subject of physical laughter—the other concerns itself with the laughter of the mind.

The three volumes under consideration are adventures in each of these classes of social phenomena. "Mary Goes First"[1] belongs to the tertiary class, and although it is not the highest specimen of its kind, it should be welcomed as a joyous specimen of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' honest craftsmanship. In no way do I derogate from that when I say that most of its commercial success on the stage was due to the supreme fascination of Miss Marie Tempest's performance, as Mary Whichello, and concerning that, the author pays tribute to her exquisite imaginative sensibility in his Preface. Out of a plot of the flimsiest material, with unerring art, Mr. Jones, by exercising his essential sense of humour, provides two hours of hearty laughter. In theme, it is a well-observed exposure of the pretension and humbug of those who seek titles and high places in society. Mary Whichello always went first in Warkinstall society, until a grateful but undiscerning Government conferred a knighthood on Sir Thomas Bodsworth, and with that title went all chances of Mary's retaining her precedence in Society. Truth to tell, Mary is a catty kind of woman. Lady Bodsworth has been telling her that they wish the knighthood to be regarded as an honour to everybody in Warkinstall:

MARY: "There are forty thousand people in Warkinstall. It's very unselfish of you, Lady Bodsworth, to share your honour among us, but—well, there won't be much for each of us, will there?"

Mary has a pointed tongue, and with her quick wits, she deals such death strokes to the ponderousness of the Bodsworths, that she is ransomed from our contempt by her sheer powers of fascination and raillery. Indeed, it speaks much for the author's method when I say that his figures are so life-like, the dialogue is so crisp, and springs so naturally from the situations that, with great good humour, we accept the whole thing with gusto, as a fine example of "the vigilant Comic," the Meredithian genius of thoughtful laughter.

In regarding the example belonging to the second class, I make bold to say that what Mr. Allan Monkhouse has done in "The Education of Mr. Surrage"[2] was badly wanted. The theme may be stated thus: Can the bourgeois sit down with the Bohemian and both mess out of the same bowl? And in giving us an affirmative answer, Mr. Monkhouse presents us with a comedy of acute perception, in which he goes finely into many hitherto unconsidered passions. There is that youthful craze for being misunderstood and the young people's passionate search for and exploitation of the bizarre, when, with unseeing young eyes, they stumble pig-headedly into the mazes of so-called Bohemianism. Mr. Surrage, a plain, open-minded business man, forms the resolvent factor for the reconciliation of all those jarring elements. His three children attempt to educate their father in modern ways by inviting, for week-end visitors, an artist-genius who pilfers, his inamorata who flirts, and a rather tiresome ass of a playwright. It is Mr. Surrage's common-sense that saves the situation, and finally, comically enough, turns the work of the highly impossible art-genius into a paying proposition.

Modestly labelled "Four Dramatic Studies,"[3] and belonging to the class of primary passions, Mr. Fothergill Robinson presents four one-act plays which are well worth perusal, because of their high promise, and the fact that, unlike the Oxford young man, he does not attempt to shock the suburban by choosing the abnormal act for plot. The themes are strong, because they are simple. In "The Lonely Woman," it is the tragedy of a woman who has sacrificed love for the sake of her selfish parents; in "Rosalie" the quixotic notion of an artist who persuades his mistress that marriage is the true completion of life; "The Cure" argues for truth between lovers; and "The Hop Pickers" is a divagation on the view point of the submerged. Throughout the four there is that sincerity of purpose and sympathetic insight which bodes well for future work, when the author has acquired the higher technique of his art.

ROBB LAWSON.

A QUINCUNX OF HUMOUR.*

It is a pity that the quincuncial arrangement is not better suited for the placing of books, it is so admirably adapted to the putting of things in no invidious order. A reviewer, confronted by a batch of books, may treat them in the order of merit, which generally means the tailing off to a bare acknowledgment of the last on his list; he may treat the writers alphabetically, but that is giving undue prominence to those on whom accident of birth has conferred the initial A, B or C, and he may have so wearied his readers that they never reach the company, fit but few, whom fate has initialled with an X, Y or Z. To put them in order of seniority would call for much looking up of reference-books, and the method, when found out, might sometimes irritate the reviewed. To give *place aux dames* in a review, while we continue to withhold it in the State, might savour of insincerity or

[1] "Mary Goes First." A Comedy in Three Acts and An Epilogue, by Henry Arthur Jones. 1s. net. (Bell.

[2] "The Education of Mr. Surrage." A Comedy in Four Acts, by Allan Monkhouse. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson).

[3] "Four Dramatic Studies." By W. Fothergill Robinson. 1s. net. (Blackwell).

* "Simpson." By Elinor Mordaunt. 6s. (Methuen.)
"Cupid's Caterers." By Ward Muir. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
"One Kind and Another." By Barry Pain. 6s. (Secker.)
"The Tracy Tubbses." By Jessie Pope. 3s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)
"Seaborne of the Bonnet Shop." By R. K. Weekes. 6s. (Jenkins.)

that masculine patronage which is never more out of place than in matters of the arts. (Incidentally, it may be said that, in the present case, to give *place aux dames* would also be to deal first with the best two out of the quintet of fiction before me.) Placing the books in a quincunx, it is possible to regard them in a haphazard fashion, as we might examine the fruit trees planted in that approved figure.

Miss Jessie Pope,
who has written much for *Punch*, and whose humorous novel, "The Tracy Tubbses," has just been published by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

If fiction generally may be divided in the way indicated by Mr. Barry Pain in the title of his new volume, so also may it again be divided into "One Kind and Another" of the various branches into which it is separable. Indeed, if we are to take these five books as expressive of humour, we may say that together they represent one kind—and four others; or even more, for Mr. Barry Pain's volume consists of a number of short stories only broadly divisible in accordance with their general title. Of "one kind" there are four stories of a light and bright character, and of "another" there are fifteen more or less farcical; those grouped as "Detection Without Crime" being droll skits upon the detective-story vogue started by the preternatural cuteness of one Sherlock Holmes. Though he can be droll in that charming manner which allows a reader to lose himself for the time being in mere foolery, Mr. Barry Pain is no less successful in presenting the kind of humour in which fun is not dissociated from tenderness; and there is many a good quarter of an hour to be found in the pages of his latest contribution to the gaiety of readers.

There is nothing "farcical" about Miss Elinor Mordaunt's "Simpson," unless it be in the very idea, as the delightful Mrs. Reannie put it, of seeking to build on a negation. For Simpson—"my Christian name's George . . . any old name will do"—in the mid-forties of his age took a delightful country place, and, with a number of friends of like views, established a kind of country club, into which no women were to be allowed to penetrate—except on the occasion of an annual dinner—and from which a member could only leave for matrimonial purposes on paying a heavy penalty. (Of course, one after the other, most of the members found it worth paying the penalty.) If the central idea may be said to be farcical, the whole story is rich in humour, alike in characterisation and situation—and in that truest humour, too, which is sweetly human. The author shows us the various "celibates" following their fortunes in a way which quite naturally illustrates the most diverse forms of that uplifting which is paradoxically termed falling in love, and, in doing so makes all real, though suffused as it were with an atmosphere of romance; and, when she touches on tragedy, does so with the pathos of the natural instead of the too-common emphasis of the sensational. "A widow o' sorts, though I am danged if I know whether it be grass or sod." From that happy jest near the outset to the arriding slip near the close, when the club dining-table "had been *mulched* of several leaves," this book is one to be enjoyed, and thoroughly enjoyed, by those who can lose themselves in a good story well told.

If Mrs. Mordaunt has given us realism irradiated by romance and shot through with humour, Mr. Ward Muir has given us, in "Cupid's Caterers," quite another kind of realism and quite another kind of humour. "Cupid's Caterers" might be thought to be the manufacturers of expensive chocolates in ornate boxes, but not such are they who are here presented to us. Mr. Ward Muir's "caterers" do up their wares in penny packets, labelled *Honeysuckle*, *Dreamtime*, and so forth. He gives us—in a way which suggests full first-hand knowledge—particulars of the manner in which popular periodicals are made for the million. In following the fortunes of a literary aspirant, he takes us to Sleightford House and shows us the men and women who produce such periodicals, and, while following the love-story of some of them, is mainly concerned in pleasantly cynical fashion in showing how it is that what the public want is prepared for them day by day and week by week. The big journal-manufacturing establishment has before been used for fictional purposes, but Mr. Muir has treated it anew in a fresh and entertaining fashion.

In "Seaborne of the Bonnet Shop" we are taken to quite another emporium, and to a story that is by no means primarily humorous. Mr. (or is it Miss?) R. K. Weekes certainly brings the hero before the heroine for the first time in a fashion suggestive of broad farce; and it is the comic spirit presiding over things which ordains, as his friends foretold, that Seaborne should fall in love with and marry one of the girls of his model bonnet shop. The shop, however, is by no means the only centre of interest, though love and tragedy both emanate therefrom. It is a pleasant and interesting story, including, in Constantine and Elisabeth, a remarkably-drawn couplè, so impressive that it is matter for regret that the author has made it necessary that their tragedy should be the means of bringing about the happy ending.

Miss Jessie Pope has, in "The Tracy Tubbses," provided humour of a frankly outrageous kind, in which probabilities are ignored, and comic situations follow one another from start to finish. The Tracy Tubbses married, and, though before that happy event they knew nothing of adventure, things began to happen at once in a fashion which may have been disquieting to them, but which is highly diverting to us, as set forth by the chronicler. Burglars and motor-cycles, a lion escaped from a menagerie, servants, a wandering balloon—such are some of the things which play their parts in the experiences of the young couple. Readers on the look-out for something truly mirth-provoking will be well advised to take up this book, in which Miss Jessie Pope has provided ample material for much hearty and healthful laughter.

WALTER JERROLD.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Ward Muir.**

RECENT VERSE*

Joseph Beaumont was a minor poet already sufficiently well known to the curious in an edition by Grosart. But Mr. Dobell came upon a MS. book of his poems, dated 1643. It went to America, and is now offered to the consideration of the over-curious. Briefly, Beaumont was born in 1616, and before he died in 1699, had been to college with Crashaw, had conceivably known Traherne, had read Herbert and Vaughan, and had written numerous poems in the style of the age. He falls so far short of the other four sacred poets, his contemporaries, that a clever modern could have written his book for him. "A Morning Hymn," for example, one of the better poems, is like an exercise in the style of that age :

"What's this Morn's bright Eye to Me,
Yf I see not thine, and Thee,
Fairer Jesu ; in whose Face
All my Heavn is spred ! Alas,
Still I grovel in dead Night,
Whilst I want thy living Light ;
Still I sleep, although I wake,
And in this vain Sleep I Talk,
Dreaming with wide-open eyes,
Fond fantastik vanities.
Shine, my only Daystarr, shine ;
So mine Eyes shall wake by Thine ;
So the Dreams I grope in now
To clear Visions shall grow ;
So my Day shall measured be
By thy Grace's Charitie ;
So shall I discern the Path,
Thy sweet Law prescribed hath ;
For thy Wayes cannot be shown
By any Light, but by *thine Own*."

Once upon a time, perhaps, these poems told Cambridge men under Cromwell something about the author. If Edward Dowden's poems should cease, as these have done, to tell us something about him, they would have no value at all. He was no poet. Only rarely was he a versifier both skilful and felicitous. But he preserved much through not acquiring the mere technique of the minor poet. He was able to confine himself to what he really thought and felt. His verses are serious occasional verses—travel poems written in galleries or in the open air, recalling great and notable days, poems expressing deep sudden emotions, religious or not, a sonnet "To a child dead as soon as born," and lines "Sent to an American Shakespeare Society," a sonnet read at the Poe centenary, together with translations that show his love of literature. The poems compose a profound autobiography. They invite, and they need, intimacy. For those who can respond they will communicate many simple pleasures in a style which this sonnet fairly represents :

"A place where Una might have fallen asleep
Assured of quiet dreams, a place to make
Sad eyes bright with strange tears ; a little lake
In the green heart of a wood ; the crystal deep
Of heaven so wide if there should chance to stray
Into that stainless field some thin cloud-flake,
When not a breeze the trance of noon dare break,
About the middle it must melt away.
Lilies upon the water in their leaves,
Stirr'd by faint ripples that go curving on
To little reedy coves ; a stream that grieves
To the fine grasses and wild flowers around ;
And we two in a golden silence bound,
Not a line read of rich *Endymion*."

Mr. Kett, on the other other hand, sternly represses himself, uttering only general emotions, national and religious, suggested by Trafalgar Day or the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to South Africa in 1906, and by texts from the Bible. His greatest effort is a "Divine Tragedy," in blank verse, where the loves of a Roman centurion and a daughter of Joseph of Arimathæa, and of Barabbas and a sister of Judas Iscariot, are interwoven with the last hours of Christ. Mr. Kett's gift is for eloquence like that of Barabbas in prison :

"O free, fresh earth !
That I might once more feel thy good greensward
Spring 'neath my tread—thine atoms crunch, and grate.
Oh, for the upland slopes, the tumbling rills,
The gaunt grey peaks of the Judæan heights ;
Where prowls the lean wolf, and the leopard hides,
Where wheels the towering vulture, and all night
The jackal's eerie wailing holds the air,
And echoing rolls through cavernous confines dim,
And deeps of yawning darkness . . . ."

The play was written in Kimberley, the other chief poems in Port Elizabeth and Cape Town ; and the book is dedicated to the people of South Africa who have hailed the poet as the Milton of South Africa.

Most of Mrs. Belben's poems record certain days in her life, either for private reasons, as in the sonnet beginning :

"One sunset among all the rest, stands out
Conspicuous in our lives, dear heart—that day
We stood together in the narrow lane,
And other people seemed so far away . . . ."

or because the scene itself had an emotional value, as in "A Glimpse" :

"Clear silver-green the sky ;
Deep purple-grey the trees in front of it . . .
No sound except the sighing of the wind.
. . . A weird and wild night cry . . .
The dark with mystery and wonder lit.
Black foreground ; sunset afterglow behind."

Miss Rutter-Leatham is equally good. She quotes Clifton Bingham's saying that "Songs should come *from* the heart and go *to* the heart," and illustrates it and justifies her discipleship again and again with poems taking a roseate view of life, such as "My Sweet Seventeen" :

"Soft shade of tresses, that winsomely curl ;
Lilies, carnations, and petals of pearl,
Made into the roseate face of a girl,
Is my Sweet Seventeen.
Put your sunny head out of the cloud, dear,
Tell me your dreamings aloud, dear,
Are skies very blue ?
Does prince come to woo
Beauty who slumbers the long ages through,
My Sweet Seventeen ?"

Miss Lorma Leigh has a loftier note aiming to make life one grand sweet song. Her "Sunset" is a typical aspiration :

"Linger awhile and watch this scene so fair—
It will not last as now, its beauty rare
Will fade into the night, and all grow dark,
And dim, till it be light.

These moorland heights, these valleys bathed in fire,
Bring to my heart a nameless vague desire
To grasp the best in life, to *be*, to *do*,
Tho' all else fail, nature herself is true.

Through all my being the sunset's glory thrills,
A limitless delight my spirit fills,
I fear to-morrow, lest the morn redeems
This perfect night's sweet mockery of dreams."

After these tender tones it is almost a pleasure to read Mr Anderson's plangent substantial verses, usually with a narrative basis, as in "The Sheikh's Bride" :

"Thy summons wakened my soul from sleeping ;
I left the land where my kindred are ;
They could not stay me with wrath or weeping.—
Nor might they prison by bolt or bar
The heart held captive within thy keeping :
Selim, Selim Abenamar."

But on the whole Joseph Beaumont does not pale before this cluster of living bards.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont." Edited by Eloise Robinson. 21s. net. (Constable).—"Poems of Edward Dowden." 2 vols. 6s. each. (Dent.)—"Poetical Works of George Kett." 6s. net. (Charles H. Kelly.)—"As The Heart Speaks, and other Poems." By May Belben. 2s. 6d. net. (Morland, Amersham.)—"Lyrics and Poems." By Edith Rutter Leatham. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.) "The White Gate." By Lorma Leigh. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net.—"Lays and Legends." By C. G. Anderson. 2s. 6d. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

THE GOLDEN BARRIER.*

You can always trust these famous collaborators for a really good story, and, though there is no striking originality of treatment or deep psychological interest in "The Golden Barrier," one is conscious of genuine pleasure in following the tale to the obvious conclusion. There is no trace of padding out the story; it marches along steadily and surely in the disciplined hands of these two authors, with no lack of incident to keep it alive in every chapter. "The Golden Barrier" is, of course, the obstacle of riches. The happy possessor of them in this case is Miss Magdalen Tempest, of Teyne Court, a spoilt child of an indulgent grandfather, deceased when the story opens. Magdalen herself is a fascinating girl, but with the additional and potent attraction of untold wealth and an utter irresponsibility, it is no wonder that Teyne Court presents great possibilities to the adventurers that crowd upon the scene. Let us enumerate the dramatis personæ: Lady Adelaide Bruce-Walsingham, Magdalen's aunt, who battens on her niece and is anxious to secure her position by wedding Mr. Isidore Blase to Magdalen. Isidore Blase is a rising man, "a tall, well-built man, with a somewhat Oriental quality in his unmistakable good looks." Instantly we scent the villain, and when Lady Adelaide gives him "a flashing smile of welcome" we know that we shall soon detect them deep in dark plots. There are other adventurers who occasionally occupy the stage—an unrecognised poet, who ultimately returns to the counter which he had unwisely abandoned for the Muse; an artist, who falls desperately in love with Magdalen, but who proves to be a very dark horse indeed, and is eventually expelled from Teyne Court and the story. Magdalen had a fancy for being a "Lady Mæcenas," and hence we find on the one hand a hoard of schemers ("Magdalen's crew"), and on the other hand Captain Harry Denvers, a strong silent man, handicapped by hereditary poverty, but true as steel to Magdalen and her interests. He was appointed agent to the estate in the old grandfather's time, and he still holds the appointment. He is deeply in love with Magdalen, but "the golden barrier" intervenes. He will not declare his love for his mistress, and this is the fly in Magdalen's ointment. An opportunity occurs, however, for the hero to snatch the heroine from danger, and quite early in the book Harry Denvers wins his bride, to the complete discomfiture of Lady Adelaide and the forces of darkness. But we know that it is far too soon for right to triumph, and we are not surprised to discover Lady Adelaide sowing dissension in the new home in London. She plays her cards well and reveals to Magdalen that marriage has destroyed her freedom. Magdalen angrily resents the idea, and endeavours to prove her aunt to be wrong. Denvers is banished to the wilderness, and it is not till the curtain is just falling that we find Magdalen clinging to her husband, crying, "Harry, hold me fast . . . never let me go again."

I. P. N.

* "The Golden Barrier." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Agnes Egerton Castle.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Egerton Castle.**
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.*

It is somewhat of an irony that no wholly satisfying works on Gothic architecture have been written in this country until the final submergence of the Gothic Revival under the Græco-Roman wave which was momentarily checked by it. If we except Ruskin, the picturesque looseness of whose architectural writings prevented architects from treating them as practical manuals, we have only the tight and dry works of the school of Parker, Sharpe, Rickman, Paley, and Bloxham, with their pedantic and arbitrary division into "Periods" and their myopic study of secondary decorative details. The two men who might have done better both lay under disabilities—Pugin, that of the brilliant artist who can rarely express himself in writing, and Violet-le-Duc, that of the foreigner, who could not directly influence another nation, and, as regards his own, was faced with a Beaux-arts tradition which he was unable to break down. What might have happened if Mr. Francis Bond, whose last two volumes complete an exhaustive study of all phases of English Gothic, had lived and worked eighty years ago, it is perhaps idle to inquire; but this much is certain, that whereas a genius like Pugin is independent, the rank and file of the profession must be nourished on sound literary instruction, without which

* "An Introduction to English Church Architecture from the Eleventh to the Sixteenth Century." By Francis Bond. 2 Vols. £2 2s. (Oxford University Press.)

a great artistic movement will peddle out in such works as the Manchester Town Hall, and the Prudential Buildings in Holborn.

One thing indeed has helped, as Mr. Bond so clearly explains in his preface, this latter-day thorough study—photography, which alone can do justice to the neat and logical precision of mediæval construction. To take a single instance, no draughtsman can approach the camera for depicting a vault seen from directly under it—the only point of view from which in illustration it can be scientifically studied.

Mr. Bond, however, does not write to convert a generation of architects immersed in Neo-Grec, but merely to place the study of Gothic on a firm foundation; and if ever the pendulum swings back again his works will be there—the style will have its instructive literature ready. He is not a practising architect, and is able, therefore, to write with detachment, even without bigotry. A Gothic enthusiast, he is yet aware that the picturesque scaffolding of a cathedral exterior is on a lower architectural plane than the unbroken wall surfaces of classical buildings, thus clearly realising that it is by the interior that a mediæval church must be judged.

He has also managed to keep the right balance between the study of the structural problems (on which the practical architect is likely to concentrate), the emotional object which the building aimed at (on which the amateur spreads himself completely), and the actual requirements for ritual and daily religious life (which is ordinarily the chief preoccupation of the archæologist); without this threefold view, Gothic architecture becomes either a dry anatomy, a loose rapture or a historical document. Perhaps Mr. Bond emphasises least the emotional aspect, feeling no doubt that, after Ruskin's magnificent reconstructions of the mediæval imagination, he could leave his illustrations to produce the soaring, uplifting, religious ecstacy which we are told their creators aimed at.

After a preliminary chapter, describing who were the builders of our churches and for what type of worship they were designed, the author proceeds to enumerate in the second chapter the list of requirements which the architect had to provide for, requirements which were continually growing in complexity; he then, in true architectural fashion, thoroughly studies the ground plan that was gradually evolved to meet these requirements. His book, he says, is designed as an introduction for beginners, but he rightly does not spare them in this matter of planning, and it cannot be too frequently insisted that no study of an architectural period can be anything but the most superficial dilletantism, which is not grounded upon the plan. There follows a chapter, perhaps the most fascinating in the book, which is almost in the nature of a separate essay—we could have wished it placed at the end of the second volume—dealing with the planning and growth of the English parish church; this is the first consecutive account which has appeared of this strangely neglected subject, though many individual examples have been microscopically examined; in these hundred pages Mr. Bond is at his best. Resuming after this digression, he most rightly considers the steps the architect took, having settled the plan on which his walls stand, to enclose his building from the open universe, to frame it apart as a work of art, by means of the roof. Here, again, he shows that it was a hard practical point which determined the whole course of Gothic; the mediæval architect put before himself the very modern-seeming requirement of a fireproof building; and so he decided that the wooden roof which he pitched high to carry off the rain, should be cut off from the church by a stone vault. The importance of the vault in mediæval architecture can never be overestimated; one is inclined to say that everything followed from its development—certainly the pointed arch was merely an incident in its career. It is interesting to compare the space given to vaults by Parker in the chapter on the Early English Style in his Introduction to Gothic; it occurs towards the end of the chapter after window tracery, mouldings, ornament, capitals and doorways have been dealt with, and then is dismissed in half a page; Parker concludes his remarks by saying that it may be in wood, and that there was no necessity for it being in stone!

After vaulting, which is perhaps better and more thoroughly done than anything else in the work, Mr. Bond takes the other chief features in succession, devoting a chapter to each. This method is infinitely preferable to Parker's, who makes each chapter cover an exact period, and details all the features in simultaneous stages of development; but Mr. Bond's requires the closer study; also a retentive memory to group these features, separately treated, into a conception of the gradually developing style as a whole.

We must conclude with two cavils. Chapter IX., on the Triforium and Bay Design, the author confesses in his delightfully autobiographic preface, has given him more pains than any other, and we feel that it is still the weakest in the book. Firstly, it should have been placed next to the chapter on Vaulting (instead of after so excrescential a feature as the Porch), and in it should have have been discussed the whole question of the effects of Gothic interiors due to general proportions; the relation of the nave arcade to the span of the nave—the emphasis or not of the vaulting shaft, which is by no means a gradual development, but is frequently more present in Norman than it is in early Gothic—these and other points should have been analysed and compared; and a further comparison of the bay design of an English or French church with that of Florence Cathedral, might have been useful to show how entirely the Italian architect failed to understand the elementary principles of Gothic architecture.

The other cavil is a minor technical one: frequently Mr. Bond on one plate illustrates two plans of the same church at different periods—an admirable thing; but, by an apparent oversight on the part of the blockmaker, these plans are reproduced to different scales, thus largely nullifying the value of the comparison.

Finally it must be said that this is no mere amplification of Mr. Bond's earlier one-volume work, "Gothic Architecture in England"—it is to be considered rather as a complementary and companion volume to it; the earlier work is in reality more detailed and advanced, the present one preserves its character as an introduction; though it introduces one, it must be added, into a close intimacy with English Church Architecture.

PATRICK ABERCROMBIE.

A CROOKED MILE.*

"The Two Kisses" was the story of a double courtship, that of Amory Towers by Cosimo Pratt, and that of Dorothy Lennard by Stanhope Tasker; its sequel "A Crooked Mile" is the tale of the married life of these two young couples. But in the latter book the Taskers step somewhat into the background: for though the account of Stan's attempts to earn a living first as a high-class manufacturer's tout, and then as a film actor, is highly diverting, Dorothy herself, as a wife of the old fashioned type, out of sympathy with the modern notion of women's rights and mission, acts little more than as a foil to her feminist friend Amory. This contrast between the two women is more particularly and most ingeniously emphasised in those pages of Mr. Onions' latest novel which deal with Indian administration and the relations subsisting between Indians and Anglo-Indians. For while Dorothy, by reason of the letters she receives from her kinsmen in the Indian army, is at least assured of getting the average official view of matters Indian, Amory who holds a sort of salon at her Hampstead residence in which Englishmen and Hindoos are supposed to meet on equal terms, and who also runs an advanced weekly in which a mild Baboo is allowed to inveigh against the tyrannical government which keeps his gentle and submissive race in chains, can only derive her notions of Anglo-Indian brutality from her own infallible intuitions and from a study of the outpourings of Mr. Suwaree Prang in the *Novum*. The

* "A Crooked Mile." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Methuen.)

Novum Organum is the journal devoted to advanced thought which Cosimo Pratt subsidises, and which Edgar Strong edits. At the time at which "A Crooked Mile" opens Amory is beginning to be a little weary of her salon, of her weekly organ, and of her own existence. Her visitors seem to come round only to get money out of Cosimo. Her contributors appear merely to make use of her to air their own egoisms. Her husband she suspects of an attempt to make love to her handsome "lady" nurse. While she has good reasons for imagining that her editor is an opportunist who is afraid of going the whole hog. Fortunately, however, Mr. Strong, who knows his job and is resolved to keep it, is able to persuade Amory that "for a paper like ours, I'm not sure that a certain amount of fluidity isn't a law." Amory, too, is successful in urging Cosimo to go out to India himself to see if things are really as bad as Mr. Prang makes out. The mischief has, however, already been done. Just when Amory, who is half in love with Strong, is hoping that he will run away with her, news reaches England that a young Hindoo patriot, who has drunk in copious draughts of Prang, has shot dead a highly-placed Indian official who happens to be an uncle of Dorothy's. The fat is now in the fire. The cranks, fanatics and idealogues who frequent Amory's salon quarrel with one another. Edgar Strong burns all the papers of the *Novum*, and books two passages to America. Cosimo cables the announcement of his immediate return to England. And Amory wakes up to the humiliating knowledge that she does not want Cosimo, and that all along Edgar Strong has never wanted her. Given such a scenario of its plot, the reader may at first be apt to imagine that "A Crooked Mile" is a novel rather gloomy in tone. Such an idea, however, would do Mr. Onions' dexterous treatment of his theme a grave injustice. The scene in which Amory, having arrived at the office of the *Novum*, firm in her determination to elope with Strong, finds him busy making arrangements to cross the Atlantic with another woman, is the only highly-wrought scene in the book—and a very moving scene of unexpected misery and dull despair it is. But apart from this, Mr. Onions' new story is pure comedy and satire, comedy as amusing, satire as incisive and as biting as the author has ever penned. Its "fundamental brain-work"—to quote Rossetti's overworked phrase—is indeed, the distinguishing feature of the book. There are no *clichés*, there is a fresh and ever original point of view, there is always the arresting phrase, there is an unique fertility of thought and of incident, there is a never failing mastery of the material and a sure knowledge of what can stand and what must be eliminated. In a word, "A Crooked Mile" is a work strikingly characteristic of its author, a work which will considerably enhance his already high reputation.

W. A. L. B.

MEN AND MATTERS.*

There are some just persons who will get no further than the "Contents" of this book of essays. Just persons are apt to be hasty, and to find "Mr. Chesterton among the Prophets" side by side with studies of John Stuart Mill, Thomas Aquinas, and Newman, may easily prove too much for their patience. But if they read no more, they will miss something. This is the only bad error of Mr. Ward. The rest of the book is quite good, good sometimes as an argument to disagree with, good at other times as a suggestive study of personalities. Mr. Ward is never more interesting than when he says "I remember." The paper on R. H. Hutton in a recent number of the *Dublin Review* is a specimen of the critical, personal estimate in which he excels. There are one or two of this clan here, notably one on the Tennyson circle at Freshwater, with an amusing description of Mrs. Cameron, the Madame Récamier of the group. Mr. Ward tells the story of how Tennyson wrote his verses "In the Garden at Swainston." He had gone to Swainston to attend the funeral of his old friend, Sir John Simeon, and arriving there early "asked Sir John's eldest boy—a lad of twenty—to give him an old hat and a cloak of his father's, and his pipe. 'Come for me yourself,' he added, 'when it is time to start, and do not send a servant.' Young Simeon came when the hour had arrived, and found Tennyson smoking his father's pipe and wearing his father's hat and cloak, stretched at full length under a tree in the garden, the tears streaming from his eyes, and the MS. of the poem written."

Some of the other personal studies are pleas in mitigation of popular opinion or popular misjudgment. The first two essays, for example, are a defence of Disraeli's character, especially against Lord Cromer's indictment. Mr. Ward puts down the weaknesses of Disraeli as a political guide to his Oriental love of dramatic effect rather than to his self-seeking opportunism. This is charitable, at any rate. But "unimaginative temperament" is a dangerous phrase to use about the character of a statesman, and at the end of Mr. Ward's estimate the contention of Lord Cromer remains substantially unshaken. A similar verdict must be passed on his equally adroit attempt to bring out what he calls the sensitiveness of Newman, in order to explain not only the Cardinal's apparent inconsistencies, but also the action taken against him at various periods by some of his ecclesiastical opponents in the Roman Church. "The difficulties of Dr. Cullen, the story of the offered bishopric and its withdrawal, the translation of the Bible and its abandonment, the scheme for an Oratory at Oxford, and the secret instruction from Propaganda against Newman's own residence in the University city—all these events, if set down without a most careful analysis of the part played in them by Newman's sensitive nature, would involve the gravest charges against eminent and good men." This is the line taken by Mr. Ward. It is subtle but totally unconvincing, so far as these "eminent persons" are concerned. Newman's sensitive nature suffered in silence, says Mr. Ward, in the matter of the bishopric. The silence was a mistake. "Had he then and there vehemently protested, in all probability the grievances would have been removed." Would they? When one recollects the conduct of the "eminent" men, whom Mr. Ward charitably calls "good," one does not see much probability at all. He is more successful in pleading for a mitigation of judgment on Cardinal Vaughan's hard, unintelligent conservatism. In fact, three of the essays are in substance a mild plea, addressed to the Roman Catholic authorities, for a relaxation of the suspicious and reactionary temper which prevails in certain quarters. "It seems to be assumed in some quarters that submission to ecclesiastical authority must suffice for guidance on the most intricate problems, and that active thought savours of a wanton and dangerous love of innovation." Mr. Ward deprecates this view, and quotes Newman in favour of his arguments.

The most touching and permanent study, however, is the essay on Mr. George Wyndham, reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*. The wreck of his Irish policy, as Mr. Ward admits, by the Ulster extremists, destroyed his career; but surely the failure was not "in party diplomacy"—it was in "party courage," and, so far as the author of it was concerned, in other things.

James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt.

* "Men and Matters." By Wilfrid Ward. 12s. 6d. net. (Longman.)

Novel Notes.

INITIATION. By R. H. Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

If Monsignor Benson adopted a common practice of novelists and prefixed to his books or to his chapters a suitable quotation, we think that Mrs. Browning's lines would surely have occurred to him:

> "Knowledge by suffering entereth
> And life is perfected by death."

Sir Nevill Fanning, the chief figure in this remarkable novel, is the son of a degenerate father, and in this instance the scripture is literally fulfilled. We are introduced to Sir Nevill in a hotel in Rome, whither he has been sent to find health and freedom from headaches. (The real agony of headaches has never before been described so vividly). At the hotel Sir Nevill, who is of course a Catholic, meets Enid Bessington, a Protestant. The upshot is inevitable, and in the glamour and romance of Rome Enid becomes engaged to Sir Nevill. Monsignor Benson has portrayed with great insight a modern young English aristocrat. Enid and Sir Nevill had been talking about Rome, and Life and Nature, and the Meaning of Things, and, incidentally, of course, of themselves all through. "Nevill had been pretty frank, and Enid no less. . . He had said suddenly, after one of his pauses, that he was a Catholic, and could never possibly be anything else; and had proceeded to say that he was afraid he wasn't a very good one. But he had been brought up to it, and had a chapel at home and a priest and 'all that.'" There is no feeling on the part of the reader that Enid is a most consummate egoist until she and her mother visit Sir Nevill's home and meet Aunt Anna, Mrs. Fanning. Aunt Anna's sweet spirit and feminine intuition reveal Enid's nature. She is seen to be cruel to her mother when Nevill is out of earshot. Mrs. Bessington conceals the tragedy of her life beneath a mask of an expressionless countenance and a torrent of futile conversation. Aunt Anna and her perfectly delightful little boy Jim seem to probe Enid immediately, and one waits breathlessly for the awakening of Nevill. This climax is cleverly attained by an accumulation of small and very petty incidents, concluding with an outburst from Enid and the consequent disillusionment of poor Nevill. "Knowledge by suffering entereth." Sir Nevill, who had once despised pain, perceives its divine nature and submits, and the conclusion of the book witnesses the life perfected by death. "The Initiation was complete."

A MADONNA OF THE POOR. By Clive Holland. 6s. (Lynwood).

In his new volume Mr. Clive Holland writes of many countries and the theme and style of his stories is as attractively varied as their setting. Perhaps the two best and most dramatic are the vividly grim, realistic tragedy of "The Love of O Fuji San," and the poignant love idyll of "The Wooing of O Sasa San." Not less convincing than his intimate pictures of that Japanese life with which Mr. Clive Holland has familiarised us in the most popular of his novels are his studies of Paris life and character in the Latin quarter. "The Madonna of the Poor" is wholly idyllic and full of charm; the idyllic mingles with bizarre tragedy and horror in "The Primal Instinct," which has a Malay village for its scene, and a resident Scots trader and a beautiful Malay girl for its hero and heroine. The stories are well imagined and well written; something of romance enters into their grimmest realism; now and then the note is wholly idealistic. No art in the short story can atone for a lack of interest in plot or incident, and these tales of Mr. Clive Holland possess that crowning merit—he has always a story to tell, and he has the gift of telling it interestingly.

THE PRIDE OF THE FANCY. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

All the ingredients for a popular romance of modern sport have been blended with zest by Mr. George Edgar. He has written a rattling good tale of the racecourse and the prize-ring, such as a large sporting public is likely to enjoy. It begins in a picturesque way with a fight between the black, heavy-weight champion of the world and a young Englishman of the vagrant class, and it ends with the final victory of the white hope over the Herculean negro. The fights are described in an inspiriting and knowledgeable manner, and there is also a good account of a horse-race with, as is usual, the fortunes of the gallant young hero and his winsome lady-love trembling in the balance against the probable success of the villain's horse. Mr. George Edgar does this sort of thing quite as well as Mr. Nat Gould, and he will no doubt be content if he succeeds in attracting a quarter of that most popular novelist's audience. We like best the little drop-curtain scenes that come between the big sporting tableaux. They are full of gay and picturesque studies of the life of the wandering showmen of the countryside. Personally we were rather disappointed when an opening scene of this sort was changed for a succession of lurid pictures of night-life in London among the rich but disreputable patrons of the prize-ring. For we felt that Mr. Edgar had it in him to write a fine and unusual romance about the modern showmen of England. As it is, he has given us a bright and intensely interesting melodrama of modern sport—one of the best and most successful books of its kind that we have ever enjoyed.

Mr. George Edgar.
A caricature by F. Gardiner.

GRANNIE FOR GRANTED. By Mrs. George Wemyss. 5s. (Constable.)

Every intelligent youngster knows that the whole duty of grandmothers is to spoil their grandchildren, but it has been left to Mrs. George Wemyss to proclaim that duty as the supreme joy of a woman's life. "To be completely happy," according to Mrs. Wemyss, "a woman can be a wife, may be a mother, but *must* be a grandmother"; and she proceeds to clinch her argument with a story which no one could have written but the author of "The Professional Aunt." "Grannie for Granted" has something of the William De Morgan touch in its title ("Alice for Short," for example), and, like William De Morgan's work, the secret of its success lies not so much either in its plot or its style as in its author's own personality. It does not matter whether Mrs. Wemyss writes as a child of "Things we Thought of," or as a "Professional Aunt," or even as an amateur grandmother; she sees everything through the rose-coloured glasses of the Golden Age, and writes because she must, with a sunny outlook, a large charity, and an absorbing love of children. "Very sweet and very charming" is the verdict passed upon "Grannie for Granted" by one gentle reader who knows all Mrs. Wemyss's books by heart. For Mrs. Wemyss is essentially a novelist for gentlewomen—those gentlewomen who, in spite of all the shrieking feminism of to-day, have succeeded in preserving the noblest ideals of English womanhood, as well as—the gods be praised—a saving sense of humour.

THE SINS OF SEVERAC BABLON. By Sax Rohmer. 6s. (Cassell.)

There is something extremely original about this story, and it should go far to ensure its success. Séverac Bablon is a high-minded man who becomes the possessor of the original Seal of Solomon. One feels that it is not quite fair upon such mundane individuals as Scotland Yard detectives and Pinkerton's men to expect them to prove equal to such a magic and mystic force. Séverac Bablon uses the power entrusted to him to punish many of his fellow-Israelites for extreme cupidity, and it makes highly entertaining reading when Mr. Julius Rohscheimer, Baron Hague, Mr. J. J. Oppner, Mr. Anthony Elschild, and other wealthy members of the chosen race, are compelled to figure in subscription lists for the benefit of Embankment outcasts, hospital wings and aeroplane forces. The amounts are staggering, and the protests from the unwilling donors are not less startling. Perhaps the mystic nature of Séverac Bablon is not emphasised quite enough in the early part of the book, but it is a tale that we recommend

heartily. Hospital secretaries and all those whose business it is to raise money for charities will find it particularly delightful.

MONKSBRIDGE. By John Ayscough. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Children, I've had a legacy," are the important words on the first page of this novel, which lead to all that follows. Mrs. Auberon's legacy consisted of a furnished house at Monksbridge and the interest of six thousand pounds. Mrs. Auberon was a widow with twin daughters aged seventeen, and a son, aged fifteen. Mr. Ayscough's dialogue is what all written dialogues should be; it is pertinent, revealing, clever and natural. He might have told us a thousand times that Sylvia, the elder twin, was clever (and indeed he allows most of his characters to tell one another so), but we should not have been impressed by it as much as we are by half a page of Sylvia talking. Sylvia was ambitious for her family, and was only saved from being an arrant snob by being instinctively a lady. Marjory, the younger twin tells the story, and is a clever Boswell to her sister's Johnson, but reveals her own nature delightfully too. The book's subtle surprise lies in Perkin, the brother, and here the author, out of the mouth of this lovable, slangy boy, voices a cry of the Catholic against the changes which have come over the old Catholic schools. "Here am I receiving the education Cardinal de Belesme left the money to pay for—and Herbert, who belongs to his church, not eligible to receive it, because he *does* belong to the Cardinal's church," says Perkin angrily. And in the end Perkin changes his faith, and Marjory changes her faith, and a fine to-do there is about it all. But the book, like Sylvia, is clever and entertaining from cover to cover, and Monksbridge society is before us clear as day.

LIMELIGHT. By Horace Wyndham. 6s. (John Richmond.)

Mr. Horace Wyndham is evidently familiar with that side of theatrical life that can only be really known to those who have lived on it. He knows of its hardships, its pleasures, its bitter disappointments, the poverty that dogs the heels of those who never rise above the lower levels of the profession, and of the harpies who, under the guise of theatrical agents, are always waiting to prey upon unsophisticated aspirants. Something of all this enters into "Limelight." The story is mainly of the adventures of Constance Ardenne and Eliot Bingham. They meet in the offices of a swindling agent, who successfully swindles both of them; companions in misfortune, they are drawn into friendship with each other, and the friendship ripens into love. In London, and touring in the provinces, they act in the same companies; Eliot will not accept an engagement unless they are both engaged; and the life of the fourth-rate actor is cleverly unrolled before you with all its shifts and difficulties. But there is no presenting the mummers as a loose and immoral crew; you are made to realise that there are many poor among them, some fools, some wastrels, some rascals, but that, on the whole, they are neither more nor less human than the rest of us. They capture your sympathies by their naturalness, their good nature and genial unconventionality. Eliot is a successful dramatist at last, and he and Constance are going to rise into higher circles, but you feel that they will scarcely meet with more likeable or more interesting people in their new life than they leave behind in their old. "Limelight" is a well written, thoroughly entertaining story, one of the happiest of theatrical romances, as well as one of the truest.

Mr. Horace Wyndham.

THE QUESTING BEAST. By Ivy Low. 6s. (Secker.)

Rachel Cohen is a typist in an insurance office, alone in the world, and entirely dependent upon her own activities for her living. Probably this accounts for a good deal of her story, but you must add to it also her cleverness (which develops later into literary genius) and her luck. This last was at first bad enough, but at the end of the book it changes and becomes incredibly good. Here is the defect in the history of Rachel: one cannot seriously believe in its likelihood. She is far too lucky. There are not many girls who, having got themselves into difficulties, can run against a London landlady who is willing to board them for nothing while they employ their spare time in writing successful novels. However, this is only a part—and the lesser part—of "The Questing Beast." The real interest of the book is to be found in its account of the unlikeable heroine's emotional adventures, which is done convincingly and with brilliance. It invests "The Questing Beast" with an importance to which the book could not otherwise lay claim, and makes ample amends to the reader for many crudities and inequalities in the telling of the story. Miss Low may be unpleasant, but not for a moment can one doubt her sincerity. In the meantime "The Questing Beast" is no improvement upon "Growing Pains."

LETTERS FROM LA-BAS. By Rachel Hayward. 6s. (Heinemann.)

There are abusive and pessimistic letters from Lyons; sad, grey letters from Baron's Court; and letters of gold and rose from Nice, where everything is bright and fair, and the glorious sun makes the poor feel rich, and the rich happy. In Lyons the letter writer is cooped up with her old grandfather, who is an archæologist, and he and Lyons bore her to death. Then comes the great deliverance, in the form of an offer of a position in the Nice Magasin du Thé, "to take orders for tea and cakes from already overfed people." And she has a gorgeous time. Mesdames les Patronnes are charming Irish ladies, who provide her with some excellent material. "They are a glorious mass of incongruities, for they get up in the dawn to go to early Mass, they like 'John Jameson' and smart clothes, they bet largely on the Grand National, and every time we have a big day they promptly bolt off to Monte Carlo, and gamble with the proceeds." From Calvaire there are also many letters. "Calvaire *en fete* is just a little more terrible than Calvaire in its ordinary savage gloom." But, hateful though the place was, it bred two live things—revolt and passion—and after Calvaire the final letter was sent to the fiancé who for long had replied to none of the epistles of La Juive Errante, and the final epistle was headed: "The Entrance to the Land of Heart's Desire." "In two hours more, Stephen and I leave for Paris. You have failed me now, as always, and so I leave with no regrets and an easy conscience. One, at least, of my desires will be realised—Paris in May! Paris with my lover!" And so we leave the letter-writer on the threshold

of Love and Life. These letters are very vivid and natural and they contain many charming and delightful passages.

CARMEN AND MR. DRYASDUST. By Humfrey Jordan. 6s. (Putnam's.)

This novel is an attack upon the academic atmosphere—not the academic atmosphere in general, but that particular æther breathed by the professors and fellows of the colleges at Cambridge. The author writes most amusingly, but now and again he betrays a somewhat lamentable ignorance of the environment at which he tilts. For example, the Master of the college is not addressed abruptly as "Master," but only referred to as "the Master" when spoken of. Nor is a senior Fellow addressed colloquially as "senior," but, strange as it may appear, by his name. Nor are college dons the mean-minded, self-satisfied old women that the author paints them. Some of them are just men, no more marred by the environment in which they live their lives than the farmer or the village carpenter. Apart from this general criticism, the story is a delightful one, telling how a woman whose sympathies and outlook on life are utterly unacademic, who loved the world beyond Cambridge, gradually weaned her husband, Mr. Reginald Pontifax, a biologist of renown, from his college existence, which was hampering not only his prospects, but his immortal soul. The contrast of these two characters is admirably achieved, and the development of the don, pure and simple, into the man is worked out with skill. The Combination Room scenes, in which the Fellows of Holy Ghost college are pictured intriguing for the Mastership, are amusing if not convincing. Cambridge men will recognise some of the incidents to which reference are made, especially those relating to the method in which college accounts are kept. The author makes one of the dons, anxious to secure a reputation for economy, employ a mere accountant to inquire into the accounts. The disparity between the meat supposed to be bought for the college kitchen and the meat actually eaten is one of the things discovered, but the author refrains from relating the sequel to that old scandal which once set the academic world of Cambridge by the ears.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. By F. J. Randall. 6s. (John Lane.)

To apply the term breathless to this furious farce is to understate its pace. Mr. Randall has broken all previous speed records. His new novel is a hilarious obstacle-race, beset with unexpected pitfalls and catastrophes, and negotiated at top speed. It is an ingenious jumble of quick-change knockabout business, rough-and-tumble hide-and-seek, startling coincidences, and laughable situations. The coincidences, indeed, are so many that even Mr. Randall seems to have felt qualms at the end, and to have gone back to the beginning and inserted a foreword apologising for the amazing ubiquity of yellow tin trunks. This timely (or untimely) foreword on the ubiquitous yellow tin trunk prepares the reader for, at least, one train of coincidences. The farce begins when Mr. Alfred Hopper, a City clerk, who has lost his job, his sweetheart, and his good looks (these last in a cycle spill), is landed at Dover with somebody else's luggage. Discovering that the owner of the yellow box is the heir to a large fortune, and believing him to have fallen overboard and perished, Hopper masquerades in his shoes, and soon gets involved in an inextricable net of difficulties. His floundering efforts to escape prove useless against the wiles of the yellow box, which lures him into ever fresh and more ludicrous predicaments. "Somebody's Luggage" belongs to no doubtful category; to appreciate it you do not require a subtle sense of humour, for you must laugh generously or not at all.

JULIA. By Harold Wimbury. 6s. (Ouseley.)

Julia Clipston and Claude Mayne love each other devotedly, but there is a secret in Julia's life which, she says, must always stand between them, and their marriage must be only a marriage of the soul. She is a strange, lonely girl; she seems to belong to the solitude of the cliffs, the mysticism of the moonlit sea, and it is pity in his heart that evokes Claude's love for her. Up in London, far away from Julia, he meets a wonderfully beautiful woman, Dorothy Maxwell, a leading star on the stage; she fascinates and infatuates him; and fills a place in his life Julia could never fill. This is his tragedy: in different ways he loves both women, and each in her way returns his love. Dorothy inspires and fires him, Julia soothes him, and it is Julia whom he eventually makes his wife. In spite of this, the influence of Dorothy is ever with him and through her he realises his great ambition and becomes a famous playwright. It is only at the end he is called upon to make a final choice, and then in a moment of anguish and terror he knows at last to which of the two his love is really given, and chooses her for all time. It is a clever novel, packed with incident, full of complications and mysteries that stimulate the excitement and keep the reader enthralled. Mr. Harold Wimbury knows how to tell a good story.

Mr. Harold Wimbury.

THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT. By Thomas Nelson Page. 6s. (Laurie.)

A fine and varied collection comprising seven short stories. Mr. Page uses the most difficult of mediums with rare skill and assurance, and each story is a highly polished gem. He believes that formerly too much attention was given to things of the surface, that lately the mind has been directed more to those things which lie beneath. "From taking thought only of the things of the body we have come to ponder the treasures of the soul, and the new light has shown us that the field is no longer confined to a future state in some distant heaven, but lies here actually in our midst." Upon this deep note the author plays in "The Strangers' Pew," "The Stable of the Inn," and "The Shepherd who Watched by Night." By thus utilising a scriptural basis for a story with a modern setting and application Mr. Page gets a result equal to Mr. Frank Harris, who, it will be remembered, makes use of the same method in "Unpath'd Waters." The rest of the stories deal with seldom studied aspects of human nature and human passion.

The Bookman's Table.

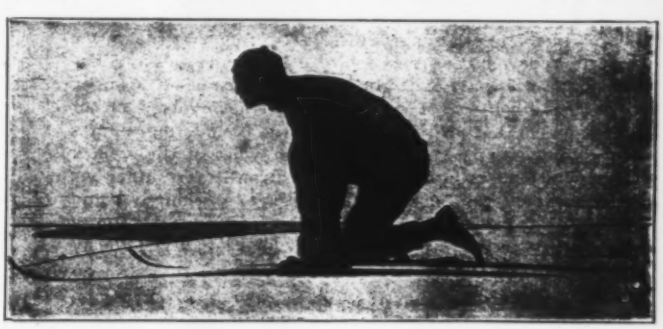
STUDIES IN PORTUGUESE LITERATURE. By Aubrey E. G. Bell. 6s. net. (Blackwell.)

In this sound and excellent volume the author has wisely refrained from attempting a compendious history of Portuguese literature. Instead of tracing the development of movements and tendencies, he presents us with biographical and critical estimates of the salient personalities in the prose and verse of Portugal. For all that, we receive implicit impressions of the creative spirit and temper of the national expression, its prolixity and reliance upon foreign models, its exquisite lyrical felicity, its *saudade* or wistfulness, its idealist, melancholy, and revolutionary bent, and the curiously mixed inter-relation between the poet's lives and their utterance. Much of its early activity was associated with the old struggle between Court and popular literature. The profound and simple Gil Vicente (*b.* 1470), and the crude but original Sa'de Miranda, of whom the "divine" Cameons was the pupil, both illustrate the dependence of Renaissance poetry upon popular ideals. Mr. Bell has a judicious and instructive chapter upon the hapless career of Cameons, whose life exemplifies the very extremities of suffering and whose verse is the radiant embodiment of its miseries. From him the author jumps, rather precipitately, to Almeida Garrett, the introspective and self-conscious poet of the nineteenth century, "all in love with melancholy and romance," founder of a national theatre, educational reformer, and, for all his brooding, a writer of natural and spontaneous imagination. Mr. Bell concludes his survey of the poets by an examination of the moderns, of whom Junquiero, "the Portuguese Victor Hugo," judging by the translations in the text, is a lyricist of very considerable power and distinction. Mr. Bell has not much to say about Portuguese prose, but he gives us a most interesting account of the two nineteenth century novelists—Branco, an extravagant romanticist, and De Queiroz, whose Oriental luxuriance of fancy has been poured into a medium, borrowed from the naturalist school of Zola. Mr. Bell, indeed, is to be congratulated upon an illuminating and vivacious critique, which cannot fail to stimulate the interest even of the uninitiated.

SWEDEN THROUGH THE ARTIST'S EYE.

STOCKHOLM THROUGH ARTIST EYES. By Carl G. Laurin. Many illustrations in colour and black and white. (Stockholm: Nordstedt.)

These tall and very slim books (the two of them hardly make 120 pages) present a series of landscape pictures of Sweden and its capital by native artists. Whether the books, which are obviously home productions, are to be taken more as a "puff" of Sweden or more as a genuine attempt to present Swedish art to alien eyes, is not altogether obvious. The text has the negligible pleasantness that one associates with the "local colour" chapters of guide-books, but some of the illustrations are certainly beautiful and striking. Reproductions from the work of Prince Eugen, Zorn, Larsson, Lindman Jansson, and many another artist whose name would be still less familiar to English ears, abound in these pages. They are of varying merit, some being little better than the sentimental pictures on Christmas cards, while others, again, are romantic and distinguished. The old-fashioned and the modern styles march hand in hand—the mid-Victorian with something uncommonly like the Cubist. If we take the books as introductions to Swedish art, they will certainly interest us; and if we take them as in the main inducements to visit Sweden, they are likely to serve their turn. For they do serve to achieve a double purpose. The art and the land of Sweden are equally unknown to the ordinary Englishman, and both are attractive. That huge country, whose northern provinces lie within the arctic regions, and whose southern provinces have a soft richness of meadow and farm, are far less familiar to us than is the rugged coast of Norway. And even in literature it is only lately that we have been introduced to Strindberg, the Swede, while we have had Ibsen, the Norwegian, dinned into our ears for many a long year. Sweden is a country that needs discovering, but, when that day arrives, its romance will begin to dwindle. It is the Nemesis of fame.



Gunnar Hallström. **Man binding on his skis.**

From "Sweden Through Artist Eyes" (Stockholm: Nordstedt).

THE POLITICIANS. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Frank Layton. 1s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Frank S. Layton has, in "The Politicians," a theme of which he might have made much more had he resisted the evident temptation to be smart rather than sincere. Lord Sunningham, a fatuously futile aristocrat, decrees that his son, The Hon. Peter Baldwyn, shall stand as Parliamentary candidate for a Midland manufacturing town, where his father is the ground landlord. It seems a pathetic reflection that Peter, a Cambridge man, should be so ignorant of social conditions, that he is left till the election days to discover how the poor live. As is generally the case, when people don't discover a social sense till the thirties, he turns out a rabid zealot, and speaks what he imagines to be the truth, with the result that he offends both parties and loses the election. But, as Mr. Layton has evidently a *flair* for easy dialogue, he would be well advised to copy his types from Nature, rather than resort to "old play" characters like Lady Patchway and Lord Sunningham. The easily-said thing, though it may be the smartest, is not always the true thing. This explains why a good deal of the humour is mechanical rather than illuminating.

REGION OF LUTANY. By Winifred Ellerman. 1s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This little book of verse lives up to its title. Seas, skies, valleys, hills and cities are invested with a dreamy atmosphere till they appear more visionary than real. If the reader is not led quite into the country of dream-music he must at least feel that he has touched the border-land and heard the distant strains of Utopian lyres. Still in her 'teens, Miss Ellerman has travelled far and seen much. Of the fourteen short poems in the book, seven are dated from foreign lands, and glimpses of foreign scenery give tone to the whole. Certainly, to the average person, to be free from the necessity of toil and able to see the world in ease and affluence are decided and enviable advantages, but it may well be doubted if they are conducive to the development of the best in a young poet of such promise. We confess to a feeling of disappointment that so little in these verses is inspired by the circumstances of English life and the enchantment of English surroundings. But a first effort is to be judged by its promise rather than by its fulfilment, and Miss Ellerman sings the spring anemones of Sicily, the olive slopes of Corfu, and the "dreaming Ionian sea" with such sweetness that much may be expected when the surpassing charms of her native land

make their irresistible appeal to her. And, with experience, she will cease to use archaic words and novel hybrids such as " tristfulness " and " ceintured " where " sadness " and " girdled " would express the thought so much better. But, after all, it is this ever-repeated refusal to accept the conclusions arrived at by the experience of others that gives youth its immortal charm. Perhaps no writer ever began a literary career without feeling that the language of his fathers needed amplification in order to express his ideas, and certainly no English writer ever closed his career without realising that his greatest thoughts were poor compared with the fulness and richness of expression at his disposal. Such lines as :

" Leave thou the sunset fire,
The clinging dawn,
The lonely contemplation of the night."

show that Miss Ellerman has the root of the matter in her.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

The Quest of the Dream, by Edna Kingsley Wallace (6s.), is a story that develops in the course of an interesting correspondence—sundry letters written by Doria French, an American girl, to a mythical person named John ; letters exchanged between Doria French and David Hartnell ; and letters written by Doria French from New York to her friend Barbara West. This fascinating correspondence could provide food for endless essays and argument, for Doria is a girl who has opinions on everything, and her view of life is sane and refreshing. Written vivaciously and sparkling with humour, the letters touch on deep things, life's great unsolvable problems, on love and art, men and women, but as easily turn to flippancy and frivolity. " Definition of ' womanly,' " Doria writes when David Hartnell is yet only an acquaintance, and before he has commenced to play his important part in her life, " an innocently naïve word used by benighted masculines who neither know nor wish to know what a woman is, but only what they would like her to be ! . . . A woman, let me tell you, wants to be loved for herself not for her resemblance to the rest of her sex." A love story runs through the letters and reaches its climax when Doria suddenly comes to the conclusion that David does not need her in his life and tries to turn her heart away from him.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

Leaves from a Housekeeper's Book, by the author of " From Kitchen to Garret " (5s. net). To anybody on the point of starting a home of her own and bewildered about the question of housekeeping, this book will come as a real boon. In a bright, interesting style, the author chats of her own wide experiences as a housekeeper, telling anecdotes and throwing out innumerable hints and suggestions that the uninitiated housewife will find invaluable. Her last book from " Kitchen to Garret " went into its eleventh edition and was gladly welcomed by the fortunate young housekeepers of that day into whose possession it came. It is impossible to convey any idea of the wealth of information this new book on the same inexhaustible subject contains ; it should certainly find a place on the bookshelf of every woman who is desirous of running a house on methodical and sensible lines.

MESSRS. F. WARNE & CO.

Our Navy, by Archibald Hurd, with a Preface by the Earl of Selborne, K.G. (1s. net), is the third volume in Messrs. Warne & Co.'s Imperial Library, and, as a sort of waistcoat pocket history of " the elder Service," it is altogether admirable. Naturally not more than a mere thumbnail sketch of so great a subject could be got, even by the kind of hydraulic pressure of a veritable genius in condensation, into 270 pp. of 5 in. by 3 in. letterpress. Yet Mr. Hurd gives us much in little room, and at the same time his is far from being a dry tabulation of facts. We get the keynote of his work in the two opening sentences : " History has usually been studied through the spectacles of the student rather than the telescope of the mariner. The poet, with his keener, larger vision, has often recognised what the historian has ignored." Another proof of the author's quality is seen in his comments arising out of Blake's defeat of Van Tromp on June 2nd and 3rd, 1653. He writes : " It is a common belief that of strategy in naval battles of those days there was practically none. On the other hand, it is impossible that a number of ships, ranging from forty to one hundred, could have been led to victory unless there was some recognised formation which the commander could use. It is true that people did not write essays on tactics in those times ; but there is evidence that the natural order of a fleet, which fights with its broadside, was familiar to Blake. That was the famous line of battle "—from which came the term " line-of-battle ship " and " first-rater." Again : " Penn said to Pepys in 1666 that the Dutch always fight in a line, ' and we, whenever we beat them.' " Of course. And what of the well-known crescent formation ? To suppose that a fleet went into an engagement in a sort of Irish fair riot, each commander acting for himself only, and Davy Jones or a foreign prison for the unlucky or inefficient, is sheer nonsense. This and many other items of deduction Mr. Hurd works in amongst his bare facts, and always with such commendable clarity and brevity as to make his little book quite well worth keeping as a kind of index and introduction to necessary larger works on the same theme.

THE SUNRISE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

It is impossible to give any adequate consideration to Mr. Arthur Bennett's new book, **Some Plain Words to the English People** (2s. 6d. net) without touching on political views with which we are not always in accord ; therefore we shall content ourselves with a brief commendation of the author's general tone and outlook. He writes in the best spirit of patriotism, passionately in earnest, and with the higher interests of his country very much at heart. His warnings are timely and not to be ignored ; his suggestions for bettering the lot of the working poor are often admirable ; his ideas on the fairest way of raising revenue have much to recommend them ; there are excellent chapters on town planning ; the right to work, and the right to play. He is temperate and just on the question of woman's suffrage and not less so on the Home Rule problem. His survey of national conditions and prospects is wide and penetrating, and the hope and end to which he has written is that of " brotherhood, and unity, and peace " throughout the Empire. Wise and eminently suggestive, at once idealistic in its aims and practical, this is a book from which the thoughtful reader, interested in his country's welfare, will get both pleasure and profit.

MESSRS. HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM.

There is a distinction about **Ffynon the Sin-Eater,** by " A Whisper " (6s.), which we find hard to particularise. Perhaps its simplicity both in design and execution is arresting ; perhaps it is the effect of the " local colouring " which gives the impression of real insight into Welsh character and scenery. Whatever it is, the book is a credit to its author, and we avoid the use of the possessive pronoun because we are honestly puzzled over the writer's sex. The story is the familiar one of a wife without a wedding ring, wooed and won by a disappointed husband who is in ignorance of his new love's antecedents. When he realises the truth he fights his anger with little success, and the end is tragedy. Such is the plot, but it is in the character of Ffynon Morgan, the daughter of a religious maniac, that the interest centres. In her is gathered all the superstition and emotionalism of the Celt, and in the portrayal of her passionate love for her dying child, the writer displays much artistic skill. As a Welshman, the present reviewer is glad to read an emphatic statement from Sir Owen Humphreys, a minor character, that the morals of Wales are no worse and no better than those of any other country. If this writer knows the Welsh tongue, " A Whisper " should find a welcome in Wales.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD.

In **" The Vaudevillians "** (6s.) an anonymous author gives to the world an impressive, though rather incoherent, account of life behind the scenes of the music-halls as it was some fifteen or more years ago. Bereft of its motley and tinsel, one finds that it was a grey, even a sordid, affair ; but the author does her best not to make it too depressing—and succeeds to a moderate extent. The book is practically plotless and is not particularly well written, but it is effective in spite of these disadvantages, and it has a good deal of value as a " human document." Possibly autobiographical, it is almost certainly truthful according to its lights, and is well worth reading.

MESSRS. T. WERNER LAURIE, LTD.

My Bohemian Days in Paris (10s. 6d. net), a brightly and lightly written book of gossip relative to the student days of the well-known artist and war correspondent Mr. Julius M. Price, will form pleasant reading for those for whom Paris has attractions, as well as for the students of to-day and yester year. It is scarcely a book, however, to place in the hands of young people generally, for the author describes what he has seen, and he has seen a good deal more of the shady life of nocturnal Paris than most people. In places we must confess that we have been amazed at his frankness. He calls a spade a spade with a wealth of descriptive detail that is at times startling. Nevertheless much of his book is valuable as a personal and (we know from experience) a reliable record of things as they were. One traces Mr. Price's evolution from the state of a *nouveau* to that of a finished and successful artist. And in the process he gives us many illuminating glimpses of the student life, and student pranks of past times. As he says in his preface the district and life he describes is one where " the conventional has no attractions." It is a region of high spirits ; where eccentricity even in its wildest and most outrageous forms is winked at benevolently by the authorities. On the whole, with certain lapses from good taste in the writing and in the illustrations, it is a readable, spiritedly-written book—for those who know and have seen something of life, but it is for the sophisticated only.

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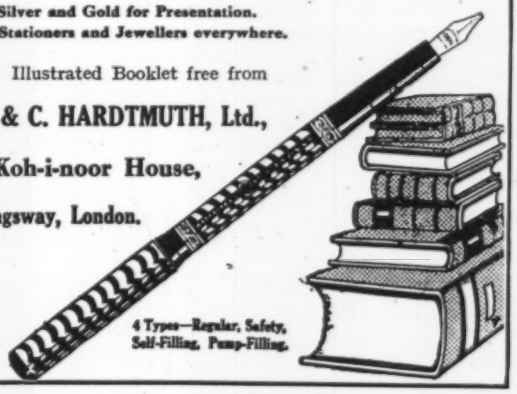

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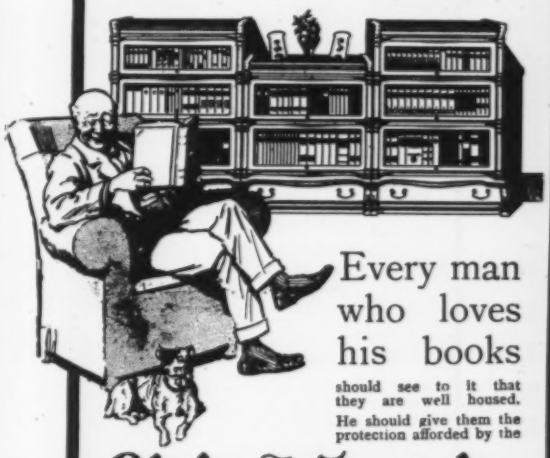

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From The Story of Dorothy Jordan by Clare Jerrold, which Mr. Nash will publish shortly.

MRS. JORDAN.
(From a statue in the possession of Lord Munster.)

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.

By J. P. OLIVEIRA MARTINS. Translated, with Additions and Annotations, by James Johnston Abraham and William Edward Reynolds. With 12 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is almost impossible to believe that this is the first British translation of this book; yet such is the case, and we cannot be too thankful to Mr. Johnston Abraham and Mr. William Edward Reynolds, who have admirably Englished the book out of the Portuguese of Senhor J. P. Oliveira Martins, and have added some very helpful annotations. Sometimes there is nothing to wonder at in the fact that a

book gains classic dignity in the land of its origin, and remains, even in these days, unknown to languages outside that country. Such an occurrence may be due to the book being a strongly-marked individualistic expression of the genius or temperament of a peculiarly detached people, or one that appeals, for some other reason, only to such a people. But here we have a man and his times, both of which are universally and intensely interesting, are supposed to be somewhat known to every well-informed person, and, indeed, are known more or less to most of us. Therefore it is all the more strange that no exploring bookman found and gave us this vivid narrative before now.

As for the work of Senhor Martins and the rendering into English, the one is masterly and the other is faithful. We are presented with a finished full-length portrait of the young man who, while fighting the Moors in nearer Africa, was the first of whom we know to prosecute enquiries as to geographical matters on the other side of that great continent, with a view to sailing around what was, sixty odd years later, discovered by his fellow countryman, Bartholomew Diaz, and named Cape of Tempests; but which name the King, John II., soon changed to Good Hope, because of the hope it gave them all of reaching the Indies that way. Back in the first half of this century, the fifteenth, young Prince Henry experienced that hope during his sojourn on the rocky promontory of Sagres, to which rather desolate place he retired when his father, John I., forbade him, after their return from conquest in Morocco, to sail on a voyage of discovery along the African coast, with the object of reaching India. But though Henry was thus denied his most ardent wish, he kept to his general aspirations to find out what secret lands there were beyond the horizon that bound in his westerly and southerly outlook. And in this he was no doubt helped by some tenacity of purpose inherited from his mother, Philippa, daughter of old John of Gaunt, who had turned the libertine court of Portugal into a seminary of morality by ordering marriage between all those lords and ladies who were living and loving without due respect to the rites of the Church.

From Greek Sculpture and Modern Art (*Cambridge University Press*).

HEAD OF THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES, OLYMPIA.

Senhor Martins tells us that the young man was at this time "tall, broad-shouldered, long-limbed, bronzed almost negroid by the sun and the south winds"; and that "his hair was thick, shaggy and black, like his heavily-moustached face." Thus we see in him a fairly typical Portuguese, with all his outward marks and features proclaiming those Phœnicians from whom he was supposed to have been descended on his father's side, and with nothing of his English mother in his appearance. But we cannot agree with either Senhor Martins or his translators that "Henry was totally deficient of those finer qualities, those Saxon characteristics transmitted through Philippa to his other brothers." And if his later fits of cruelty did seem to prove the Phœnico-Latin in him, were there at that time no Englishmen who were just as cruel, or even more so? Of course there were, and have been ever since then; and while this prince could be as ruthless and blind to pain in others as any of his forbears had been, he could and did devote himself to the higher branches of the science of navigation. He was the first European to use, and in some way to improve, what came to be known as the mariner's compass, and he was largely the discoverer of the astrolabe. He loved arms and feared no hardship or danger; but he loved also astronomy, mathematics, and the like, and was always filled with the explorer's passion of curiosity.

From Greek Sculpture and Modern Art (*Cambridge University Press*).

LE BAISER. (by Rodin.)

Still, the book is far from being all of Prince Henry. "Golden Age" in the title is quite right, for it vividly and fascinatingly paints us the men and the times when Portugal rose out of a very insignificant country to be what Carthage and others had been, and what Spain was to be, and England and Holland later still; all by nautical discovery.

conquest and colonisation. But while the Dutch and ourselves have prospered by the planting of colonies, and have proved to be the only really successful colonising countries of Europe, Spain and Portugal, after gaining power by the same means, have found their colonies to be like idle, overgrown children on a widowed mother in failing health. And much of this idea is seen in Senhor Martins' work, for to him Prince Henry was no classical hero; perhaps that is one reason why he fills his sparkling record with so much adventure, plot and murder, battle and travel, such as we know to have happened in the rise of every country to mediæval power.

J. E. PATTERSON.

GREEK SCULPTURE AND MODERN ART.

By CHARLES WALDSTEIN. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Sir Charles Waldstein, in these two lectures delivered to the students of the Royal Academy of Art, had for his text one of the oldest, and yet the most inexhaustible, of themes. An experienced critic, he was able to disentangle from the varying practices of the artists of to-day their most essential principles, and to set them side by side with the principles that animated the Greeks in their development of their triumphant art of sculpture. Sir Charles illustrated every point in his lectures with references to particular pieces of sculpture both ancient and modern, and the main theme of the lectures was a warning to students to follow the Greeks in their aims and methods of attaining those aims rather than to allow themselves to drift unitatively into the insipid new classicism of Canova and Thorwaldsen or on the other hand to give themselves up to a grave tendency visible among modern artists towards producing works of ugliness and lacking harmony under the specious plea of an ardent worship of Nature and Truth. As an example of this inharmonious and ugly modern work Sir Charles chose Rodin's "La Vieille Heaulmière," and showed that the subject must illustrate an idea brought to it by the beholder, but not inherent in the sculpture itself, whence to anyone not familiar with Villon's verses and their tragedy, the statue is merely a copy of a repulsively old and ugly woman. The arguments are well stated, and while in all these questions there is much to be said on both sides, we must accept Sir Charles's lectures as putting one side very clearly and interestingly. The value of the book is much increased by its inclusion of photographic reproductions of all the seventy-eight pieces of sculpture referred to in the text.

MARBLE HEAD IN DRESDEN.

From **Greek Sculpture and Modern Art** (*Cambridge University Press*).

ESSAYS AND STUDIES.

Presented to WILLIAM RIDGEWAY, D.Sc., LL.D., Litt.D., F.B.A., on his Sixtieth Birthday. Edited by E. C. QUIGGIN, M.A., Ph.D. 25s. net. (Cambridge Press.)

It was a pleasant and unique idea to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of Professor Ridgeway by presenting

From **A Short History of Italian Painting,** by A. V. V. Brown and William Rankin, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.

him with this large and handsomely produced volume of essays and studies specially written by his friends and published in honour of the occasion. It bears testimony not only to the extraordinary range of the Professor's own interests but to the number and eminence of those who admire him and hold him in affectionate regard, for since there are limits to even the largest book it would go without saying, if the editor had not said it in a prefatory note, that the fifty contributors to these pages are only some of the many who were eager to join in the project. There is an introductory poem in Greek by Mr. John Harrower, and one in English by Mr. A. D. Godley in his most delightfully whimsical vein. The essays are divided into three sections: one devoted to studies in the classics and ancient archæology; one to mediæval literature and history, and one to anthropology and comparative religion. It would be a brave reviewer who set forth to criticise Professor Mahaffy's paper on "The Arithmetical Figures used by Greek Writers during the Classical period," or Professor Flinders Petrie's on "Some Royal Signets"; Mr. S. A. Cook's on "The Evolution and Survival of Primitive Thought," or Mr. E. Thurston's on "The Number Seven in Southern India." Every essay is written by one who is an acknowledged authority on his subject. The book is a very monument of erudition; its appeal is to the student, but it is profoundly interesting, as well as profoundly learned.

"While Ridgeway lives, Research can ne'er be dull," sings Mr. Godley, and no one can read these essays without feeling that their writers are worthy to be friends of the man of whom that can be said.

From **The Life of Henry VII.** (*Constable*).

KING HENRY VII.
(From a picture in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries.)

From **Essays and Studies presented to William Ridgeway** (*Cambridge University Press*).

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, ON A RED-FIGURED LÉKYTHOS FROM RUVO, SHOWING THE APPLE AWARDED TO THE HERA OF POLYKLEITOS.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARIA STELLA

(Lady Newborough).

By HERSELF. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

A curious book might be written on the problems of paternity in royal and noble families, the old saw about the wise child and its father applying with peculiar force where the bluest blood is concerned. Did James VI., for example, ever wonder whether he was the son of Darnley, or of the base-born Italian whose murder that "young fool and proud tyrant" so fully saw to its treacherous end? Did Louis Philippe doubt whether he was born of Philippe Egalité, or of the Italian gaoler Chiappini? Whatever James VI. may have thought, we know that Louis Philippe did his best to suppress the memoirs of Maria Stella when they were published in the 'thirties of last century. Maria Stella was then Lady Newborough, and determined, as she said, to establish her claim—that Louis Philippe and herself had been exchanged at birth—or die in the attempt. These memoirs are now republished in English in order to bring them, as the emotional M. Boyer d'Agen says in his introduction, "within reach of honest minds which have a full right to form an opinion on a case of such barbarity and of such national interest." The lineage of Lady Newborough still flourishes at Glynllifon, in Wales, but it is doubtful whether it will be grateful for this revival of interest in the romance of the little ballet-dancer, whom its grandfather married when he was old enough to know better.

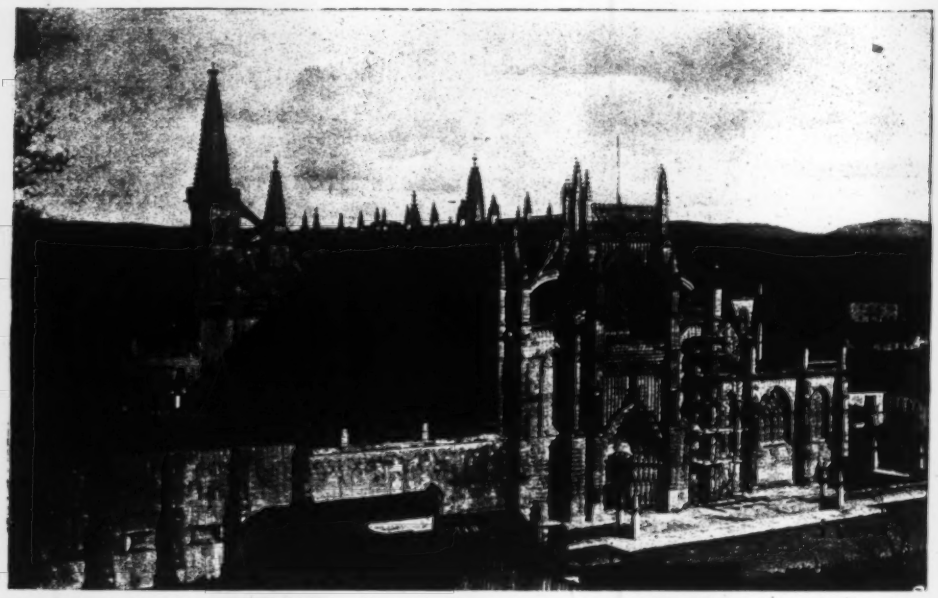
From **Religion and Art,** by Alessandro della Seta, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish shortly.

MADONNA DEI LINAIOLI. BEATO ANGELICO (UFFIZI, FLORENCE.) (*Photo:* Alinari.)

From **A Short History of Italian Painting,** by A. V. V. Brown and William Rankin, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.

BATTLE OF AEGIDIO, by Ucello.

5



From **The Golden Age of Prince Henry the Navigator** (*Chapman & Hall*).

THE MONASTERY AT BATALHA.

Maria Stella had no idea at that time that any mystery surrounded her birth, and was so shamefully treated by her alleged parents that her reluctance to marry the wealthy English nobleman, who obviously adored her, strikes us as rather overdone. It was not until the death of her husband, as well as of both her parents, that she received Chiappini's repentant letter, confessing that she was not his daughter, but born of "a person I must not name," and substituted for the son who had been born to him on the same day. That Maria Stella was not the gaoler's daughter is more than likely; but her claim that her real father was the vicious Egalité, and that she was sacrificed for the boy who lived to become Louis Philippe, can never be proved to everyone's satisfaction, however firmly she may have convinced the ecclesiastical tribunal of Faenza on the subject. No fact which she adduces in these romantic memoirs is so stubborn as that which places Maria Stella's birth in April, 1773, while Louis Philippe, according to all accredited history, was not born until the following October. Many disreputable things happened in Egalité's degraded life, but to foist upon a suspicious world a six-months'-old child as a newly-born baby needed the powers of the Prince of Darkness himself instead of those of a Prince of the Blood Royal.

From **Great Malvern Priory Church** (*Bell*).

INTERIOR. WEST VIEW.

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

By P. MACGREGOR CHALMERS.

GREAT MALVERN PRIORY CHURCH.

By the REV. CANON ANTHONY DEANE. (Cathedral Series.) Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of our ancient churches either as works of the supreme art of architecture or as epitomes of history and of reverence. To-day we give them more discerning honour than they had too often in late generations, when the hand of the well-meaning restorer lay heavy on them, even to the obliteration of much irreplaceable dignity and beauty. So much for the stone and lime, but the breath and spirit of the place is no less truly esteemed. Learned and painstaking enthusiasts sift out their history, search through old documents, charters, public and private archives, and rejoice in restoring a true tale. Glasgow Cathedral, with a physical history dating from the twelfth century, and its site hallowed from the sixth, when St. Kentigern was in Galloway; Malvern Priory, with its eight hundred and thirty years of story; both still shrines and centres of active Christian work, are among our best legacies from the Middle Ages. And these little books give full and serious accounts of their foundation and history, and complete description of their structure and architecture. It is a matter of regret that Glasgow has none of its ancient glass, while Malvern is to be congratulated on having so much of its magnificent stained glass, dating from the fifteenth century, still in its lovely windows. Both books are most carefully written and copiously illustrated, and are fit and worthy recruits to Messrs. Bell's Cathedral Series.

BEAUTIFUL SWITZERLAND:

Villars, etc. Chamonix and its Environs.

Painted and described by G. FLEMWELL. 2s. net each. (Blackie & Sons.)

Switzerland becomes every year better known and nearer to us in Great Britain. Messrs. Blackie have

recognised and helped this entente by arranging a series of excellent books on different districts of the country, written by Mr. Flemwell, who has a peculiarly intimate knowledge of Switzerland, and who is famous for his paintings of its striking scenery. His descriptions are exceedingly happy in style and in selection, there is nothing of the commonplace guide-book about them, but an intimate personal handling of matters that he has enjoyed himself, and that he enjoys writing about. Local history, local legends, gossip of famous people who have visited the various places mentioned, tales of mountaineering, bits of plant and flower lore, passages from great writers, all delightfully chosen and put together, make pleasant reading, while the illustrations in colour give an excellent comment and supplement to the text. Those who have been to Villars, Bex and Champéry and Morgins and Chamonix will be glad to have so agreeable a reminder of the scenes they knew and rejoiced among. Those who have not seen will believe and look forward to visiting so lovely a country.

From Greece of the Hellenes (*Pitman*).

THE THESEUM.

DAYS IN ATTICA.

By MRS. R. C. BOSANQUET. With 20 Illustrations (1 in Colour) and 3 Plans. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The scope of this attractively written book is sufficiently elastic to allow its author to collect a large number of varied impressions of life in Greece as it is to-day while comparing it with the Greece of past ages, to study the history of Athens and Attica, and to give some useful advice to travellers in Greece, both as to what to see and as to how to see it. Yet now, with the Balkan War finished and the triumph of the Greek arms secure, it is possible that no more than a phase in the development of the nation is here recorded. "Even the extension of the kingdom," Mrs. Bosanquet tells us, "is of secondary importance when compared with the provinces which recent years have added to the national character—reserve, forethought, self-denial. These qualities are not the results of the war. The successes of the Greek nation, when suddenly called to take up arms, were the fruit of a preliminary period of self-discipline. It was the new Greek who heralded the new Greece." "Days in Attica" de ives importance from its pleasant and varied account of many different aspects of the Greek character.

THE GOLDEN ROAD.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY. 6s. (Cassell.)

On "The Golden Road of Youth," which is the road of which Miss Montgomery writes, we meet the little group of boys and girls who have already seen light in a former volume, we understand. They live on Prince Edward Island, in Canada, and have a happy, unconventional life together. This narrative begins with plans for the starting of a monthly magazine among themselves; and the magazine appears at intervals in the pages of the book, and chronicles the children's doings. They have their adventures and their pleasures and squabbles; and the style of life has freshness and interest to an English public of young people. We get an outline of a grown-up romance now and again. There is nothing markedly imp essive about the volume, which is a chronicle rather than a story, but it has a certain homely

From Days in Attica (*Methuen*).

NORTH-EAST ANGLE OF THE PARTHENON WITH THE HILL OF LYCABETTUS.
Photo: Alinari.)

From Henry II. (*Const: ble*).

THE MURDER OF BECKET.
From Harl. MS. 5102.

appeal, and is successful in its characterisation. We are sorry that we could not rid ourselves of the impression that it is all told by a girl, instead of by a boy.

THE LAND OF OPEN DOORS.

By J. BURGON BICKERSTETH, B.A. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Wells Gardner.)

It is, of course, Canada that is meant by "The Land of the Open Door" of Mr. Bickersteth's title, and in this case more especially the Canada of the Far West, through which the new Trans-Continental Railway runs, the Canada which lies to the north of the great highway of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has hitherto represented, as it were, the very centre of Canada for those who have journeyed from Quebec to Vancouver. Mr. Bickersteth spent two years as a layman on the staff of the Archbishop's Mission at Edmonton, and his district took him up to the ever-advancing railhead which was pushing the new highway at the rate of a mile a day through the new country The letters which he wrote home—simple, vivid, impressive—form the basis of a book of remarkable interest to all who are in any way concerned in the extraordinary building-up which is still going on, and likely to go on to an end which no man can foresee. These letters are written in a frank and engaging fashion and, while they do not minimise the difficulties awaiting the settler, are more impressive than the highly-coloured invitations of immigration agents. Perhaps the best recommendation of the book is to be found in the fact that those who have themselves been in the Far West recognise at once its fairness and accuracy; it is one of the very best volumes of its kind, and well worthy of the warm commendation it receives in a prefatory note from Earl Grey. The numerous photographs with which the work is illustrated will show at once the nature of the country in northern Alberta, the rapid growth of settlements into towns, and the conditions of railway-laying. It is a book which, without any stressing of the advantages, any minimising of the difficulties, is likely to turn the attention of many of its readers to the "open door" of the West.

From Napoleon in Exile at Elba (1814–1815), by Norwood Young, which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish shortly.

A CONTEMPORARY CARICATURE

From St. Margaret's, Westminster
(*Smith, Elder*).

THROUGH JUBALAND TO THE LORIAN SWAMP.

By I. N. Dracopoli, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

The pioneers of European civilisation are gradually pushing their way into almost every unexplored part of the earth's surface. Africa, in particular, is receiving so much attention that, as M. Dracopoli points out, the days of adventurous exploration there will soon have gone for ever. There are some spots at present, however, such as Jubaland, which are unexplored, and where the inhabitants are living in the same fashion that their ancestors lived in centuries ago, and it is thus possible to get a record of their habits and customs before the onward rush of the white mass obliterates all old marks. To gather facts anent Jubaland, M. Dracopoli then set himself. He paid special attention to the geography, the people, and the natural history of the country he traversed, and one of the results is this most interesting and useful book. His photographs of, and his remarks upon, the game and the wild life he encountered are particularly interesting to the student of natural history. The difficulties and annoyances—apart from the dangers—attendant upon such an enterprise may be gathered from the author's account of his entrance into the Lorian district: "At every step, thousands of mosquitoes and biting insects of every kind were roused, whilst I sank continually to my knees in the soft clinging mud." The final chapter of the book contains some excellent hints on outfit, and rules of conduct so far as treatment of the natives is concerned, and concludes: "To penetrate into the little-known regions of Jubaland requires a great deal of hard travelling; many a weary hour must be faced. Hunger, heat, fatigue, illness, and especially thirst must be endured almost daily, and, in the far interior, there is always the danger of an attack by the natives. But, on the other hand, Jubaland contains a variety of game unobtainable elsewhere, and the melancholy of its scenery cannot but attract those who appreciate Nature in her sterner moods." The book is well illustrated with interesting photographs.

IN FAR NEW GUINEA.

By Henry Newton, B.A. With 47 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Mr. Newton has an insider's knowledge of New Guinea— a thing which cannot be said of very many people—and he has, moreover, the power of putting on paper in an attractive fashion the things that he knows. There should, therefore, be an appreciative public for this "Record of work and observation amongst the Wedauan people of New Guinea, with a description of their manners, customs and religions, etc., etc."—the sub-title describes the nature of the book tersely and accurately. The illustrations are numerous and well produced.

From The Literature of Egypt,
by E. Wallace Budge, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.

From African Camp Fires, by Stewart Edward White, which Messrs. Nelson will publish shortly.

SPYING FOR LIONS FROM THE KOPJES.

of his heart his Excellency had bidden the walls be hung with verdure, flower-pots to be arranged upon the tables, which groaned beneath their weight of delicacies, the sausage-roll and the quivering jelly vying with each other for selection." And again: "Lady Jones shimmered in a perspicuous sequined gown of lace; Lady Ingram refulged in peacock blue; Mrs. Mifsud wore her pink." Perhaps we have quoted enough to give you an idea of some of the amusement you will get from "The Odd Man in Malta."

THE ODD MAN IN MALTA.

By JOHN WIGNACOURT. With 55 Illustrations from Photographs by T. M. SALMOND. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Wignacourt is a civilian—that is the reason for his oddity, in Malta, where almost every English inhabitant is connected with the Army. Perhaps—we hesitate to put it more definitely—this gave Mr. Wignacourt a broader outlook upon Maltese life. Anyhow, it gave him a different one, of which this book is a very attractive record. It is at once a guide-book to many interesting antiquities, a study of Maltese life, and a volume of pleasant chatter. And there are many amusing anecdotes, principally centring upon the naïve or indifferent use of English made by Maltese writers. Here is the Maltese journalist at a reception: "Up those hallowed steps, there crowded beauty, wit, industry, pride, modesty and desert in commotional enthusiasm to catch a glimpse of semi-royal favour. . . . Nor were the viands and decorations of a mean order; in the bounteous generosity

From Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp (*Seeley, Service.*)

A MARABOU STORK.

From The Land of Open Doors (*Wells Gardner*).

STEEL ENTERING TÊTE JAUNE CACHE, JULY, 1912.

MODERN MEXICO.

By R. J. MACHUGH. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

THE REAL MEXICO.

By HAMILTON FYFE. (Heinemann.) 6s. net.

There is not very much in Mr. MacHugh's book that will be unfamiliar to those who have read the numerous non-political volumes which, in recent years, have been written about Mexico. "This volume," says the publisher, "deals with the conditions which have

prevailed in Mexico since the resignation of Diaz, with special reference to the effects of the policy of his successor, Madero, and of the revolution of February, 1913. In addition, there is a full discussion of the political problems which disturb Mexico at the present time." It is unpleasant to have to criticise adversely the work of a writer in one's own field, but Mr. MacHugh's harvest is really too scanty and too hastily and carelessly collected. His efforts may, to some extent, be applauded by those who have read no book on Mexico, and who have never undergone the thrill of that fascinating country; but, on the other hand, the praise of those who have some previous information is the more worth having. Anyone can see how careless is Mr. MacHugh from the fact that Señor Lascurain, the Mexican ex-Foreign Secretary and President, is called in one place Lauriscan and in another Laurican, while in the index he does not appear at all. General Miramon, who was shot by the side of Maximilian, is throughout spoken of as Miramar, perhaps in confusion with Maximilian's castle on the Adriatic. The ex-Empress Charlotte is alive, whereas Mr. MacHugh says she is dead. Most of this book consists of descriptions of various aspects of Mexico, which have nothing whatever to do with the political problems that one looks for in a book produced to-day on the Republic. If one sets out to describe a meeting of the unemployed in Hyde Park and a considerable portion of the article be devoted to the flower-beds and the trees, it can, of course, be maintained that we must regard the unemployed in their proper perspective; and if Mr. MacHugh believes that he will have readers who abjure all other books on

From **The Odd Man in Malta** (*Chapman & Hall*).

GOING A-FISHING.

From **In Far New Guinea** (*Seeley, Service*).

HOW SAGO IS PRODUCED.

From **Round the World in a Motor Car,** which Messrs. Bell will publish shortly.

THE CAMP FIRE.

From **Modern Mexico** (*Methuen*).

VISNAGO OR "BARRELL" CACTUS. (From a photograph by C. B. Waite.)

Mexico, then no doubt his book is fairly useful; but for anyone who knows anything about Mexico, far too much of it is superfluous and irritating. The illustrations will show what I mean. Mr. MacHugh does not give us one single photograph—and in Mexico the everlasting sunlight makes photography so simple!—he does not give us a single picture that has anything to do with the present political problems. His index is indifferent; he contradicts himself in the most exasperating fashion, saying three times that General Reyes was killed at the beginning of the fighting last February, and then saying that for ten days he was at the head of the rebels; and the map with which this book is furnished is really not a good map.

Much better than this is Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's little book. In the time at his disposal he has managed to obtain a very fair knowledge of the complicated conditions, and he presents his knowledge in a fresh and interesting manner. There are no illustrations, and perhaps the book is too unpretentious to require an index, but the map might with advantage have been in various colours, and have included not merely those portions of the Republic which Mr. Fyfe visited, but the whole country. On the other hand, Mr. Fyfe writes in a sympathetic manner; now and then he illustrates his argument with anecdote, and even if he is a trifle apt to regard the whole affair in the light of *opéra bouffe*, it must be acknowledged that the ludicrous is often on the surface in that bloodthirsty land. An anti-Maderist, Mr. Fyfe is a little wanting in generosity towards Madero, and a little eager to excuse his murderer and successor, General Huerta. When, for example, it is gravely laid down that Madero could not be allowed, as Huerta would have wished, to leave the country, because both the Governor of Veracruz and the local Federal commander would have insisted on paying him Presidential honours at that port, Mr. Fyfe does not explain why Tampico or Acapulco or any other port, or a stretch of uninhabited beach, could not have been chosen for the embarkation. Moreover, when Don Porfirio Diaz departed on the *Ypiranga* from Veracruz, it was General Huerta himself who saw him off, and who accorded him these illegal Presidential honours. And what has come of them? No, it was not the plan of Huerta that Madero should survive; and though Mr. Fyfe says several times that there is no evidence whatever of his complicity in Madero's death, it is not to be supposed that President Wilson, whose wife has become the intimate friend of Madero's widow, has remained in ignorance as to the manner in which Madero, lying in his bed, was slaughtered by a certain officer who

From **My Happy Hunting Grounds** (*Longmans*).

LOW WATER ABOVE STAR POOL: SALMON TRAPS.

afterwards became Huerta's Minister of War. Very truly Mr. Fyfe points out that the problem which Huerta has had to face has been a more arduous one than that which ever, except at the end of his career, confronted Diaz; for the question of agrarian reform is in the forefront and the new middle class has arisen. What is the particular value of this book is the picture it presents of a distracted country. No names are given when various acts of corruption are described, although the names of prominent Mexicans and Englishmen, not to mention other nationalities, would have made the story more interesting; but the account of the Catholic party is good. If this party could secure a fair counting of the votes it would elect practically the whole of the Congress; but so long as Huerta now and then assassinates a deputy or flings them wholesale into prison, it is not of much importance whether they belong to the party which supports or which does not support him.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MY HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

By A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Truly Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's lines have been cast in pleasant places. Even the chapter headings of his book are alluring. They tempt one to envy his good fortune, for he has ranged from Shrewsbury to Colonsay, and from Sark to the upper waters of Norway, in search of sport, and he has invariably found and enjoyed it. He writes quite charmingly about it all. There is a certain "chatty" element in his narratives of adventure and travel that suits this type of book admirably. One is warmed and elated when reading it, just as one would be warmed and elated if listening to the enthusiastic traveller telling his tales over the fire at the end of the day. Perhaps the most interesting and entertaining part of the book, however, is that dealing with Norwegian experiences. The author first visited Norway in 1865, and there caught his first salmon—a most memorable experience. It is comforting to know that, in Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's opinion, at any rate, Norway is still as charming a place for a holiday as it was fifty years ago. The "march of progress" in the modern world has not spoiled this land of mountain and streams. We cannot find space to deal with the particular incidents of the author's sporting excursions. There are records of grouse shooting, deer stalking, yachting, seal shooting and fishing of every kind. Not the least interesting part of the book are the illustrations, many of which are from drawings and pencil sketches by eminent artists. Sir John Millais and Sir Edwin Landseer have both contributed sketches to the Braemore visitor's book, some of which have been used. "My Happy Hunting Grounds" is an excellent, eminently readable book of the "light" type.

From Random Recollections (*Nash*).

GENERAL BONAPARTE AT ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

By R. CATON WOODVILLE. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The generation which has discarded the suppers of kippers and haddocks at the old Pelican Club for those at the Savoy will not mourn with Mr. Caton Woodville over the memory of those vanished Bohemian days. It will only marvel that the artist is still alive to tell the tale,

From African Camp Fires, by Stewart Edward White, which Messrs. Nelson will publish shortly.

THEN SUDDENLY WE FOUND OURSELVES IN A STORY-BOOK TROPICAL PARADISE."

after all the suppers and adventures which fill the lively pages of his "Random Recollections." Everyone on board the *Heatherbell*, for instance, deserved to go to the bottom, if we are to believe the whole of his flamboyant account of that champagne cruise to the Mediterranean, towards the end of 1888. No doubt, however, Mr. Woodville tells his stories as he paints his pictures, with a keen eye to effect. Like the sketches from the front which used to stir our young souls when he re-drew them in the pages of the *Illustrated London News* of our boyhood days they lose nothing in the re-telling, accentuating the truth just as the old campaigning pictures were a thousand times more vivid than the monotonous photographs with which the illustrated Press is nowadays content to fill its pages in war time.

It is a pity, by the way, that Mr. Woodville says nothing regarding the revolution effected by the camera in every branch of illustrated journalism. Probably he could be as eloquent on that subject as on the lack of public appreciation of battle paintings in this country, a deficiency at least partly atoned for in the admiration excited by his own works in more exalted circles. Several of his pictures hang on the walls of Windsor Castle, and he has many intimate stories to tell of the various members of the royal family who have sat to him. One of the saddest pictures he had to paint was an equestrian portrait of the late Emperor Frederick.

"It was shortly after his death," writes the artist, "and the Empress Frederick was very particular about the colour and the shape of his eyes. She wore a bracelet with a miniature of his eye painted on ivory in a medallion upon it, and stood beside me the whole time, holding the bracelet so that I should see it in the best light, and not miss any of the details."

Mr. Caton Woodville is a cosmopolitan by hereditary instinct. Although a Londoner by birth, and an English subject, his father was an American — claiming descent from handsome Elizabeth Woodville, who captured the hand and heart of Edward IV.— while his mother was of Russo-German parentage. After being educated, or, as he says, "dragged up" in Russia and Germany, he studied art at Düsseldorf, like his mother and father before him. His rollicking student days over, he lived for a while among the cheerful scoundrels of Albania in the aftermath of the Russo-Turkish War, and gives an amusing account of his experiences. One wicked Pasha whom he came to know, an ex-military *attaché* of the Turkish Embassy in London, regretted his old careless days there in words which read curiously like a Turkish paraphrase of the most familiar quatrain in "Omar Khayyám." "Ah, London," he remarked to Mr. Woodville, "I was there perfectly happy when I had one of your beautiful English ladies by my side, your *Punch* to read, my cigarettes to smoke, and a d—— good bottle of champagne." Life, sport, war and art in many lands make up the bulk of a book which overflows with entertaining anecdotes. The author was in Egypt in 1882, when he received the Order of the Medjidieh for designing the uniforms of the Egyptian Army; he accompanied the Duke of Clarence to India, where he painted portraits of native princes who did not appreciate them unless they paid more than double his usual fee in England; and he had the time of his life in Morocco, when he joined Sir W. Kirby Green in an official tour through that debatable land in 1886.

Some of Mr. Woodville's most interesting experiences, however, have been in the Bohemian world at home. When he had a studio and flat in Tite Street, Chelsea, his neighbour on the floor above was Whistler, "and a great nuisance he was, too," we are told, "as he was trotting all day long across the floor of

From With the Russians in Mongolia (*Lane*).

THE HU-TUK-TU OR LIVING BUDDHA, SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL SOVEREIGN OF MONGOLIA.
(Photograph lent by Dr. G. E. Morrisor.)

From The Gods of India, by E. Osborn Martin, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.

the studio, putting a few touches on his canvas, and trotting back to see the effect." The most Bohemian den he ever knew was that in which W. E. Wills, who was a good portrait painter, as well as a popular playwright, lived with his secretary, Russell:

"Steaks were grilled on bent wires, toast made on the point of cavalry sabres, and champagne drunk out of empty lobster tins. Wills had a curious habit of sending Russell out to buy comestibles, mostly with a sovereign, and when he brought the change Wills placed it in most curious hiding-places, and always forgot where they were. So when cash was short, Russell began poking about on the top of doors, under rugs, and in empty water-jugs, and nearly always collected enough to keep matters going for a time."

I wish the artist had included a sketch of Wills in the very worn and dirty ulster, thrown over a short nightshirt, which he generally wore in this studio, his toilet perhaps, completed by a boot on one foot, a slipper on the other, and an old solar toupee, mostly worn back to front, on his head. The majority of the illustrations are reproduced from the artist's best-known battle pictures, including one or two of the Napoleonic paintings for which he has lately received from the French President the Palme Académique.

F. A. M.

From Imperial America, by J. M. Kennedy, which Messrs Stanley Paul will publish shortly

TYPE OF MOQUI INDIAN (N.E. ARIZONA).

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN MONGOLIA.

By H. G. C. PERRY-AYSCOUGH, M.A., F.R.G.S., and CAPTAIN R. B. OTTER-BARRY, F.R.G.S. With a Preface by the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., etc., 53 Illustrations from Photographs, and a Map. 16s. net. (Lane.)

While the attention of Europe has been fixed upon the Balkans, a movement that is possibly destined to become of almost equal importance has been taking place quietly along the northern and north-western borders of China. Mongolia is becoming Russianised. Already the Russian influence is so strong that the Mongolians will probably never be able to throw it off, even if they wish to do so, and the authors of this book consider that it is only a question of time before Mongolia will become openly a dependency of Russia. That, they think, may not be altogether a bad thing; it may, indeed, improve the condition of a people which is gradually dying out and over whom the Chinese have always tyrannised. The authors' advice, however, is that England pursue the same methods as Russia in this matter towards Tibet, a country which is very similar to Mongolia, in religion, population, and methods of government. This, they say, is what the Russian diplomatists expected us to do. This volume has, therefore, a more definite interest than that of the ordinary book of travel. Its purpose is to give the British Government a hint. For the rest, however, it is well worth reading for its intrinsic interest as a record of travel in a little-known country and one which is capable of very considerable development. A large number of illustrations are an attractive feature of the volume.

From Kazan, the Wolf-Dog (*Cassell*).

"'COME, BOY—COME!' SHE SAID GENTLY."

THE WEEK-END GARDENER.

By F. HADFIELD FARTHING, F.R.H.S. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

As the author truly says, there is an ever increasing number of amateur horticulturalists who regard gardening as a most interesting hobby. They do not treat the subject lightly, as something of no consequence; on the contrary, they are quite serious and earnest in their efforts to bring forth beautiful flowers and luscious fruits. Besides this, they have another end in view, they are in pursuit of health. Their effort may be put forth on an extremely modest scale; they may be confined to a diminutive villa or cottage garden, or even within the narrow limits of a backyard, but they are regarded none the less seriously on that account. The quest for knowledge, and the desire for expert advice, are perhaps more ardent and eager in the breast of a tiller of a small garden plot than in the case of the rich owner of many acres. And it is to this type of gardener that this book appeals. It does not claim to be a complete or exhaustive study of the subject. It simply

From the new and revised edition (with new illustrations) of **Roses and Rose Gardens** (*Headley*).

sets forth the weekly tasks with which the amateur gardener is confronted, and explains how they may best be accomplished. There are thus fifty-two chapters—one for each week-end, and flowers, fruit and vegetables are dealt with. In addition to the letterpress there are a series of plates and diagrams which will be found extremely useful, every detail of the work of planting, pruning, potting, grafting and the like is given.

ELIZABETH AND MARY STUART:

The Beginning of the Feud.

By Frank Arthur Mumby. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

In the remarkable series through which he hopes "eventually to illustrate the history of England by means of contemporary letters," Mr. Frank Mumby has now carried us over the early reign and courtships of the great Elizabeth to the second marriage of her brilliant, enigmatic rival, Mary Stuart, amid the bells of which can be detected the note of doom. It is a volume of extreme and varied interest, in which comedy blends with the darker purposes of fate. Coffers stored with secret letters are unlocked for us; intrigues of love, politics and religion unfold themselves; august persons have their solemn audience of Majesty, and pass from it to the inditing of epistles wherein Majesty is talked of with the scantiest respect. It is history from the inside; history from the depths of the royal cabinet, and the quiet writing-closets of ambassador and secretary of state. It is highly entertaining; sometimes also profoundly tragical. The narrative by which Mr. Mumby connects the multifarious and well-selected letters is compressed, thoroughly informed, and exceedingly judicious. So good is it, indeed, that Mr. Mumby might with advantage have given us a little more of it.

Elizabeth is still youthful, but astute; inexperienced, but infinitely wary; and visibly enjoys intriguing her courtiers, counsellors and lovers, her Protestant and Catholic subjects. A born statesman and a born flirt, she plays off Catholic against Protestant, and one lover against another. Her Majesty and the very dangerous and gifted rival Majesty, Mary Stuart, were presently "among the world's richest prizes in the matrimonial market"; but whereas—save upon occasion—it is difficult to glimpse the real heart of Mary, we need never blind ourselves to the fact that Elizabeth has no serious notions about marriage for herself. Had she private and incommunicable reasons of her own? It may very possibly have been so. Mr. Mumby bestows a hint or two in his diplomatic way; the Queen herself, both in letters and in audience, bestows a hint or two in her own way. But the secret—if such there were—has lain inviolate.

Up and down Europe at this day, no doubt, ambassadorial gentlemen are confiding to paper the intimate things that will be precious to historians of a later generation, and fun to their readers. They were busy at it in the days of "this Queen," Elizabeth, and

Frontispiece to **The Week-end Gardener** (*Grant Richards*).

A Shady Path. Pergola with Virburnum Plicatum planted at the right-hand side. (*Photo:* J. A. James, Enfield Wash).

we are but now getting the benefit of their impressions. Philip II.'s ambassadors, the Count de Feria, and his successor, Bishop Quadra, are terribly puzzled over the Queen—her religion and her lovers—and as a rule very irate with her.

Feria :

"It is very troublesome to negotiate with this woman, as she is naturally changeable."

"I should be glad if that woman (Elizabeth) were quite to lose her head and bring matters to a point, although when I think what a baggage she is, and what a crew she is surrounded by, there is little probability enough of my wish coming true."

Quadra (who in the long run has to admit that Elizabeth is altogether beyond him) :

"Your lordship will see what a pretty business it is to have to treat with this woman, who, I think, must have a hundred thousand devils in her body, notwithstanding she is for ever telling me she yearns to be a nun, and to pass her time in a cell praying. I have heard great things of a sort that cannot be written about, and you will understand what they must be by that."

From **All About Leaves** (*Williams & Norgate*). **HONEYSUCKLE.**

"She talked all manner of nonsense, as usual, but I told her that she knew she did not believe what she was saying, and I was fully informed that her real object was to make herself Monarch of all Britain by marrying the Earl of Arran."

Touching the love affairs of Elizabeth, and the question of a husband for her (a question which, of course, she could only settle for herself, and which she seemed never in any way minded to settle), Mr. Mumby remarks that

"Elizabeth was either an abandoned flirt or a victim of cruel circumstance which she was able to turn to England's great advantage. The truth seems to be that 'she was not as other women,' as Mary Stuart wrote in years to come on the authority of both Lady Lennox and Lady Shrewsbury. . . . Whatever it was, her secret suited England's policy as none of her statesmen at the time could realise. It enabled her to play the lover

From **Rock Gardening for Amateurs** (*Cassell*). **WATERFALL IN THE ROCK GARDEN.**

From **Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two** (*Smith, Elder*). **MISS ETHEL CASE AT RED HAZEL.**

From **Elizabeth and Mary Stuart** (*Constable*).

MARY STUART IN WIDOW'S DRESS. (After the portrait by François Clouet in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.) From a photo. by Mansell.

with impunity until every marriageable prince in Christendom had been tempted with her hand, and until England's two great rivals, France and Spain, were so crippled as to leave the balance of power in Elizabeth's hands. Perhaps also it accounts for her reckless conduct with such licensed favourites as Dudley, presently the Earl of Leicester, whose familiarities with the Queen scandalised people who in those coarser times were not easily shocked."

There is due discussion in its place of the persistently mysterious tragedy of Amy Robsart, Dudley's wife. On September 8th, 1560, at the foot of a staircase at Cumnor Hall, near Oxford, this lady's lifeless body was found, with the neck broken. How is the affair accounted for? There is, apparently, no accounting for it at all; and in Scott's fine novel of "Kenilworth," the mis-statements on the subject outnumber those that are accurate. On September 8th Dudley was with the Queen at Windsor, but

"Popular opinion, always ready to believe the worst, at once jumped to the conclusion that he had murdered his wife by proxy, and that Elizabeth was a willing accessory. There was good excuse for the supposition, for the sinister rumours that Dudley meant to remove his wife in order to marry Elizabeth had been public property for months."

But, as Mr. Mumby points out, this fact in itself suggests the total improbability of so clumsy a plot. Elizabeth was not the most delicate of women, nor Dudley the most sensitive of men; but the Queen was a clear-headed woman of genius, and her gallant a man with his share of wits;

From **The Berry Papers**, edited by Lewis Melville, which Mr. Lane will publish shortly.

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.

"and to have done the very thing which they must have known would recoil upon their own heads would surely have been the height of folly." Moreover, if Elizabeth were resolved not to wed, she was under no necessity of ridding herself of the lady; and if Dudley knew his royal mistress's mind, he was under no necessity of murdering his wife. To this day, none the less, historians have interrogated in vain the problem of Amy Robsart's death.

Space here failing us, to Mr. Mumby's own pages we must send the reader for his valuable record—as far it as has advanced—of Mary Stuart. The strangest, most dramatic, and most poignant parts of her story are yet to be presented; but we have here the affair of Chastelard (victim, according to Swinburne and Froude, of one of the tragic love romances of history; "villain of the most despicable type, according to his critics"); while, with Mary's marriage to the boyish Darnley, we reach the turning-point in her career.

Enough has been said, we trust, to show what rich historical stuff is comprised in this substantial, comely volume.

From **Russia: The Country of Extremes** (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

ALEXANDER I. IN HIS YOUTH.

REMARKABLE WOMEN OF FRANCE:

From 1431 to 1749. [By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. With 17 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Among the purveyors of bright and popular history who have come so much to the fore of late years, Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard takes a prominent place. His speciality is French history, and he always writes with confidence and ability. "In the present volume he gives more intimate sketches of the remarkable women, who by their direct or reflex action, either ruled . . . or, by their talents, profligacies, and extravagances, affected the whole course of public affairs." The "subjects" treated comprise, among many others, Joan of Arc, Marie de Médicis, Anne of Austria, Madame de Montespan, Madame de Maintenon, Marie Lesczynska, and Madame de Pompadour.

ROCK GARDENING FOR AMATEURS.

By H. H. Thomas. Assisted by S. Arnott. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

Nobody with a garden, however strong his distaste may be for the labour of our first parent, can open this book without being filled with a desire to create a rock garden. The twelve direct colour photographs by H. Essenhigh Corke, which reproduce so beautifully a number of rock plants, constitute in themselves a bait to the most sluggish gardener. The book is indeed wonderfully illustrated. Besides the direct colour photographs referred to, there are sixty-four half-tone plates, and sketches too numerous to mention. Here you may find the most complete directions as to how a rock garden should be made and planted. A place in the sun is the first essential. If your garden has no bank or natural slope, then it is advisable to make a sunk garden. The stones to be used should be porous and absorbent, but very soft stone and what geologists call crystalline rocks should be avoided. Weather-beaten stones from which all suspicion of newness has been removed by long exposure, are best. The fullest and most complete instructions are given as to how and when to plant the roots or sow the seeds of the beautiful Alpine plants, how to increase your stock by cuttings, and the nature of the manure to be used occasionally. There is a chapter, too, on how to construct a bog garden, which makes a most delightful addition to the rock garden. The different flowers are dealt with exhaustively both in illustration and in print, and at the end of the book there are some nine pages devoted to helping the amateur gardener to instruct himself readily on such points as what plants like or dislike lime, what plants are benefited by glass covering in winter, what to plant in peaty soil, and what plants thrive in ordinary well-drained soil. There is also an exhaustive index, and with this book to guide him the most downhearted gardener ought to take courage, and be able to fashion into reality the pictures of his dreams.

Marie de Médicis, Bronzino, Florence.
(*Photo*, by Brogi.)
From **Remarkable Women of France**
(*Stanley Paul*).

From **An Elizabethan Cardinal**
(*Pitman*).

Cardinal Allen.
By kind permission of the Rt. Rev. Abbot of Douai Abbey, Woolhampton.

From **On the Left of a Throne.**
(*Lane*).

James Duke of Monmouth

From Honoré de Balzac (*Stanley Paul*).

BALZAC, From a sepia drawing in the Museum at Tours.

ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE.

By MRS. EVAN NEPEAN. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

It has for some considerable time been quite the thing to garnish history into popular acceptance, and by processes of whitewashing or irrelevancy to make black look white or at least a dingy grey. In other times the historical novel was forgiven its glowing indifference to facts by the slender claim it made upon history. It was intended to tell a story—to present a point of view—to arrest—to stimulate. But within quite recent years the pseudo historical work has pushed its way between the legitimate and the romantic—and with an impressive appearance of credibility and research has given us the *vie intime* of persons best left to a welcome repose or the Napoleonic qualities of gentlemen of complete historical obscurity.

In " On the Left of a Throne " Mrs. Nepean has endeavoured at any rate with sincerity to present a personal study of the Duke of Monmouth. Now whether the subject of her book was worthy of the time spent upon it, and whether such a study was called for, must rest subordinate to the manner in which she accepts the verdict of history. The personal aspect of Monmouth is admittedly imperfectly treated in history. There are only two histories of his career, both more academic than personal. One knows little enough of his early surroundings and his manner of life. But the balanced judgment of history upon the Duke of Monmouth is unfortunately not acceptable to Mrs. Nepean, nor has she patience for just those random pictures of youth and its associations that show the making of a man. To the student of history Monmouth was a vain and presumptuous young man, of average ability, and lacking in character, whose preposterous and tragic fling for a throne ended in ignominy for himself and a terrible reckoning for his foolish supporters. " The Protestant Duke " may have persuaded a few hundred rustics to take the field. He persuaded no one else. He was Protestant by policy and a Duke by courtesy of Charles.

From The House of Cecil (*Constable*).

WILLIAM, LORD BURGHLEY, K.G., RIDING ON A MULE. (From the picture in the Bodleian Library.)

From Nollekens and his Times, edited by Wilfred Whitten, which Mr. Lane will publish shortly.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS AND HIS BUST, by Charles James Fox.

Now to turn to Mrs. Nepean. She has set out to deal with the personality of Monmouth. She has included a large number of most interesting and hitherto unpublished portraits of him and of his mistress, Henrietta Lady Wentworth, and others. There is much that is new and interesting. Many readers, for instance, will hear of his five months' harbourage after the Rye House plot with curiosity. There was romance there, and no one can read of the love of Lady Wentworth for Monmouth without fresh wonder at the loyalty of women in times of affliction.

The fault that deprives Mrs. Nepean's book of much value even from the leisurely point of view is the partisan note throughout. There is also much need of compression. That Monmouth was handsome we are as ready to believe as we

are to accept "Bonny Prince Charlie," whom Mrs. Nepean considers overrated. But there was more in the Young Pretender than mere good looks. He was brave in adversity where Monmouth was a craven. He was without doubt legitimate where Monmouth had no claim to the throne. He was sincere in his belief in the Divine Right of Kings. Monmouth was merely having his fling and very unready to pay for it. One must have more than "Stuart eyes" and "Stuart hands" and what not. The following is a picture of Monmouth:

"Dancing, riding—he was amongst the finest dancers and gentlemen jockeys in the kingdom—hunting, running"—history has supported that—"raking with the best (or worst) of them. Drinking doubtless, but in spite of nearly every modern novel in which he figures as a sot, in spite of a thousand and one contemporary fault findings (how Pepys shook that hypocritical peruke over him) we have failed to find Monmouth drunk on any single occasion. . . . There were wild doings, of course, and worse than wild. A night of it in Whetstone Park resulted in "the three Dukes killing the Beadle—Monmouth, Albemarle (son of sturdy old Monk) and Somerset," etc."

From **Madame du Barry** (*Long*). **LOUIS XVI.**

Now it is all very well to say that he did not drink, but if he was sober when he and his breezy friends and the "son of sturdy old Monk"—surely as sturdy as his father—killed the unfortunate beadle, supposing that they did so, one feels that he acted in a manner shall we say somewhat cold-blooded? He was not so reckless at Sedgemoor.

Mrs. Nepean is amazingly prejudiced in favour of Monmouth. She waxes hilarious over his shortcomings—she grows immensely grave when she says that at the last "he was sure he was going to God." She confesses, for instance, that she has "laughed till she cried" over a letter from Monmouth to Lady Wemyss. Now for fear of appearing unjust and anxious to shoot arrows in the dark let us read the letter in an impartial manner.

"You cannot imagine," says Monmouth, "how troubled I am that you should believe it possible for me to forget you. I do assure you that it would be one of the last things I should ever do. But you have drawn upon yourself such a trouble that I cannot imagine how you will ever get over it, for now there will not be a post go for Scotland but will have one of my letters with it to show you how much I am and will ever be your most obedient and humble servant, Monmouth."

Now in all seriousness is that a triumph of humour? Did Lady Wemyss expire? Is Mrs. Nepean not over

From **A Little Journey in Spain** (*Grant Richards*). **THE INFANTE DON CARLOS—SON OF CHARLES IV.**

anxious to find an Admirable Crichton where there was only a pleasant enough young man? It is a minor point, but it illustrates how the author loses her heart to Monmouth. The ordinary reader is keenly alive to bias.

From **Germany** **FREDERICK THE GREAT.**

By A. W. Holland, a new volume in Messrs. Black's "Making of the Nations" series, which will be published shortly.

It is this personal note that overshadows the book. It is full of little quotations—little touches of personal colour—little side issues such as " She got her way with Cromwell, she outwitted Lord Tweeddale (we marvel that he could spell his own title; surely was never a name, unless it be our own, that presented more difficulties to correspondents)," etc.

That kind of thing bracketted with the editorial " we," which runs throughout—is a pity. It mars a sincere and patient work of love.

One can only wonder why none of the persons mentioned in the preface did not utter one or two words of friendly counsel instead of leaving it to the unfortunate reviewer,

From **The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph** (*Nash*). **THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.**

whose task would be made the happier could he praise unreservedly and with a lavish hand.

F. W.

HONORE DE BALZAC:

His Life and Writings. By MARY W. SANDARS. With an Introduction by W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D., and 9 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

This is a very welcome reprint of a valuable and extremely interesting book, of which two points deserve particular attention. The first is the long and finely critical introduction—which is new—by Mr. W. L. Courtney, in which the writer endeavours to fix the place of Balzac in the world's literature and discusses his curious and complex character. The second is the fact that this volume belongs to the Essex Library, which is designed to " include works of outstanding merit dealing with biography, literature,

From **The Women of Egypt,** by Elizabeth Cooper, the first volume of the "World's Women" series, to be published shortly by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. **A WATER CARRIER.**

history, art and science." Exceedingly well produced—especially when the low price is taken into consideration—and of a format which is at once convenient and dignified, there should be a large public for this volume and its companions, Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd's " Dostoieffsky " and Mr. Sabatini's " Life of Cesare Borgia."

THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. With 17 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. Gribble's life of the Emperor Francis Joseph is at once sound contemporary history and engaging reading. The aged Emperor—a dignified and solitary figure—is one of the most important personalities in the history of the present day. While he lives it is presumed that the Austrian Empire will remain intact. What will happen when he dies no one can pretend to guess with accuracy. Even now Francis Joseph holds his country together. That, no doubt, is because his country has grown accustomed to him, and perhaps partly, as Mr. Gribble thinks, because his country likes him and thinks that he has had enough troubles already. But all his life it has been a struggle to keep up appearances. There are the troubles of the Hapsburg family, for instance, the murder of the Empress, the Meyerling affair, the

DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT, translator of "Princes of the Stock Exchange" by Nemirovich-Danchenko. (*Holden & Hardingham*).

From **How to become an Alpinist** (*Laurie*).

Mr. Frederick Burlingham. ("The man who Kinematographed the Matterhorn.")

disappearance of "John Orth"—these and a hundred other things of only slightly less importance. All this Mr. Gribble gives to the reader in a manner that is equally succinct and entertaining—once more he has written a really good biography.

HOW TO BECOME AN ALPINIST.

By Frederick Burlingham. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Burlingham is "the man who kinematographed the Matterhorn," and he tells us how he did it in this useful and entertaining book. Many other things besides this wonderful enterprise on the Matterhorn are told, stories tragic and heroic of the great mountains and their climbers, anecdotes of the foolhardy; much wise counsel to beginners and to all who feel the lure of the mountains, is also in these pages, and the practical hints are first-rate. There is a good chapter, too, on "Famous Women Alpinists," for in this matter of mountain-climbing women have proved their powers of endurance to an extent few realise who are outside the brotherhood of climbers. "How to get killed in the Alps" contains some of the best things in the book. Only last year, Mr. Burlingham reminds us, 165 tourists and guides somehow managed to break their necks in Alps, "while the number of wounded, those who managed to break arms, legs, or ribs is quite beyond compute."

Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly, translator of "Blush Rose," by A. Achard (*Holden & Hardingham*).

Those who contemplate Alpine climbing this coming season for the first time, and others who are already experienced in this fascinating pursuit, cannot do better than read Mr. Burlingham's book. The many pictures made by the author are themselves a delight to all lovers of the high places of the earth.

BLUSH-ROSE.

A Soldier's Romance in the Days of Louis XIV. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Based on the French of A. Achard. 6s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

For many years "Belle-Rose" has been a very popular romance in France, and as it is an excellent example of the novel of historic adventure, it is somewhat remarkable that it has been left to Mr. Vizetelly to translate it at this late date. Seeing that the vogue of the historical romance still obtains over a wide public in our country, Achard's work will probably win its way to a large and lasting popularity. It is written in a spirited, entertaining manner, and is packed with exciting and picturesque incidents, none of which lose any of their force in the workmanlike and pleasant translation by one of the best of our French scholars. It is a book that all boys and girls will be enraptured with, and a good many older readers, with a sound taste for a story of love, fighting and adventure, will keenly relish it. The author was one of the most brilliant disciples of the romantic Dumas, and his work is placed by French critics almost on a level with the "Three Musketeers." Based on an eighteenth century tale of a peasant boy who rose by his fighting ability to a high position in French society, it gives a clear, vivid picture

From **Egypt in Transition** (*Smith, Elder*).

Field Marshal Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, G.C.B., O.M.
Reproduced from a painting by the Hon. John Collier by arrangement with the Fine Art Society.

From Warwick and Leamington (*Beautiful England Series.*) (*Blackie*).

THE LEAM AT LEAMINGTON.

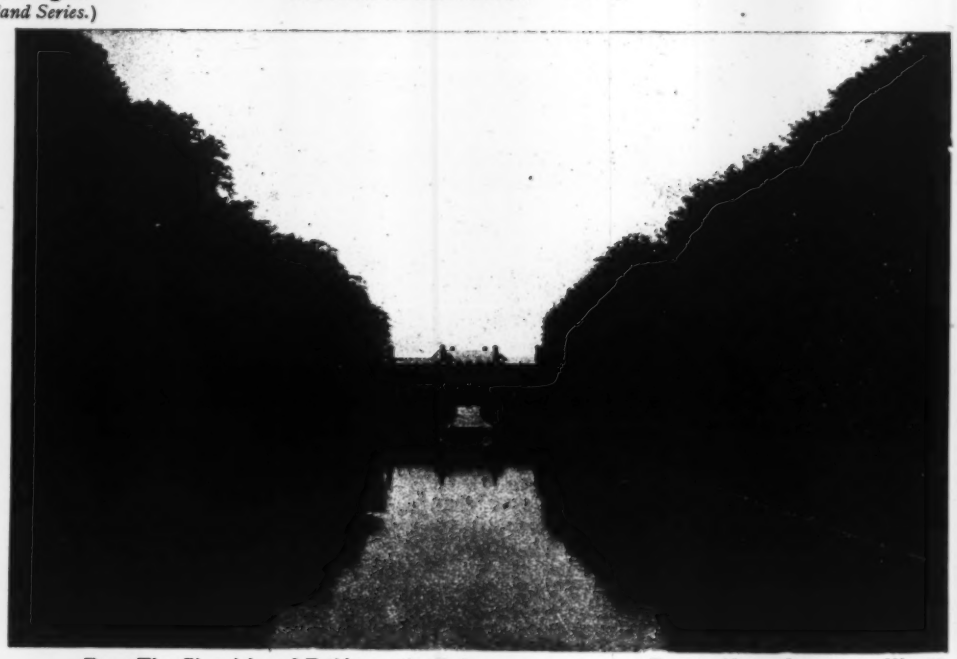
of life in northern France and Paris in the days of Louis the Great. The English title strikes us as the only feeble thing about Mr. Vizetelly's admirable version: it is rather too pretty and sentimental.

EGYPT IN TRANSITION.

By SIDNEY LOW. With an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer, G.C.B. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Lord Cromer, in his introduction to this thoroughly well written book, says rightly that its "most instructive and interesting portion" consists of the letters from the Sudan. For we all know less of that vast territory, which is neither Ottoman nor British, but Anglo-Eygptian, governed by British officials under the two flags of England and Egypt, than we do of the country where the Khedive is still the nominal ruler. Mr. Sidney Low is an accurate and sympathetic observer, with a wide experience of many lands. During his travels in the Sudan and in Egypt—he wisely begins with the more remote region—he seems to have noted everything of importance, and his comments are lucid and unprejudiced. The "existence and prevalence of the Mohammedan religion" impressed him, and we learn that Lord Kitchener determined that the new Sudan "should not be troubled by religious dissension." Therefore "missionary effort is not encouraged."

On the question of domestic and agrarian slavery—"dying but not dead" in the Sudan, Mr. Low warns us of the difficulties of speedy abolition. "To overthrow it in haste necessarily produces grave economical disturbance. . . . With the slave trade we can have no compromise. But with the emancipation of the slaves actually held as servants or dependants we need not hurry matters unduly." Slavery is a vested interest, a most respectable form of private property in the eyes of the great chiefs who "are not powerless now," Mr. Low reminds us. Of the "State Socialism" in operation in the Sudan under the direction of British officers, and of the problems of the Capitulations in Egypt, the existence of the Nationalist agitation, and the reasons why, for all England has done to promote law and order, the British are still disliked, Mr. Low has much to say that should be pondered. The light it throws on our responsibility in these lands which are not nominally part of the Empire, and may never be, is clear and strong.



From The Chronicles of Erthig on the Dyke, by Albinia Lucy Cust (Mrs. Wherry), which Mr. Lane will publish shortly.

ERTHIG HALL, ARTIFICIAL WATER.

FIVE PLAYS.

By Lord Dunsany. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

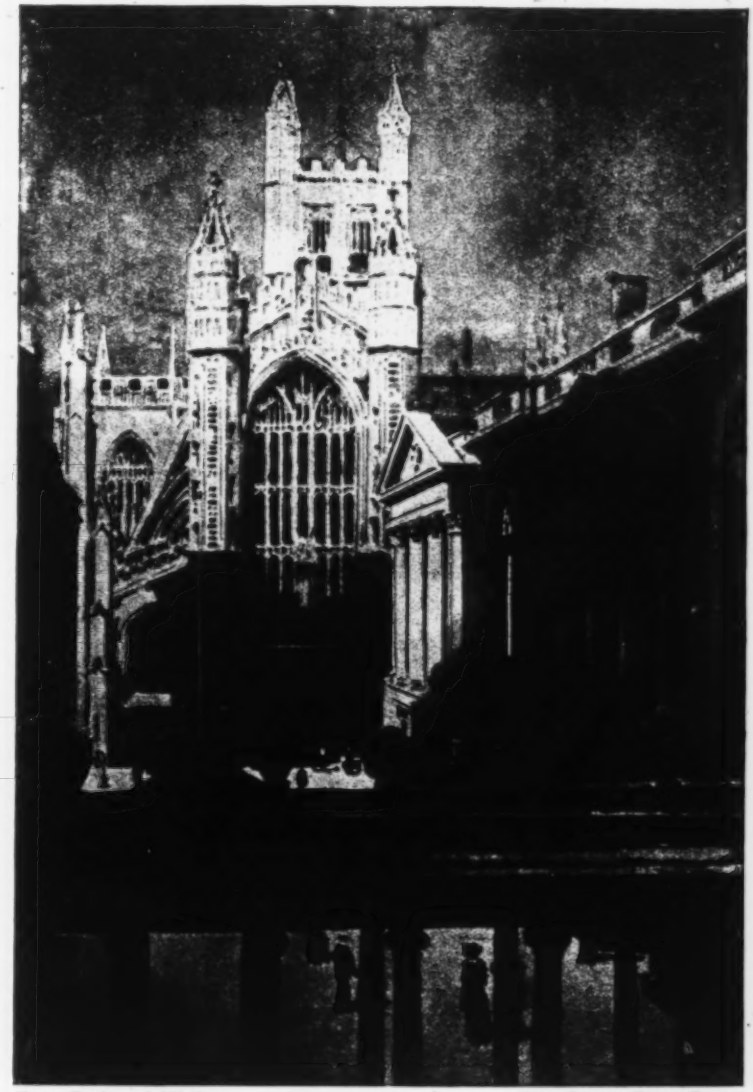
Produced during the last five years in London, Dublin and Manchester, Lord Dunsany's strange, romantic dramas have already excited the attention of all playgoers concerned about the finer elements of our modern dramatic literature. The writer is one of the most purely romantic of our new school of playwrights: neither the realities nor the romances of the broad panorama of life interest him. He wants a strangeness and a beauty of unearthly character, and after going on remote adventures among the pictures and legends of the Far East and the records of ancient civilisations, he returns at last with some curiously original ideas of wonderfully imaginative charm. The five plays are picturesque, bizarre, touched with irony and grim humour, and written with a sure instinct for drama.

BATH AND WELLS.

WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON.

2s. net each. (Blackie.)

Somersetshire and Warwickshire—two lovely counties and historic with the oldest and most deeply-rooted history of England, with the Celtic days of Arthur, the Saxon times of Alfred, and Guy of Warwick, and Shakespeare himself. Pictured by Ernest Haslehust and described, Warwick and Leamington by Mr. George Morley, Bath and Wells by Mr. Arthur Salmon, they give us two agreeable volumes, not very serious or epoch-making, perhaps, but chatty and readable, and succeeding in conveying the charm and sweetness of the ancient places. The Bath and Wells volume is the more interesting, for, not counting Bath and its celebrities, it includes Wells and that loveliest of Early Gothic minsters, and, above all, Glastonbury, with its magical, incredible legendary history. The mere word is a charm, and all its associations cast a glamour. In each volume the illustrations are well chosen, and as a rule well reproduced, though it is not easy to hold the pure sweet colour of English landscape through even the most careful process. Messrs. Blackie have now issued nearly thirty volumes in this excellent series.



From Bath and Wells (*Beautiful England Series.*) (*Blackie*).

THE GRAND PUMP ROOM AND ABBEY, BATH.

From Homes and Careers in Canada. (*James Clarke*).

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA.

Frontispiece to **The Littlest One,**

by Marion St. John Adcock (Mrs. Sidney H. Webb) which Messrs. Harrap are publishing next month.

THE HOUSE OF CECIL.

By G. Ravenscroft Dennis. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Not everyone will agree with Mr. Dennis that the record of the Cecils is a powerful argument to use against those who regard the "hereditary principle" with democratic scorn. The late Lord Salisbury was undoubtedly a great statesman and above reproach, but for two hundred and fifty years before he came to the front the family did little to justify that principle, while the man who first made its name illustrious sprang straight from the middle classes—the only instance during Elizabeth's reign of the ennobling of anyone who was not an aristocrat by birth. For Elizabeth, as Fuller says, "honoured her honours by conferring them sparingly." Tradition had it that William Cecil, who thus became Lord Burghley, was grandson of a worthy landlord who kept the best inn in Stamford, and though this story touched his lordship, as Mr. Dennis says, in his most sensitive part, it seems to have had some foundation in fact. Burghley was a genius who helped as much as did Elizabeth to build up England's greatness after it had been left by Mary Tudor "like a bone thrown between two dogs"—to quote the contemporary comparison of an English agent in Flanders; but he was also a time-server, who played for safety all his life. His son, Sir Robert Cecil, who succeeded him as Elizabeth's right-hand, was cast in even less heroic mould. Those who knew him best distrusted him most, and suspicion hints that he wormed his way to the highest place by undermining the positions of such men as Raleigh, Essex, Northumberland and Bacon. Elizabeth found him more useful than ornamental. His enemies called him hump-backed, but that was a lie, though he was ill-formed enough to warrant the titles of "pigmy" and "elf" bestowed upon him by the Queen herself, when she happened to be in one of her railing moods. The chapters devoted to Lord Robert are the most valuable in a book which traces the whole fortunes of the family with scholarly care down to the present day.

HOMES AND CAREERS IN CANADA.

By H. Jeffs. 2s. 6d. net. (James Clarke & Co.).

Although Mr. Jeffs cannot advise intending emigrants from the standpoint of a man who has himself "made good" in Canada, he does furnish some very valuable information and statistics with regard to the development of the country and the chances of the fortune-seeker. In collecting his information the author had the assistance of Ministers of the Dominion and Provincial Governments, state officials, and men of all classes among native Canadians and British settlers. As a journalist and National President of the Brotherhood movement, which advises Brotherhood emigrants going out, and arranges for their welcome by Canadian Brotherhood men, he "found all doors open to him." His conclusion seems to be that: The man who succeeds is either the man willing to go on the land and who is prepared to stand the racket of a little hardship until he has learnt the ropes, or else the man—clerk, mechanic or what not—who is willing to take the best job that offers and to work at it until something more congenial and offering greater opportunities turns up. It is the author's conclusion that men such as these, granted that they have good health and a reasonable amount of intelligence, simply cannot fail in Canada.

From **Picture Tales from the Russian** (*Blackwell*).

Cover design of **Unto Cæsar** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

UNTO CÆSAR.

By Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Rome in the wild, violent days of the maniac Emperor Caligula is the scene of Baroness Orczy's new romance, and by foregoing the now hackneyed theme of the persecution of the Christians and their sufferings in the arena, she is able to reveal a fresh and vividly interesting aspect of the earlier conflict between the pagan pride of life of the lordly Roman and the spiritual virtues of the lowly, scanty band of Christians. The hero is an English freedman who has risen to power under the Emperor and worked as an administrator in Judæa during the ministry of Jesus. He is not entirely converted after listening to the words that our Lord utters, but one sentence dwells strangely in his mind: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Long afterwards, in the hour of extreme temptation, the power of this sentence enables him to conquer both his love and his ambition, and to remain faithful to his despicable imperial master. Then, meeting on the hill of Calvary, where the Cross still stands, lonely and broken, the proud, beautiful lady of the Augustan house whom he has led into the Christian Church by his acts of self-sacrifice, he goes with her to preach the Gospel among his own countrymen. There is a wealth of colour and picturesque incident in the story, which is one of the writer's best works.

Cover design of **Three Men on the Bummel,**
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Notes of a Goya Pilgrimage. By J. E. Crawford Flitch. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

We do not know whether Mr. Crawford Flitch has any friends. Judging from the first chapter of his book, we should deduce that either he is quite friendless, or else

Cover design of **The Chief of the Ranges**
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Frontispiece to **The Littlest One,**

by Marion St. John Adcock (Mrs. Sidney H. Webb) which Messrs. Harrap are publishing next month.

HOMES AND CAREERS IN CANADA.

By H. Jeffs. 2s. 6d. net. (James Clarke & Co.).

Although Mr. Jeffs cannot advise intending emigrants from the standpoint of a man who has himself "made good" in Canada, he does furnish some very valuable information and statistics with regard to the development of the country and the chances of the fortune-seeker. In collecting his information the author had the assistance of Ministers of the Dominion and Provincial Governments, state officials, and men of all classes among native Canadians and British settlers. As a journalist and National President of the Brotherhood movement, which advises Brotherhood emigrants going out, and arranges for their welcome by Canadian Brotherhood men, he "found all doors open to him." His conclusion seems to be that: The man who succeeds is either the man willing to go on the land and who is prepared to stand the racket of a little hardship until he has learnt the ropes, or else the man—clerk, mechanic or what not—who is willing to take the best job that offers and to work at it until something more congenial and offering greater opportunities turns up. It is the author's conclusion that men such as these, granted that they have good health and a reasonable amount of intelligence, simply cannot fail in Canada.

THE HOUSE OF CECIL.

By G. Ravenscroft Dennis. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Not everyone will agree with Mr. Dennis that the record of the Cecils is a powerful argument to use against those who regard the "hereditary principle" with democratic scorn. The late Lord Salisbury was undoubtedly a great statesman and above reproach, but for two hundred and fifty years before he came to the front the family did little to justify that principle, while the man who first made its name illustrious sprang straight from the middle classes—the only instance during Elizabeth's reign of the ennobling of anyone who was not an aristocrat by birth. For Elizabeth, as Fuller says, "honoured her honours by conferring them sparingly." Tradition had it that William Cecil, who thus became Lord Burghley, was grandson of a worthy landlord who kept the best inn in Stamford, and though this story touched his lordship, as Mr. Dennis says, in his most sensitive part, it seems to have had some foundation in fact. Burghley was a genius who helped as much as did Elizabeth to build up England's greatness after it had been left by Mary Tudor "like a bone thrown between two dogs"—to quote the contemporary comparison of an English agent in Flanders; but he was also a time-server, who played for safety all his life. His son, Sir Robert Cecil, who succeeded him as Elizabeth's right-hand, was cast in even less heroic mould. Those who knew him best distrusted him most, and suspicion hints that he wormed his way to the highest place by undermining the positions of such men as Raleigh, Essex, Northumberland and Bacon. Elizabeth found him more useful than ornamental. His enemies called him hump-backed, but that was a lie, though he was ill-formed enough to warrant the titles of "pigmy" and "elf" bestowed upon him by the Queen herself, when she happened to be in one of her railing moods. The chapters devoted to Lord Robert are the most valuable in a book which traces the whole fortunes of the family with scholarly care down to the present day.

From **Picture Tales from the Russian** (*Blackwell*).

Cover design of **Unto Cæsar** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

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From By the Waters of Germany,
by Norma Lorimer, which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish shortly.

to the acuteness with which Mr. Flitch makes us feel our inferiority. We gather from his frequent lofty references to democracy, agitators and other low things, that he must be connected with the best ducal families, and the humble reader begins at last to fidget with some discomfort over a book that ought, above all things, to be comfortable. Of course, the defect is really ours, and other readers will probably like Mr. Flitch the more for his distinguished superiority. Further, when Mr. Flitch assures us that, as a result of modern democracy, with its machine-made elementary education of the same sort of people who live in the same sort of jerry-built houses, and go to the same sort of picture-palaces, we all more or less resemble each other facially and thus offer no material to the portrait-painter, we begin to doubt whether a man who uses his eyes to so little advantage in England is really a very safe guide when he deals with pictures in Spain. We shall not press the point. The indulgent reader, who is not put out by such little prepossessions, will enjoy this well-served and well-flavoured record of a sentimental journey.

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By the Right Honourable Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., G.C.M.G., C.B. With 17 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Cassell.)

Born in 1821 of a sturdy Canadian stock, Sir Charles Tupper now, at the advanced age of ninety-two, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest living statesman in the world. This, however, we are told in a short biographical foreword to his book, does not affect his outlook upon life. "Sir Charles still feels the pulse-beat of the world day by day. His mind is as keen and plastic, his memory, even of recent happenings, as clear as it was during his early manhood. He is at once a surprise and a revelation to friends and relatives. He is a constant reader of the magazines and newspapers, watching with deep interest the progress of events at home and abroad." Practically the whole of Sir Charles's life, and certainly all his important political work, has had Canada for its scene of action. He has taken a prominent position in the politics of the Dominion almost since his entry into Parliament, and he has, of course, seen a marvellous growth and development in his country. His recollections give a most interesting insight into this long period, and they should be read by all who are in any way concerned in the well-being of one of the most important—if not the most important—of British possessions overseas.

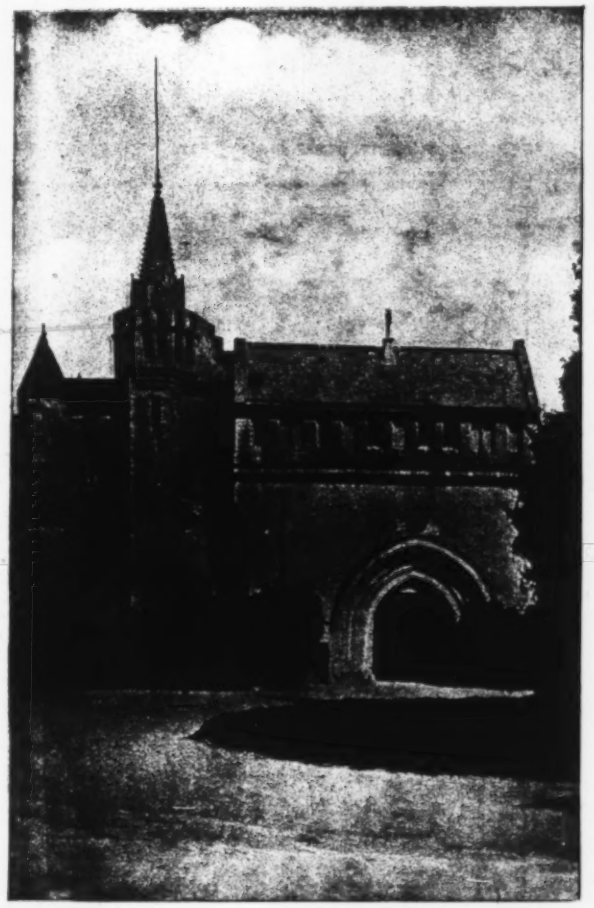
From Recollections of Sixty Years
(*Cassell*).

Lerocque's House at Pembina, in which Captain and Mrs. Cameron stayed in December, 1869.

MOTHER MABEL DIGBY:

Superior-General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, 1835-1911. By ANNE POLLEN. With a Preface by CARDINAL BOURNE, 8 Illustrations and a Facsimile. 12s. net. (Murray.)

The career of Mother Mabel Digby was unusual from the outset. Converted to Catholicism when eighteen, she entered into her novitiate when twenty-one, and became a Mother Superior at the early age of thirty. Thence-



From **Mother Mabel Digby** (*Murray*).

MARMOUTIER, PORTAIL DE LA CROSSE, 1870.

forward her progress in the Church was rapid and eventful, while her career came to its climax in the expulsion of the religious orders from France, when Mother Digby contrived to remove the whole of her Order, consisting of over two thousand persons, into convents which she founded in Belgium and England. Miss Pollen tells the story sympathetically and well, and every reader will agree with the words of Cardinal Bourne in his preface. "All, whoever they be, will read the Life of Mother Digby with interest and with profit. . . . It depicts for us one who in any position could have taken a leading place. Above all it shows us a noble, courageous woman with all her great natural gifts strengthened and enhanced by the Divine gifts of grace which she strove to use with all her energy. Such a life has in its remembrance a mighty power to lift us to higher thoughts and render easier the accomplishment of whatever task God may have entrusted to us in things both great and small."

From **In the Old Paths** (*Constable*).

THE OLDE SHIP

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By F. DORMER JORDAN. With 4 Illustrations. 6s. (Nisbet.)

"Heirs of the Ages" begins with an account of the love of an ancient Egyptian priest for a beautiful princess, and the tragic result of its discovery by the princess's father and her more aristocratic suitor. Then it skips ten thousand years, and becomes a modern love story, in which all the original Egyptian characters recur, though this time the ending is happy. It cannot be said that Mr. Dormer Jordan works out an impossible plot with any great show of probability, but he keeps the pot boiling cleverly and tells his story well. The book is amusing enough if you demand no more from it than thrills of an unusual kind.

From **Three Free Cities: Being the Chronicles of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck,** by Wilson King, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.

From Trader Carson (*Ward, Lock*).

"'ARE YOU IN LEAGUE WITH THAT BLACK RASCAL, MR. CARSON? WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?'"

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By JOHN BARNETT. With 8 Illustrations by CYRUS CUNEO. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Trader Carson was known locally as Blue-funk Carson. This was on account of "his habit to speak of himself as a shivering coward. Time and again he journeyed almost alone in search of trade where no other white man would have thought of venturing without an armed escort. And when he returned from one of those wild expeditions, and was for once persuaded to speak of some exploit in which a cruel death had literally grinned at him, he would invariably say: 'I was in no end of a funk, you know—a real blue-funk——' . . . It was a title of honour." Mr. John Barnett here details some of the more exciting of

From The Wanderer's Necklace (*Cassell*).

"DOWN THE SLOPE THEY WENT BEFORE OUR RUSH."

Carson's exploits. He rings the changes deftly and with much ingenuity, gets in a good deal of excellent local colour (West African), and ends up happily and romantically. Readers who like excitement cannot possibly ask for anything more—or anything better.

From Heirs of the Ages (*Nisbet*).

"A HAND CAME ROUND THE CORNER OF THE BLIND."

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By GERTRUDE PAGE. With 8 Illustrations by A. C. MICHAEL. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

You can always depend upon Miss Gertrude Page for a good strong story of Rhodesian life, and "The Pathway" is no exception to her rule. Perhaps it is not particularly original in a few of its situations, but it makes up for this—and more than makes up for it—by its fine knowledge of the condition of affairs among the settlers of a semi-civilised country, and especially by its sympathy for the lot of the woman pioneer. Not that it is a depressing book in the least—Rhodesia seems to be as good a country to live in, on

the whole, as it is to write about. Besides, everything comes out well in the end, and before that is reached you will have been introduced to a number of very pleasant characters and at least two whole-hearted and highly-effective villains. Healthy, direct, and admirably told, "The Pathway" is certain to win its way into the hearts of a large circle of admirers.

AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS.

By JOSEPH HOCKING. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

No words describe Mr. Joseph Hocking's latest novel so adequately as those he puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "Mystery, mystery, everywhere mystery." With an exciting, well-constructed plot, crowded with thrilling incidents, he holds the reader's unflagging interest

From The Master of Merripit, by Eden Phillpotts (*Ward, Lock*).

"ON HE CAME AND HE WAS WITHIN TEN YARDS OF JOHN WITH HIS PISTOL DRAWN TO SHOOT."

to the end, passing from mystery to deeper mystery, placing his hero in most perilous and precarious positions; and then with his well-known dexterity unravelling the secrets one by one and explaining away all that seemed obscure and inexplicable. Driven on a stormy night to seek shelter in a lonely old house in Cornwall, David Launceston finds himself involved in a startling conspiracy, and endeavours to save two women who are held prisoners, for what reason, and by whom, he does not know. How he is thwarted, and yet because of his love for one of the women perseveres in his quest, and finally risking all dangers, and overcoming all obstacles, does rescue them at last, forms the chief thread of interest in this capital sensational story; but the author, ever resourceful for ideas, introduces various minor plots, and creates situations both novel and dramatic. It is an excellent mystery and will be welcomed and thoroughly enjoyed by Mr. Joseph Hocking's many admirers.

From The Pathway (*Ward, Lock*).

"THEY WENT DOWN TO THE QUAY TOGETHER THE NEXT MORNING."

From An Enemy Hath Done This (*Ward, Lock*).

"I DREW A CHAIR NEAR THEM, AND SAT DOWN, EAGERLY WAITING FOR WHAT THE WOMAN MIGHT SAY."

CAVOUR AND THE MAKING OF MODERN ITALY.

By Pietro Orsi, University of Padua, Deputy in the Italian Parliament. "Heroes of the Nations" Series. 5s. net. (Putnam.)

The author of this fine, if somewhat uncritical, appreciation of Italy's political hero, rightly judges the three eminently patriotic men who were mainly responsible for the unity of Italy in the nineteenth century: "the thinker and apostle, Joseph Mazzini; the statesman, Camillo Cavour; and the popular hero, Joseph Garibaldi, who was the highest expression of what is most generous in the Italian character." Mazzini, in his exile, became "easily deceived as to the real state of things" as years went on, and his "continuous incitements of insurrections that were visionary rather than practicable, and the wasting of so many valuable lives, alienated many people from his ideas." The Mazzini of the apostolate, which began in 1831, at the very time when Cavour was beginning to study Liberal politics, was the inspiration of the movement; but for all his loftiness of soul, perhaps indeed because of this high idealism, he was a hindrance rather than a help when the making of a united Italy was a question of practical politics. Cavour, statesman, diplomat, the hero as politician, always stood midway between the revolutionists and the reactionaries. As Signor Orsi reminds us, Cavour, in his own words, adopted, "cette politique qui consiste à accorder aux exigences des temps tout ce que la raison justifie, et qui leur refuse ce que n'est fondé que sur des clameurs des parties ou la violence des passions destructives."

Bear Baiting.
From Chapter House MS. Liber A.

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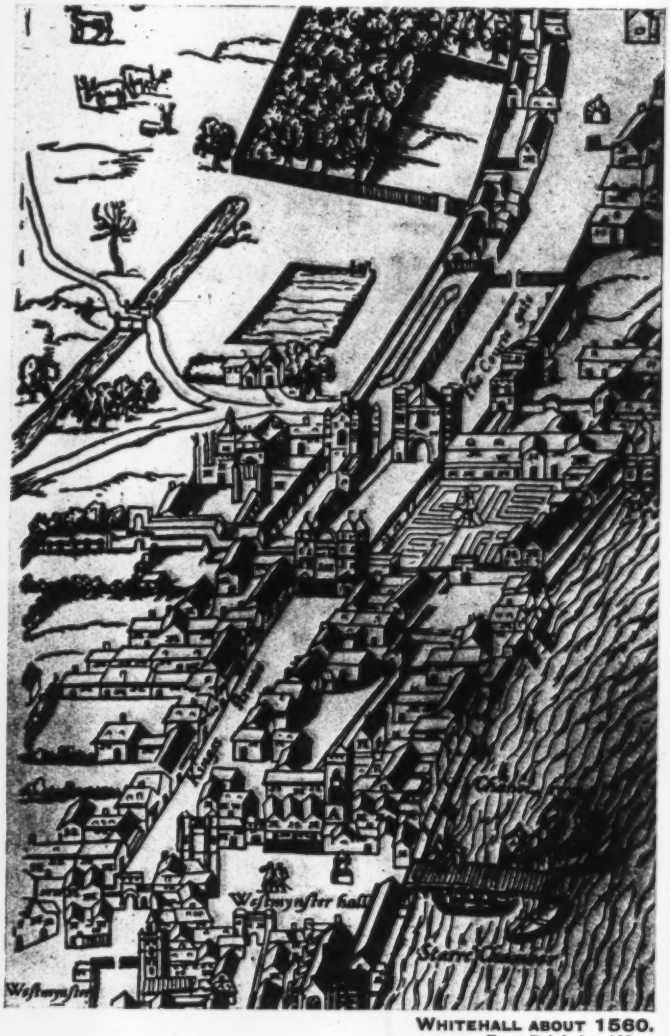

Whitehall about 1560.
From Ralph Agas' Map.

Coin of Victorianus.

Coin of Postumus.

Illustrations from London, by Laurence L. Gomme, which Messrs. Williams & Norgate will publish shortly.

He was frankly opportunist, and nothing of the doctrinaire. Yet an idealist, too, for this idea of a united Italy possessed his public life as certainly as it possessed Mazzini. It is strange that between the two no meeting ever took place. "How many mutual prepossessions would have been dissipated, how many false judgments avoided, by personal contact and the frank exchange of ideas!" From the sacrifices and martyrdoms of young Italy Cavour turned to seek in diplomacy—he was a born diplomat—and in international alliances, a way out. Not that loss of life frightened him. The sending of a Sardinian army to the Crimea was wanton destruction of human life but for the end in view, the recognition of Piedmont as an European State, and the admission of its representative to the Congress of Paris. Cavour knew that war with Austria was inevitable before the white-coats would withdraw from Lombardy, but he wanted to put Austria in the wrong in the eyes of Europe before war was declared, and he succeeded. To few statesmen is it given to see the triumph of their cause as it was given to Camillo Cavour.

Ancient Seal.

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By Maude Goldring. 6s. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Miss Maude Goldring deals with a large subject in her new novel—and not only that, but she deals with it in a manner that is, to say the least, ambitious. We do not intend to attempt an account of her story, but at least we can say that the subject is "the awakening to new ideas of a village apparently fast bound in the old traditions." Miss Goldring introduces us to a large number of cleverly contrasted characters, while her descriptions of nature are of much grace and beauty. Decidedly, "The Wonder Year" is a book to read.

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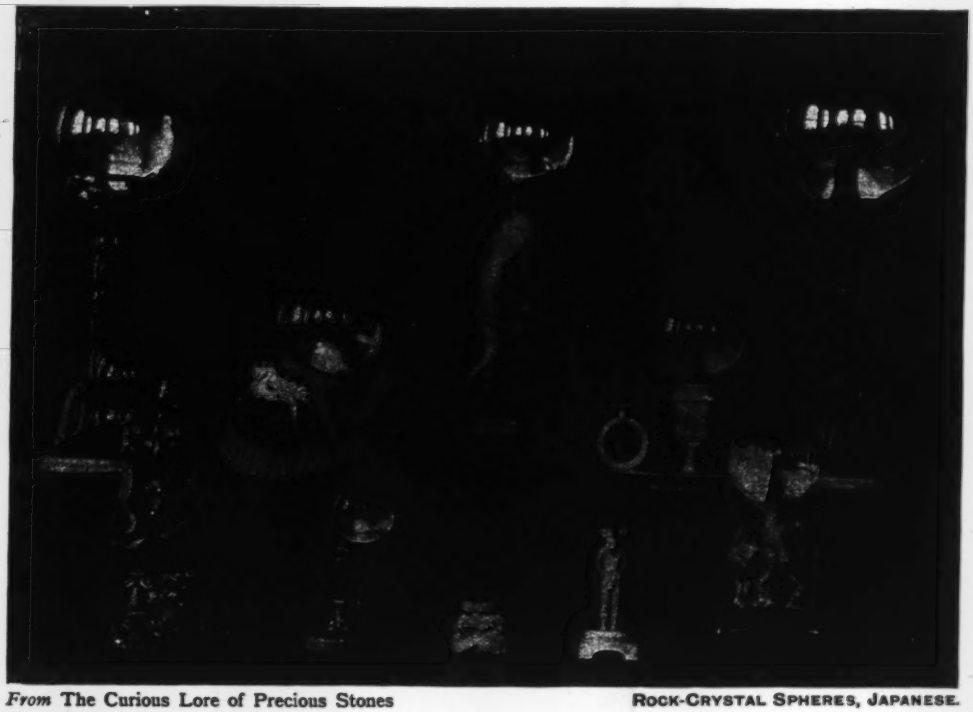

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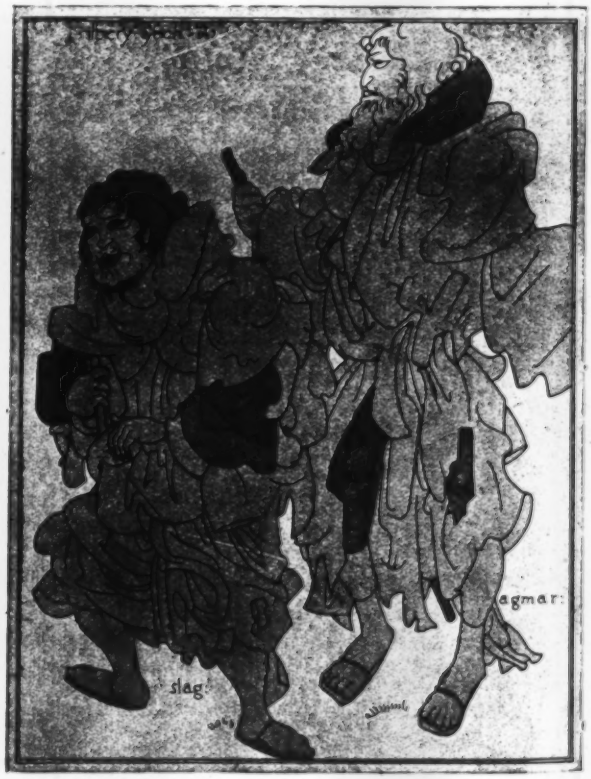

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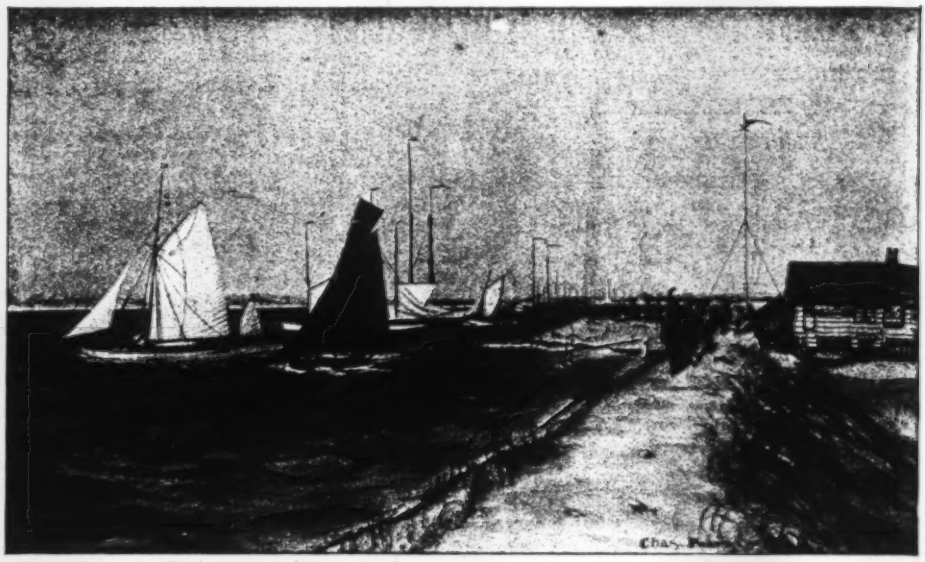

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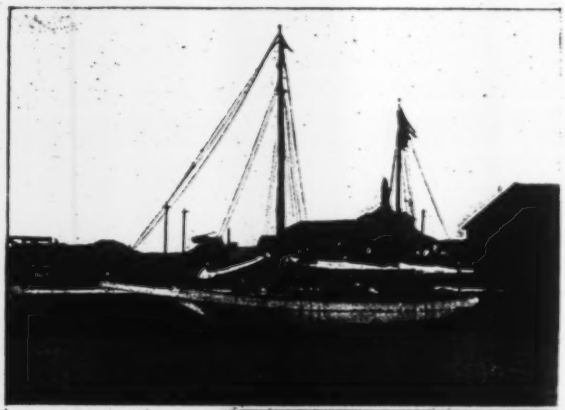

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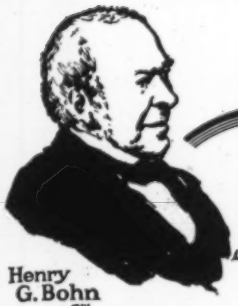

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